THE BOOK OF THE BELOVED

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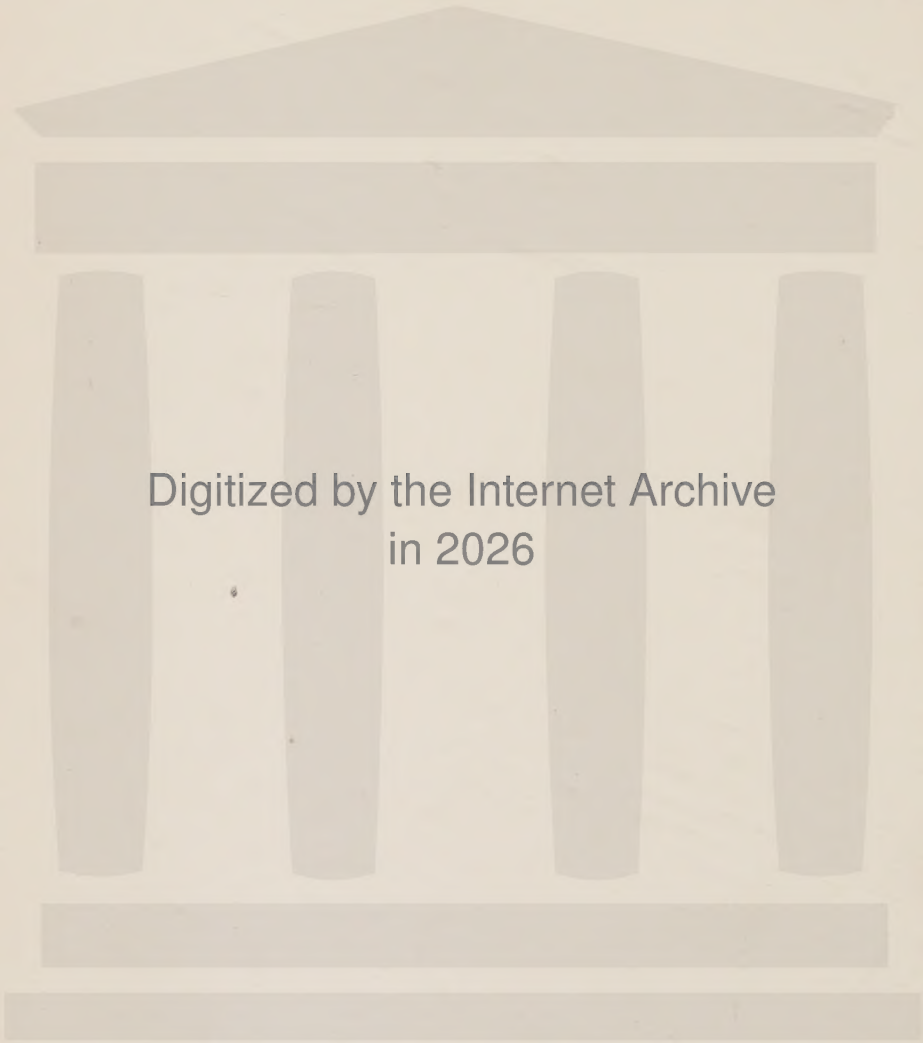
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THE BOOK OF THE BELOVED

A MODERN EPIC POEM

BY J. C. JOHNSTON

IN THREE PARTS

PART I THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN
PART II THE BOOK OF IMAGES
PART III THE BOOK OF GOD

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WITHDRAWN

And the king commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house.....In the fourth year was the foundation of the house of the Lord laid.....and in the eleventh year ..... was the house finished with all the appurtenances thereof, and with all the ordinances thereof. So was he seven years in building it..... Then spake Solomon .....I have surely built Thee an house to dwell in, a settled place for Thee to abide in for ever. And the king turned his face about, and blessed all the congregation of Israel.

Now when Solomon had made an end of praying..... the glory of the Lord filled the house. And the priests could not enter into the house of the Lord, because the glory of the Lord had filled the Lord's house.

I KINGS v, 17; vi, 37, 38; viii, 12-14.
II CHRON. vii, 1, 2.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK

A RHYME DEDICATORY

Go ! little Book ! For I have made thee little,
Lest thou by too much grandeur tempt thy fate.
Reeds ride out storms to which broad oaks are brittle;
Beggars safe pass the woes of high estate.
Tell me, my Book, where hadst thou found thy victual,
Hadst thou been great ?

Go ! little Barque ! Sail out the wintry ocean
From Magellan unto the Behring Strait.
Ship-wracking winds to thee give swifter motion;
Deal brings to Ind, Hongkong to Golden Gate.
How hadst won wealth for me, for thee devotion,
Hadst thou been great ?

Go ! little Love ! Spread wide thine airy pinions;
Creep through the crannies of the fast-shut grate.
Thine are the powers, the glories, the dominions.
Go ! little Love ! Bring unto me thy mate.
Servants thou hast ! Whom hadst thou found but minions,
Hadst thou been great ?

Go ! little Heart ! Cease now thy wanton beating.
What if thy friends abuse, thy foemen prate ?
Thou hast in thee one thing that is not fleeting,
One thing no storm may tear, no time abate.
How were thy journeys crowned in Lovers' meeting,
Hadst thou been great ?

Dear Lord, dear Love, who in Thy Crucifixion
Our many ills to God didst dedicate,
Bearing the darkness and the dereliction,
The priests that mocked, the soldiers' foul debate,
How had we won Thy dear-bought Benediction,
Hadst Thou been great ?

PREFACE TO
THE BOOK OF THE BELOVED

THE BOOK OF THE BELOVED is a poem in three parts, called respectively *The Book of the Garden*, *The Book of Images* and *The Book of God*. These three parts are not, however, consecutive, but to be understood as running concurrently, the one with the other; or, if the poem be thought of as a building, then Part I might be considered the foundation and floor, Part II the walls, and Part III the roof. Each part is a self-contained whole, but each is also explained, illustrated and amplified in the remainder.

The Beloved is the Soul of Man, illuminated, dwelt in, ensouled and glorified by the Presence of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Beloved is also Christ; for the theologians teach us that the soul cannot in its ultimate be separated from its Maker, except through that violation of His holy purpose which they call sin. To the measure in which, by the action of Christ's Love and of His indwelling Spirit, the soul is redeemed, purified and brought in harmony with God's eternal Love, Wisdom and Holiness; to that measure the soul insensibly absorbs the lineaments of its Maker — so far as its inherent nature will permit. To that measure, therefore, the soul becomes the image of its Maker, so that in it is seen, dimly, but with sincerity and truth, the Face of the Beloved. For the Beloved is God.

Now the soul, as again the theologians teach us, lives in this world-scheme a triple life. Necessarily so, since God in His Being leads also a triple life, namely, God-in-Himself, God-in-His-Nature, and God-with-us — God Transcendent, God Immanent and God Incarnate, to give the more technical terms.

In *The Book of the Garden* I have essayed a picture of the soul in its relation to the world of sense, that world which is normally bounded by those " five husbands " of the Woman of

Samaria, the five senses of taste, touch, smell, hearing and sight, but which is extensible for some through the opening up of a sixth sense, frequently called Intuition, Telepathy or Second Sight, and of a seventh sense so little known at present as to be nameless; but its nature is a direct perception of the Divine Presence in all things, that "walking" of the Lord God with man "in the cool of the day", which was lost when our forefathers fled long ago the Garden of the Soul.

For those who desire it, my *Book of the Garden* is a simple love-narrative, in which John and Margaret, betrothed already when the poem opens, sing to each other under many guises of Love Eternal, as exemplified by their own mutual friendship through the ages. They marry; and by the deeper wisdom which among men only the true marriage, whether of body or soul, can confer, they are brought on a pilgrimage, lasting over many years, to the sacred City of Shamballa, where at length they come face to face with the Lord Immanuel, God-with-us, at whose hands they are finally and irrevocably wed. "Those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

For those who desire something deeper, I have sought in *The Book of the Garden* to show that love, the love of one man for one woman, his appointed complement and mate, is the wisest and truest and highest thing to be attained in the world of sense; and that, moreover, this love is the swiftest and surest means of normal approach to the eternal verities; indeed, the God-given road, for, *Omnia vincit Amor!*

To those who seek deeper still, there is yet another meaning in my Book of the Garden, but on this it is unnecessary to enlarge. *Let him that readeth, run!* (Hab. ii 2.).

It will thus be seen that my *Book of the Garden* is intended for a picture of man's soul in relation to the world of sense. What, then, is my *Book of Images?*

The Book of Images portrays the soul in its own world, the world of soul. This is a world, not of events, but of fact; not of space, but of state; not of time, but of image or impression. The threefold soul, with its triple faculty of memory, understanding and will, rules over and abides in this sphere, producing

(by the operation of its threefold indwelling Spirit) through divinely-guided will — Justice, Just Perception or Reality; through divinely-guided understanding — Mercy, Beauty, Happiness and Truth; and through divinely-guided memory of God's Covenant — Peace, Righteousness and Love.

There is an old saying, "A man is that which he sees." The life of the soul being so utterly different from the life of sense, it seemed impossible directly to represent, using terms of sense, the true life of the soul. The soul cannot, in fact, so be described.

Modern science has evolved a process of dealing with unknowables which suggested to the author another means. If, thought he, it were possible to show a great number of events, persons or ideas which present themselves to a given mind, surely from this congeries of representations there would be disentangled one single idea — itself the resultant of the impact of many forces — that could be taken as an ideal portrait of that mind. Carry the process one step further, and before you is my *Book of Images*.

In this Book I have set in front of the reader a long series of portraits, close on two hundred altogether, in which the personages speak, each for himself. It is hoped that *The Book of Images* will prove interesting because of these personages; but it is hoped further that my portrait of a Soul, which is its true purpose, will gradually be disengaged from the mass of discrete phenomena, and take shape and form. Such, at least, is my wish and intention; for *The Book of Images* is my attempt to portray the Beloved in terms of the soul.

Finally we come to *The Book of God*. *The Book of the Garden* has described the soul in its relations with the world of sense; *The Book of Images*, the soul in its relation with itself; *The Book of God* describes the soul in its relations with the Divine World.

God, by His threefold Manifestation of Will, Wisdom and Activity or Love, is shown drawing forth the soul from a condition of the utmost dereliction, sorrow and separation from Himself, through a long pilgrimage of progressive happiness and illumination, to ultimate union with His own divine Light, Life and Love.

To this great end all three Channels of the divine Manifestation, all three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, are conjointly and consecutively employed. For, in *The Masque of the Stricken Soul*, God the Holy Spirit by His loving Activity quickens that which was dead in sins; in *The Setting Forth*, God the Son by His Wisdom, the Divine Sophia, blesses, enlarges and ennobles the quickened consciousness; and in *The Hymn of the Divine Vision*, ultimate union with the Father, the union of will with Will, is irrevocably attained.

Such is my plan in writing *The Book of God.*

As regards *The Hymn of the Divine Vision*, it will be observed that this Hymn is sung twice. The first singing requires no explanation; but the second singing represents yet a further unfolding of the soul's consciousness, by which it, in union with God, becomes as it were the choregus of all creation. Whereas, in the first singing of the Hymn, the soul sees only God and is absorbed entirely in Him; in the second singing it realizes that, although God's Being is neither increased nor diminished by the operations of His creative Will, nevertheless that Will must perfectly be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

The Hymn is accordingly sung through once again, stanza by stanza; and the spirits of all creatures must be imagined as singing simultaneously with the Hymn. Thus the first stanza is accompanied by the spirits of the winds, the waters, the lightnings, the redeemed earth — for the unredeemed is, alas! dumb in the Divine Presence — and the Spirit of the Fifth Essence; but the songs of the spirits are simultaneous, not consecutive; nor is it intended to convey that they cease when the song that is given them in my book has ended. These events are out of our space and time; and the hymn of creation, finite as it is, has neither beginning nor end. Realm after realm catches up the one Song; realm after realm echoes it indefinitely unto the unimaginable consummation of the All.

It will thus be seen that in my *Book of the Beloved* there are three who are called Beloved. The Soul of Man is the Beloved; Christ is the Beloved; and God is the Beloved. These three are the One Beloved; and it is in Their honour that *The Book of the Beloved* has been written.

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THE BOOK OF THE BELOVED

PART I

THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN

But he....said unto them.....
Shew me a penny.

LUKE XX, 23, 24.

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden;
And there he put the man whom he had formed.

GEN. ii, 8.

Awake, O north wind;
And come, thou south;
Blow upon my garden,
That the spices thereof
May flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden,
And eat his pleasant fruits.

CANT. iv, 16

And I, John, saw the holy city.....
Coming down.....
Prepared as a bride.....
For her husband.

REV. xxi, 2.

PROLOGUE

In Northern India not so many years ago
There lived a man whom some regarded as a saint,
And who certainly had a marvellous way with him
When it came to the sacred animals.

Now the Hindus in ancient days —
Possibly now, too, for all I know —
Are said to have worshipped some three hundred and thirty-three millions
Of gods ;
And most, if not all,
At any rate of the principal gods,
Had each his sacred animal.

One took the bull, another the crane, a third the big, grey monkey;
And so, what with elephants, crocodiles, mice and rats, fish, even insects,
The three hundred and thirty-three millions of Hindu gods
Were reasonably well equipped
Against the fortunes and disasters of mortal life.

Our friend and hero of Northern India,
Being a true monotheist,
Did not pick and choose
Among the Hindu pantheon,
But took to his bosom,
Metaphorically speaking,
The whole of the three hundred and thirty-three million gods,
And with them the care and charge of the three hundred and thirty-three millions, or thereabouts,
Of sacred animals.

"Come ye to my hut in the jungle,
Ye sacred bulls!
I have spread plantain-leaves to make a feast for you.
Come! ye sacred cranes,
I have gathered marshy titbits for you.
Come! ye big, grey apes,
Take the many varied nuts I have collected for you.
Come! ye elephants, and ye crocodiles, ye mice and rats, ye lesser creatures
Sacred to the three hundred and thirty-three million gods,
Here is a table richly spread for you,
Richly spread to the glory of God
And the pleasure of the sacred animals."

However, no doubt luckily, the bulk of the sacred animals stayed away.
A few hundred came,
Including the bulls,
The monkeys,
The cranes,
And, needless to say,
The insects.

The bulls nosed the nuts of the monkeys,
And snorted with disdain.
"What blasphemer of the gods is this,"
Said they,
"To provide monkey-food for sacred bulls?"
The monkeys fingered the titbits of the marsh,
Bit them, and spat them out disgustedly.
"Lord Hanumân!" cried they,
"Slay this outrageous mortal
Who insulteth thy bough-leaping devotees
With mud and algae!"
Thus the monkeys,
And fell to tugging
The tail-feathers of the cranes,
Who were equally busy,

And disappointed,
With the *gram* and greenstuffs of the sacred bulls.
Hence confusion and despair for our monotheist,
And sorrow for the unfortunate
Sacred animals.

The Goddess Lakshmi,
Who,
As is well known
To Orientalists,
Philologists,
Anthropologists,
Comparative Mythologists,
And many other
Polysyllabic,
Stuffy persons —
Lakshmi,
Who lives in a Lotus,
And possesses a Wheel,
But otherwise,
So far as is known,
Has no pet dormouse
Or other sacred animal;
Lakshmi, Goddess of Fortune,
Smilingly saw
The perplexities of Her devotee.
Her devotee, I repeat,
Since our Hindu was not less devoted to Lakshmi,
Than to some three hundred and thirty-three millions
Of other gods.

Smilingly She arose
From the gold-cushioned
Calyx of Her blue Lotus,
And with one henna-tipped finger,
Pink as the dawn, She
Gave a slight fillip
To Her fortune-dispensing,
All-disposing Wheel.

Followed a miracle.

Much to our monotheist's relief,
The bulls found in front of them
Spread out on the plantain-leaves
A mountain of greenstuffs
Fresh-gathered and dewy,
Together with much grain.
The monkeys had their hands so busy with ambrosial nuts,
That perforce they must let go of the tail-feathers of the sacred cranes,
Who, in turn, plunged deep-satiated rapier-bills
Into vast ponds of luscious algae.

May the gods bless Lakshmi !

Thus the monotheist was saved from the dangers
Of an embarrassing situation ;
The Goddess Lakshmi was pleased ;
The three hundred and thirty-three million Hindu gods were deeply relieved ;
And who shall depict the wonder and delight,
The happiness, the self-satisfaction,
Of the now contentedly
Each his own appropriate food devouring
Sacred animals ?

IN THE GARDEN

I

I have gone out into the garden to meet my beloved.
In the garden are roses;
The dim paths wander here and there
Through plots of lavender.
There is a band playing in the house.
It plays with great skill a medley of Viennese waltzes;
And the heat of the room and the swish of the dancers,
And the heady, monotonous repetition of endless Viennese waltzes,
Are like the far drumming of some savage love-dance
In the miasma and the mangroves
Of the hinterland of West Africa.

I have gone out into the garden to meet my beloved.
She comes to me dressed in shimmering silver.
A shawl is over her head;
At her breast is a cluster of climbing roses,
The roses that grow on a pergola in the garden.

O my Margot, my dear one, do you love the Viennese waltzes
With their endless, monotonous repetitions?
Do you feel that you need the too-hot room, and the swish of the dancers?
There is a shimmer of the starlight upon your ball-dress,
And the cluster of scentless roses you wear gleams wanly.
My beloved, have you come out to meet me in the garden?

I cannot give you, alas, these Viennese waltzes.
Alas, I can only be found in the garden,

Where the paths wander dimly
Through lavender hedges,
And all is in darkness, save for the glimmer of far off stars.
My beloved, can you come to me in the garden ?

And the beloved draws closer to me ;
Her eyes are wet with tears,
And alight with laughter.
" Viennese waltzes are good," says she,
" But — there are other things in the world beside Viennese waltzes ! "

II

And after a while I sing my beloved a song which I call the Song of the Magic Weaving.
Needless to say she likes it,
For the song is all about her,
And the magic carpet I wove
For her feet to tread on.

I am the poet, the Magician.
I weave you the gold of the sunshine,
The blue of the sea,
The laughter and the perfume of ten thousand lilies,
The wonder and the glory that make up this earth.
All these I take, and weave into a magic carpet
For your feet to tread on.

Ten thousand are the lilies in my garden ;
Ten thousand thousand are the stories I have heaped there ;
And each story is written with a drop of my heart-blood,
The blood of my heart which I weave into my magic carpet
For your feet to tread on.

I have wept and sung, and died and lied and stolen.
I have robbed my best friend, and he in turn has robbed me.
I have died for my country. I have betrayed my country.
I have ruled. I have served.
All these things I have done to weave them into my magic carpet
For your feet to tread on.

And you, my beloved, my chosen,
My lily of ten thousand,
My sea-pearl, my dawn among the islands of the west,
You, too, you thoughtless one, lovely one, darling one,
You, too, I have taken to weave into my magic carpet
For your feet to tread on.

And the beloved draws closer to me;
Her eyes are wet with tears, and alight with laughter.
"Soon I shall really believe
You really, really love me;
But you didn't really do
All those wicked things,
Now did you?"

III

The dawn comes in. There is a hush over the garden;
And in the Peace of a world that was dead and is new created
My beloved draws closer to me.
For she knows that indeed I wove her magic carpet;
And that she and I and the carpet of our weaving,
The laughter and tears and sin, and achievement of God's will,
Which men call righteousness,
Are indeed a magic carpet
For her feet to tread on.

So the dawn comes in;
And my beloved and I are alone in the garden.

ἘΣΤΙΝ ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ· ΤΙΣ ΔΕ ΝΙΝ ΚΑΤΑΣΒΕΣΕΙ;

There is a sea which roars among the breakers;
Terrible is its rage.
The fisher-folk fly before it;
The fisher-folk, who know no fear, crouch down at its wrath.
Lords of the sea, they are helpless in the roaring of the breakers.
God keep the fisher-folk in the day of the great sea's rage!

There is a sea which lies among the islands of the west.
It is warm and soft as the breasts of the beloved.
A swell rolls in from the deep and dark Atlantic;
And the evening breeze plays over it,
Perfumed and soft as the breath of the beloved.

Behold, O ye sons of men, the great and terrible sea,
That roars in its wrath among the breakers,
That cradles the sea-bird in ineffable slumber!
Its shores are white with the bones of men,
And its depths bring forth creatures innumerable.

Behold, O ye sons of men, the great and terrible sea,
Cradle and grave of all created beings!
Behold ye the Heart of the Beloved,
That rises and falls beneath the breasts of the beloved,
Cradle and grave of all created beings!

THE ELIXIR OF DEATH

Many wise men have sought through many ages for the elixir of life. Some, it is said, have found the elixir.
O wise men! O wise the search, for that which indeed can be found!

Yet who among all the sons of men hath sought the elixir of death?
Who hath gotten release from the Wheel which rolls onward through the heavens and hells,
Bearing with it gods; yea, and the meanest insect, and the meanest pebble the insect crawls on?

O mighty elixir of death! O quiet! O peace that passeth understanding! Who hath sought thee? Who hath found thee?
None, methinks! Or, if any found thee, he died forthwith; and his Secret with him!

Yet I know one who hath sought thee. Faithfully, prayerfully, despairingly he hath sought thee, thou transcendent darkness, undiscoverable light.
Through the five worlds he hath wandered, beseeching gods and men to give him death.

And some among those he prayed to laughed; and some wept; but one and all they said —
"What is this thou seekest?
Death, in an universe of life?
Behold, it is written, 'There is no death!'
Questionest thou the bounty of the Most High?
Rather learn to live; for, if thou doest His will,
Glory upon glory awaits thee."

But he, the despairing one, said, "Death! Death! Give me death!
Behold, I will serve you faithfully all the days of my life, if you will only give me death!"

The gods, the Deathless Ones, turned away rather sadly; for they love not to disappoint their suppliants. But this death was not theirs to give.
So they turned away, and fell to their favourite occupation
Of creating new worlds.
And he wandered forth into the living tomb of this so wondrous universe,
And there was none to comfort him.

MOODS

I

THE GREY SEA

The night comes down grey over a grey sea;
Languidly the waves break on the shore at my feet.
I am alone, and the heavens weigh heavily upon me.

O thou grey night and thou grey sea,
Grey are ye as the heart of man,
As the heart of one who looks out on the universe,
And sees only greyness everywhere.

A sea-gull comes sweeping past on storm-grey wings;
Shrieking, it passes me.
Its cry but accentuates the loneliness of the lone shore.

O thou lone soul of man,
A grey, crying thing, thou flutterest on storm-grey wings
Over a beach that is strewn with the pebbles of innumerable
grey lives,
Against the grey background of eternity.

Such is the heart of man;
Such is the soul of man;
Such, alas, are my heart and soul,
Upon whose shore the languid waves of emotion
Scarce have the impulse to break.

The night comes down grey over the sea.
Too long hast thou tarried, O my soul.

Seize thou the pledge that is given thee ;
Pass thou for ever from the lone, haunted shore,
Haunted with what memory of what useless miseries !
Fade, thou grey, crying thing,
Into the grey background whence thou camest !
Take, O my soul, the reward that was promised thee,
Nothing !
Take thou that ! Become thou that !
Thou art fordone, O my soul.
Let the grey night cover thee !

So, in my misery, I spake ;
For I was alone, and the heavens pressed heavily upon me.

II

THE LIFTING WAVES

And even as I spake,
There came a little landward breeze.
It came, and blew warmly upon me for a moment;
Then it passed.

I was chilled and weary,
Weary of body, weary of heart,
Weary of soul;
But the little, landward breeze cheered me. I knew not why.

And the breeze came again;
Stronger and stronger it blew upon my cheek.
The waves answered to its call;
There came far sweepings from the ocean.

The waves lifted and lifted;
Their crests were touched with silver.
Hull down on the horizon,
I saw fisher-boats
Scudding for shelter.

The clouds lifted and lifted;
Stronger and stronger the wind blew upon my cheek.
Soon in measured ranks the great breakers thundered upon the land.

The lust of battle awoke in me;
All the blood of my viking forefathers,

Kings in their day,
The breed of Woden and the Aesir,
Who hewed the tall pines,
And cunningly fashioned them
Into their sea dragons —
All the blood of my forefathers awoke in me.

The breeze had a tang of salt for me ;
I bared my head to it ;
I cried aloud to it,
Launch the ship ! Launch our viper, the Red Wolf !
Hail, O Aegir ! Pour the mead !
Harpers, your songs
Of battle and rapine !
The thralls' bodies strain,
The rollers creak,
As our Red Wolf goes to Aegir !

Launch the ship ! *Skall ! Skall !*
Skall to thee, Aegir !
Sacrifice the black bull
To Hela and to Aegir's daughters !
Let the warriors feast !
O Aegir, speed our ship :
Give us victory, and much plunder ;
And those who shall die,
May they die in battle !

Launch the ship ! Launch our viper ! Aegir's daughters
Gladly grasp Red Wolf. The warriors
Go each to his thwart
Where hangs his ox-hide
Bearer of steel. The steersman
Swings to his oar-loom. Red Wolf ! Red Wolf !
Aegir, we greet thee !

I am walking with my Margaret through the streets of a mighty
town
In the North Country.
Dingy and dirty are the streets,
With rows and rows of mean houses,
Each one as dingy and dirty as its neighbour.

"Beloved," says she, "and is this your native country?
Are these the people you have lived among?
No wonder you were doleful,
No wonder you sighed for home.
Does the sun ever break through the pall of blacks?
Why, the very stones in the roadway
Are oozing coal-grime!"

And the Master touched my Margaret on the brow,
Yea, smote her on the lips
With one finger, ever so gently.
And she spake —
"O, what is this I see?
Within all the houses there is burning a little flame,
To each house a flame;
And within all the people is burning a little flame.
Down come the smuts and the blacks,
From the pavement oozes coal-grime;
And the smuts and the blacks would smother the flames.
Ah! The flames grow dim;
They flicker and they waver in the darkness;
They are well-nigh quenched!
Ah! The chill drizzle that swirls in from the sea,
Polluted with blackness!
Save me, O my beloved!
I am choking in the dark."

And again the Master smote my Margaret on the brow
And on the lips
With one finger, gently.

" O my heart's love, what is this I see ?
It is light as noontide,
Yet the blackness presses ever round us.
Who is there with us ?
Who is there with us ? Ah ! Is He with us ?
See ! The flames that but now flickered to the quenching
Mount higher and higher.
They blaze. They roar without sound, wondrously.
Now the blackness grows thinner,
Ever thinner, ever more transparent.
Is it you, my beloved, who do this thing ?
Is it your love, your flaming love, that beats back the darkness ? "

And the Master touched my beloved on the brow,
And with one finger smote her on the lips
Ever so gently.

" Nay. It is not you.
You could not do this thing.
Ah ! There comes a break in the clouds.
Is there still a sun in the heavens ?
Can God be, still ?
Even in this place
Where the spirits of the damned wander seeking rest
And finding none ?
Yea, it is so ; for there smote a glory from the heavens,
Even as I spoke, down into my heart ;
And from my heart rose an answering flame.
See you ! See ! The glory !
Truly, God is, even in this place !
Now the clouds roll back.
Forgotten are the dingy streets,
The dingy pavements, the dingy people.

All, all, is bathed in glory,
Touched and transmuted to the purest gold.
The air is alive,
There is a breath of heather from the far hills.
God is, beloved ! Yea, God is,
Even in this place !

" Come, my beloved ! Let us go forth !
There is much work to do.
Yet, wherever we go, whatever we do,
Let us remember,
God is, O my beloved !
Yea, God is ! "

These be the gifts of the Master —

In darkness, Light;
In sorrow, Joy;
In turmoil, Peace;

In hatred, Love;
In weakness, Strength;
In labours, Rest;

In perplexities, Insight;
In dangers, Laughter;
In happiness, Compassion;

In failure, Wisdom;
In exile, Sweetness;
In weariness, Delights.

These be the gifts of the Master,
These be His precious gifts.
These be His gifts to you, Brother.
In the name of the Master,
Take them, have them, keep them.
Peace be with you, Brother.
In the name of the Master, Peace!

LA BIEN AIMÉE DE TOUT LE MONDE.

There are three things that I love,
Yea, four there be that make my heart to leap within me ;
The breaking of a wave upon the beach,
The moorland that stretches immeasurably northward from the
Grampians,
And the coming of dawn upon the mountains.
The coming of the dawn I love,
When the peewits for a moment are still,
And the moor-cock
For the moment forgets to cry to his mortal enemy
In the next-door corrie ;
And the moorland I love ;
And the sea I love ;
But of all things upon this earth
I love most the smile of the beloved.

O my beloved, world-wise, world-old,
How can you be so young, and smile so oldly ?
There is all the sea in your smile ;
The dawn upon the mountains is there,
And the purple, brown, interminable moorland.
You have the whispering of pines,
And the glamour of the mirage of the Arabian deserts,
The hidden treasures of Ind,
The wondrous carved work of Cathay,
Lacquer of azure upon gold
Giving richly clothed figures
In willow-hung gardens ornamented with pagodas.

How can you have all these things, beloved,
In that strange, rich smile of yours ?
How can you have gathered into that smile
So many treasures of so many lands ?

Sometimes I hear the tinkling of guitars
Beneath Moorish balconies
In Moorish Cordova ;
Sometimes the grinding of Arctic floes,
When the Samoyede peoples
Hurriedly pack their smoke-stained tents,
And fly for the southern pastures.
And yet,
Why should you not have all of the sea within you,
And the magic of the dawn,
And the crying of peewits upon the interminable moorlands ?
Within
The little circle of those lips
Why may there not be gathered
All the magic and the remembrance of the world,
Best beloved ?

We have lived with each other,
And loved each other,
And fled from each other,
And followed each other,
So many, many times ;
Back and forth, back and forth,
For richer or poorer,
In sickness or health,
Until death did us part ;
And back we came,
Back and back to play the old, old game through,
Loving and leaving and leaving and loving,
Until — why, my beloved,
There must be scarce one acre of this weary, bad old earth
We have not trod together
Some time !

And now —
Though you have forgotten,
Yet every now and then,
Like the lightning that flickers on summer nights

Low down on the horizon,
There comes that smile,
Comes and goes.

Some day, perhaps, you will remember ;
And then you will know
Why it is that of all things on this earth
I love best the smile of my Margaret, my beloved.

GARDEN SECRETS

I

THE SUN-DIAL

Horas non numero, nisi serenas ! I number
None but the sunny hours ! O ye Dark Gods, within the shadow
Of whose wings I abode so long, I have forgotten you !
O ye Dark Gods of separation and fruitless striving,
Of desire and pain and heart's anguish, ye may not enter here !
Horas non numero, nisi serenas !

I have to my garden a mighty, nail-studded, oaken door,
With an ell-long bar that fits its iron socket unbelievably,
And a great lock that triple-locks, and a key like a weaver's beam.
Yesterday, for the last time, in your faces, O Dark Gods, the door slammed to.
Horas non numero, nisi serenas !

Aye ! Ye may tear at the bolts with your windy fingers.
Aye ! Ye may scream your spells. Your power is broken.
Your day went past, Dark Gods, into the unregarded limbo,
When I barred and triple-locked my gate on you.

Winter still reigns without ; but within is my sunlit garden,
Where already the bees are busy among the flowers,
And already the doves are building, and the grass grows swiftly
To the time of the whirr ! whirr ! whirr ! of the diligent machine-cutter.

Tear ! Dark Gods ! Rave ! Roar ! My Dial is a greater magician

Than you ever were, ever could be. Put by your useless
alembics!
Fling away your books! *Horas non numero!* You must sit at
our feet now.
We have the Golden Word, the spell which breaks not,
My Dial and I. Rave, Gods! Ye are impotent. Roar ye!
Horas non numero, nisi serenas!

II

THE THRUSHES

Insistent, insistent, insistent, you clamorous, trespassing thrushes,
That perch uninvited on wet boughs in my garden amid riotous apple-blossom,
Over and over repeating your magical heart-invocations,
Amo ! I love ! Ah, je t'aime ! Thrushes, what do you know of love ?

Admitted ! Admitted ! You can sing, Love ! in twenty or twenty-five languages.
Learned professors, no doubt, could teach you five hundred more synonyms,
But, thrushes, why perch on my wet boughs amid rioting apple-blossom,
Over and over repeating your clamorous, clamorous tune ?

This is my garden ! My garden ! And you are just trespassing thrushes !
Yes, indeed, sir ! My garden ! No one comes here without my permission !
Little you care ! Yes, little ! Up among the rioting blossoms !
Amo ! I love ! Indeed ! Thrushes, what do you know of love ?

Speckled breast, bright eyes, brown wings, clever throat pulsating,
I see you ! I see you ! Ah, would you ? A flirt of the tail and away ! Ah,
Not far, though ! I like you ! The plum-tree ! Its blossom is nearly over !
Never mind ! I'm happy ! I'm happy ! My Margot is coming to-day !

III

THE COPPER BEECH

Like a young giant stands the copper beech
At the entrance of my wood,
With his wonderful gold-red cloak
That seems in the early sunshine
To drip sparkling rubies.

About his feet is a swirl of feathery blue,
Where the wild hyacinths make a pool at the edge of the wood.
The bracken and hart's tongue uncurl in snaky spirals,
Contriving all manner of delightful hieroglyphs
Amid the brown and gold of last autumn's withered leaves.

In my wood later on you will find, if you look, the bee-orchis ;
But you must not pick. And away in a tiny thicket,
That no one dares go near during May or June,
A pair of nightingales build ; the same nightingales, or their descendants,
Faithfully May after May.

It does not do to be fanciful : still it pleases me to imagine
My wood not so unlike that Garden the four streams watered
Long ago when men lived in fables ; and my copper beech
A Cherub who with flaming sword keeps watch
O'er the way of the Tree which stands in the midst of the Garden.

IV

THE SUMMER HOUSE

Often and oft, my Margot, in this house of a summer evening,
When the moon has risen and, after the long, hot day, the mist-wreaths steam from the lake,
I have rested for hours at peace in the warmth and the quiet,
While the night-winds stirred the reeds and made vocal the cedar-branches.
Ah, my beloved, you, too, now will share my Summer House !

Often and oft, my Margot, the dawn has found me here.
With her rose-tipped fingers she touches the willows of the island,
And beneath them arise faint cluckings and chickerings and splashes.
The moor-fowl awake ; but the mist-wreaths hide them. The birds begin singing.
By the lake-side expand the blue and the gold of the iris.
Ah, my beloved, you, too, now will share my Summer House !

At high noon the garden sleeps. By the side of the drowsing water
The swans preen their plumes. Round about and over my house the roses scramble,
Scented and scentless, English, Chinese, Tibetan, yellow, red, white in abundance.
It is noon. It is sleep-time. The garden sleeps ; but I love. I sleep not.
Ah, my beloved, you, too, now will share my Summer House !

GARDEN SECRETS

V

THE POND LILIES

Round and round swim the greedy gold carp in my pond,
Their fantastically feathered fins oaring languidly the while.
O greedy gold carp, though you live many hundreds of years,
And are so portentously wise, you have never seen my pond lilies!

Round and round you swim in my marble basin,
Weaving interminably the unutterable golden chain of your thoughts.
Flame incarnate are you in your gleaming armour, languidly
Oaring in and out of the clustered stems of my lilies.

Some of my lilies are white with a yellow centre,
And some are sapphire-blue, and some are scarlet.
The lilies come and go, but you remain, carp!
And yet you have never seen the face of one of my lilies!

VI

THE STATUE OF PAN

Accept, O Pan, this wreath of tuneful laurel,
Sacred to singers, which my beloved and I have woven for thee.
Thou hast prospered my garden these many months past, O Master of the Pipes.
Accept these autumn flowers and this basket of ripe fruits.

With much care I have trained for thee this ilex and this hedge of box
To make a little shrine for thee, Goat-footed One; and have tended this shaven lawn
Bordered about with all the flowers which thou lovest;
And before thee have set for thy delectation this joyous marble fount.

Winter is coming, O Pan; but thine ilex and thy box will not fail thee.
Though frost may seal thy fount and thy lawn be hoar with the snow,
Yet winter has sunny hours. I know that on many a morning
I shall hear even then through my garden stealing the shrill sound of thy pipes.

As all colours meet in white,
As all sounds merge in the great F,
As all lakes and rivers forgather in the ocean,
And all perfumes in the rose ;
So all my thoughts and aspirations,
My wishes, my desires, my purposes,
Whatever they be, come together in Margaret, my beloved.

As the nightingale crieth to the rose,
Crieth all night long because his love is great ;
As the rose crieth to the scented jasmine,
Whose trails overhang the water-pools
And make odorous the darkness
Of the enchanted garden before moonrise ;
So my heart crieth all night long,
Crieth all night long to Margaret, my beloved.

Once upon a time, long, long ago,
There were two, a man and a woman, my Margot,
Who loved one another,
Loved one another, my beloved, in the long, long ago ;
And their love blossomed like a garden,
Like a lily, like a nightingale, in a garden
That lieth warm and safe in the love-hungry arms of the darkness
Before moonrise ;
And the love of the one and the other
Was as the love of thee and me,
As the wisdom of the beauty of our love for one another,
My Margot, my heart's beloved !

Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! The moon riseth !
Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! The nightingale redoubleth his song !

Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! The rose-perfume
Mingleth in love with the sweet odours of the jasmine !
Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! The soft moonbeams
Shine silverly on the garden of my beloved !

To some cometh sleep which is the sleep of weariness ;
And to some cometh sleep
As a blest anodyne to pain ;
And to some the sleep cometh of a little child,
Whose white brow is fanned through the breathless hours
By wings of angels ;
But to me, to me soon shall come sleep,
Cradled in the white arms of Margaret, my beloved.

Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! White, white is my beloved.
The white rose is no whiter than the whiteness of her.
Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! My beloved's arms are softer
Than the white breast-down of the swan.
Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! My beloved's voice
Is as a thousand rippling waters
That ripple gently in the night-breeze.
Like the ripples of many waves among the reeds
Is the music of the voice of Margaret, my beloved.

Beauteous Sun, beauteous Sun, rise not yet !
Spoil not with thy royal-purple beams
The white peace of my beloved's moonlit sleep !
Spoil not, spoil not yet, Golden One,
The white garden of the perfumed peace of my beloved !

Nay ! brother Sun, I rebuke thee not !
Thou art my brother, and I love thee well !
Nevertheless, tarry thou, tarry thou, beloved Sun,
Tarry thou yet awhile
Till the nightingale hath wearied of his singing,
Till of her own accord

The Moon Queen withdraweth the gossamer of her fine-spun veil
From off the enchanted shadows of the garden of my beloved.

Ahi! *Ahi!* The Golden One riseth!
Ahi! The Beautiful One, my brother,
Beaming among the palm-trees of the garden,
Shaketh far from him the golden dewdrops.
The nightingale ceases his song;
The rose withdraweth her perfume;
The Moon Queen inhabiteth once more
Her pearl-soft palace in the far off western seas.
Ahi! *Ahi!* The Golden One cometh,
The Golden One cometh in state to the garden of my beloved!

Peace! Peace! Peace! Sleep thou!
Peace! Peace! Peace! Awake thou!
Peace! Peace! Peace! Arise thou!
Peace! Peace! Peace! Come thou forth,
Come thou forth to greet
The Progress of our brother, the Golden One, my Margaret, my beloved!

The parakeets chatter in the trees;
The brown garden-monkeys
Call to one another with their strange, flute-like voices.
All the night-flowers are folded in sleep;
The day-lotus opens to the gate of heaven
His starry eye.
The world is awake, and calls thee.
Awake! Arise! Come forth!
That we may greet thee, that we may have comfort of thee,
That we may rejoice in thee, my Margaret, my beloved!

Ahi! *Ahi!* The spell worketh!
Ahi! The word of power hath been spoken!

In vain it shall not go forth.
Ahi! *Ahi!* Her fingers are twined round her lattice!
Ahi! *Ahi!* Her feet pass in music down the slumbering stairs!
Ahi! Thou awakest!
Ahi! *Ahi!* Thou arisest!
Ahi! *Ahi!* Thou comest forth!
Ahi! *Ahi!* *Ahi!* The world greets thee!
Lo, thou comest into thy garden,
Unto me thou comest forth into thy garden!
I greet thee! Come forth! The world greets thee,
My Margaret, my beloved!

THE HYMN TO THE SUN

O my Lord Brother the Sun, I give you greeting!
O my Lord Brother, I call you Brother,
Because, though you are so great, and so wonderful, and so divine,
And I am so little;
None the less, we are kinsfolk, you and I!

You go your way through the heavens,
Drawing into you the forces of darkness and decay,
Transmuting them into the pure gold of your sunshine,
Shedding them abroad upon all who will but stretch out their arms to you.

I, a lowly sojourner upon the earth,
Draw into me, too, the forces of darkness and destruction,
And give them forth in love and pity
To those whose need is even greater than mine own.

O my Lord Brother, I have need of you,
I have need of your Beauty, your Purity and your Truth.
And, O my Lord Brother, I thank God for you,
I thank God for your Beauty, your Purity and your Truth.

And I pray God for you
That though your way is dark and stony and terrible,
Even as mine is,
Though you, the Light-giver,
Dwell ever in desolate places,
None the less you may be strengthened to complete that course
Which you of your own free will chose
Or ever the universe began.

May God bless you, O my Brother, and keep you,
Even unto the day of His Peace !

And for me, O my Brother,
If in the wondrous stores of your knowledge you have cognizance of me,
Or even if amid the uncounted myriads of your children
I pass all unrecognized —
For me I pray that I, too, may be strengthened in this way
Which I have chosen,
That I, too, humbly and diligently following in the Sun-Road,
May continue, your Servant, until the day of God's Peace.

Forgive, O my Brother, that which hath been ill spoken ;
Remember only that which is well and faithfully intentioned.
Grant to these little ones, my children,
And to all those others, your children,
The fullness of your Peace.
A blessing, O my Brother, for these and for those, and for myself.
So I greet you, such things I pray of you,
O mighty Sun, my Brother !

THE PATHWAY TO THE DAWN

Gold is the pathway that leads to the dawn,
When the overnight rain
Hangs still in innumerable jewels
On field and thicket,
And a mist arises,
Making here and there in the hollows
A carpet of fine lawn,
A diaper napkin
For the face of the sleeping earth.

By the pools of the river
The cattle stand knee-deep in mist,
And the bushes of alder
Are dotted, emerging at random
Like dark-green islets
In a fairy sea.

The first buttercups of the year
Are strewn among the young grass of the meadows
In spangles of gold,
As it might be the dreams of the stars
That have dropped earthward, and linger,
As it might be the golden fragments of their dreams ;
For the earth sleeps still, half-awakened,
Counting drowsily over and over
The gold pennies of the dreams
Which the star-hosts in their dance
Have scattered and strewn upon her.

Gold is the pathway that leads to the dawn.
By the hedge where the hawthorn

Peeps shyly in white bride's dress
From her spine-guarded fastness of green,
Dan Reynard slinks stealthily homeward,
His brush trailing, his coat lank and unkempt with the briars,
Yet satisfied in his soul
For the night-hunt fulfilled, and the day-long slumber before him.

I am content to be here. Through the night I slept little.
Long ere the dawn I awoke. I sighed for the sun.
Broad and sure is my path through the meadows. I know at my way's end
I come with the song of the lark, the scent of the hawthorn,
The gold of the fields to the House of my beloved!

My Margot speaks.

When first did I love you ?
When first did I begin to love you ?
O foolish, foolish question !
And foolish questions, alas, cause foolish answers !

Years, years since,
Long, long, long before I saw you in the flesh !
Your Margot at sixteen !
Soon after I was taken
To the Malines convent,
Where, as we kept the Vigil,
One Easter Eve, you remember ? came
The vision of the Blessed Sacrament,
That unforgettable vision of our Lord and Redeemer.

On a July day,
Crouched by the river at a willow's foot,
Whose pink-spread, filmy roots drank up the water thirstily,
I was alone with my thoughts,
Seule dans ma solitude à moi,
With my thoughts and my half-grown meditations ;
Troubled, yet silent ; fierce, yet deprecating ; unconsciously
responsive
To the slow insurgence of elemental life
Seeping up at the roots, and spreading dumbly
Through the half-gainly limbs of me.
At the willow's foot, half-dozing,
My hands about my knees,
I crouched,
Part-buried in the reeds and rough grasses

That were starred with bindweed, ragged robin, stray wild parsley,
And the tall, pensive campion, and tiny speedwell,
Amid the heat and the curious, exotic exhalations
Of rank herbage, rough-scented flowers, and the marigold-musky perfume of the river.

So I crouched in shadow, gazing sleepily across the fields,
For all the world like a kitten that stares into the fire,
Seeing who knows what wonders!
And while I gazed,
A veil was as it were flung over me, and a veil
Lifted from me.
The familiar things, the river,
The fields, my childhood, I knew less clearly;
Yet other things more clearly.
For that while,
Out of our time and space, I forgot
The tyranny of my body, the clamour of its incessant complications,
The ramifications of its growth, its ox-like, ponderous persistence,
Its craving for food and sleep, its thousand cares;
I forgot my cloddish, half-grown, half-tamed earthly counterpart,
To awaken in another world. It may have been that then, my beloved,
For the first time I ceased the young animal,
Lithe, conscienceless, knowing neither good nor evil,
Rooted in the soil, intent on its food, its sleeping, its playtime,
Hating repression; and came to the inchoate springing
Of that into which I grow even now day by day,
Your betrothed fellow-dreamer, your mate, the mother-to-be,
If so it please God, of our children, best beloved!

I was a priestess of Amen-Ra in the great temple at Karnak,
One of a thousand other priestesses.
My pure white robe was bound at the breast with a golden girdle,

And in my hair I wore Amen's scarabeus,
The two-winged disk of the sun ; on my breast was the golden
Lotus.
I served my course of thirty days in the temple
Once every seven months ;
For the rest I lived at the College of the Priestesses,
Free to come or go, as I pleased.

Within the innermost recess of Amen's temple,
In front of and close to his shrine
Which no woman might enter
Save and except the priestess, the Bride of Amen,
On one night of the year,
Was the sacred pool, whereon twice yearly at the solstice
The sacred Lotus bloomed,
In the summer a blue, and in winter a golden Lotus.
The pool was a perfect ellipse
Proportioned to the earth's yearly orbit ;
And the focus of the ellipse at each solstice
Was marked by the blue or the golden Lotus.
In the centre of the pool was the ever-flowing fountain
Of the waters of immortality.
The basin was of white marble, and round about
Ranged twenty-four pillars enclosing twelve shrines
For the twelve months of the year, and the altar of each shrine
Was of a different colour for the colours of the twelve months.

In my dream I stood by Amen's pool,
Watching the golden Lotus, which slowly expanded
Day by day to the full glory of its blossoming,
Then half-blown. Its outer petals were white,
And the pure, passionate heart of it golden.
A wondrous calm
Brooded over the place.
Amen's presence felt near indeed in that holy silence,
Accentuated rather than broken by the never-ceasing plash
Of the fountain of the waters of immortality. Amen's boat
Rocked gently at the marble edge of the pool
In the waves of the fount, not far from the golden Lotus.

While I stood there, reciting with movement of the lips,
But without sound audible to human ears, my appointed Office,
I caught behind me the gentle tread of grass sandals, and felt a strong yet tender
Grasp on my arm.
There stood you, my beloved!
Priest of Amen, holding high rank in the priesthood,
Initiate of the inner group, teacher of the Mysteries, and — my brother!
In that moment I knew you, I,
Crouching under my willow, far off from the Nile, by another river,
Knew you, Amen-hotep, priest of Amen, initiate of the Greater Mysteries
In ancient Khem, knew you for my beloved,
Whom in this life I had not seen, nor was yet to see
These many waiting years!

"Ne-pti," cried you, "little play-fellow, little Lotus that rests on Nephthys' bosom,
Golden, for the love of Amen, thy Father, and white, for the beams of Isis, thy Mother,
Little Ne-pti, my sister, beloved of the gods, wouldst look with me at that which hath been,
And shall be? Wilt look, beloved? So it is appointed,
And for that purpose I am sent."

I looked, as you bade me, down into the Lotus pool at our feet,
But no pool was there: instead, the intense blazing of fire.
Heat! Heat! Heat! Ardent, blazing heat, and a sense of immeasurable distance in time.
You and I, my beloved, floated on a white-hot sea,
Lazily reclining and resting in the ardour of that fierce ignition,
Content with each other's friendship, content to lie there
For ages, if need be, side by side in bodiless communion.
There was intense life in the sea, and a busy coming and going;
But from this in our souls we were as far detached
As though we were dwelling on another star
Many millions of light-years distant.

So the ages went by.

After untold aeons
A voice broke into our dream, " It is enough ! Go forth !
That which is appointed, do ! And after, return to Us ! "

From that sea of bliss where we were one in Godhead
We passed, you and I,
Through innumerable forms, each form a world,
And a centre of innumerable worlds,
Each world perfect in beauty, perfect in strength,
Perfect in wisdom, and perfect above all because of your presence,
best beloved !

So it was, until God's will brought us to the Sorrowful Star.
There for a while we were parted,
And, even when we came together again,
We dwelt separated the one from the other,
Parted by thick curtains of flesh, as the worshipper in the
wilderness
Was parted by curtains of dyed skins
From the light of Godhead ; so we were parted, and dwelt
In separate forms, who hitherto had never been separated.

I passed through innumerable scenes,
Some of beauty and awe, many of violence and horror,
In all ages, all places.
At one time I lived as a man, at another as a woman ;
At one time I scaled the heights of wisdom,
At another I dwelt like the beasts of the field.
A life as a sage would be followed by the life of a courtesan,
A life as a warrior by one as a dark serving girl in a peasant's hut,
Fed on crusts, and covered with bruises from many beatings.
I have turned rhymes in a despot's court, and supped off larks'
tongues.
I have lain hard with the mariners in their sea-lashed hull.
As priest and as priestess I have stood before a people's gods ;

And yet again the bleeding, palpitating heart of me has been torn
With flint knives from my breast
On the *teocalli*,
In expiation for the wrongs of an evil people:
So my dream showed me.

Through it all, like the thread of gold
In the hem of the priest's garment;
Or like the refrain in some cunningly wrought ballad
Of olden time;
Or like the basic perfume of frankincense
Which, so Holy Church ordains,
Shall underlie each and every incense
Burned in her fanes to the glory of God;
Ran the texture, ran the refrain, ran the fair frankincense of our love.

Beloved, I have met you in the roar and horror of the battlefield.
Beloved, I have walked with you under the calm of the summer moon.
I have gathered flowers with you on Alpine uplands,
Narcissus and jonquil, and blue-eyed hepatica; knee-deep in blossom;
While the *clonk! clonk!* of the copper cow-bells
Mingled sweetly in the balsam of the breeze
With the lisping, hesitating, shy declaration
Of our love for one another.

I have stood with you at Nero's court,
When the tyrant with cold beast-eyes
Peered through his emerald at the gaudy throng,
And the sweat beaded, welling in great drops,
Upon the brow of Senator and Patrician.
I have bathed your dying head with my tears
In a nook of the great hall at Lindisfarne,
When the red cock crowed for the last time,
And even the Northmen took pity upon the young boy

Rendering the last office of his grief
To a dying grey-beard.

These and many more came before me in my vision,
Wherein past and present and future were all one.
I saw you, my beloved, as I see you now;
I saw myself crouched at the willow's foot,
Gazing open-eyed across the fields into infinity.
I saw our first meeting;
I saw the plighting of our troth;
I saw our wedding that is yet to come;
And on, on, on into the future I saw,
The two of us growing ever the more closely together,
Ever more into one,
Until at a day not so far distant
We seemed to become one again
(As we were one
Before God's purposes brought us to the Sorrowful Star)
And we passed reunited through the ineffable, ever-virgin Womb
Of Mary, our Mother,
The mystic Rose,
The adorable Mystery,
Into our home, which is none other than you and I, my beloved,
Reunited in God.

So the vision faded, and I awoke,
Quietly as the sleeping child awakes,
At the foot of the willow.
But the dream I put from me, nor have I heeded it since,
Except that you have called it to me by your oh! so foolish
questions,
Best beloved!

I

O my beloved, I have sung you many songs.
Tales a many I have told you
Of old things and of new things
And of things that never were yet,
Perchance never will be.

O my beloved, I am somewhat weary of singing,
And you, it may be, of listening.
The world is old, and we are old.
We are weary of the task that is given us,
Weary and fain to die.

Can we not rest awhile?
Can we not cease awhile to do,
And only be?
You are my song and my story.
Of all the things in this weary world,
Of you alone I am never weary.

Let me cease from my singing awhile, beloved,
Let me lay me down awhile at the cliff's edge
And watch the wheeling of the sea-birds
And the foam of the making tide,
And watch you.

Sometimes I think the stars must be very patient
To shine and shine always in the sky,
To sing and sing always in their courses,
And never weary.

Nations rise, nations fall;
People love one another, and hate one another,
Help one another, and destroy one another.
Their cries of exultation and passion and fear
Rise like the smoke of burnt sacrifice,
Until men's sins would blot out the very sun from their gaze.
But the stars shine on patiently;
For they know that the darkness of the sins of mortal men
Itself is mortal;
And the clouds lift, and there are still the patient, wise stars.

Beloved, when I am fretful and foolish,
When the smoke of the steam of the burnt sacrifice of my folly
Rises to obscure you from my gaze,
You shine on wisely, patiently,
For you know that whatever happens
In the end I come back to you.

The breeze that on calm days always rises
An hour before sunset
Lazily stirs the green and gold of the bracken.
A red admiral, belated child of the year,
Settles lazily upon a ledge in the cliff below us,
Uplifting its plumage to the sun.

Let us take the fruits that the gods have given us,
Your lips, beloved, and your arms about me,
And your sea-deep eyes to gaze into!
Ah, my beloved, it is good to be,
Just to be for this little hour the gods have given us!

The Beloved speaks:
"Dear heart, my dear one,
If the gods have given this hour,
Shall we not take it?
If you are weary of doing,

Then be! For this enchanted moment, be!
Soon you will rise again
With new strength, new hopes, new wishes;
For there is much to be done!"

And with the golden light of ineffable love,
Ineffable happiness, ineffable peace,
The Beloved stoops over me.
Her cheek brushes mine.
I close my eyes, for I am weary;
My beloved closes my eyes for me with her kisses,
For it is written:
"At eventide there is rest."
Yea, there is rest, O my beloved!
Peace! Peace! Peace!

II

Margaret mine, let us sit together awhile in silence
In the gathering of the dusk,
And gaze upon the sea.
Let there be in our two hearts,
Nothing of the earthly in this blessed hour
Which God has given us.

You and I, my Margaret, are very near to each other;
Yet God who gave us this hour and this evening and this sea,
Yea, God who gave us each other,
Is nearer far to us than ever we can be to each other.

How can we find each other, my beloved?
How can we realize each other?
By the touching of hands?
By the meeting of the lips?
Your lips are very sweet to me, my beloved;
There is an incense in your hair;
Your eyes are as stars upon the silent sea;
But in this hour, this blessed hour, which God has given us
I know that God is more to me than ever you can be, O my beloved.

Yet you are more to me than all the world.
For you I would surrender riches and honour,
Happiness, life itself;
For you I would surrender all that is.
But for you I cannot surrender God.

Can we not take the one road, the one possible road, to find each other —

How the tide swirls round yonder rock
To meet the land ! —
Can we not turn our backs upon each other,
And go our two ways,
In this world for ever separate,
In God for ever one ?

Is this a hard teaching, O my beloved ?
Your eyes are brilliant with the glamour of unshed tears !
To have all must we not brave all,
Brave even the losing of each other,
If we would find each other ?

The sun makes a glory across the evening waters ;
Every tiniest ripple in his path
Becomes a mirror flashing gold.
So the sea sings its hymn of praise to the God who made it.

Are we not tiny ripples
Upon the sea of God's glory ?
In our very movement which separates us, perhaps for ever,
From one another,
Do we not become ministers of His praise ?
Shall we be content with mirroring each other's glory ?
Is that the road to God ?

Little am I,
Even as you are little.
Every tiniest life of all the myriad lives
That make this body
Cries out for you,
Beloved !

The Beloved replies :
" O my brother, my loved one,
I love God ;

But I think that I love you better!
For God is very great and very splendid
And very cold and very far off.
It is you, you, you that I have sought through the ages.
It is you I have worked for,
You I have sinned for,
You I have died for.
You are my God. I can see no other God than you;
Or if I see Him, or if I dimly apprehend Him,
I see Him only in and through you.
Now, after all these long years,
I have found you; I have won you; I have won the right to you.
Shall I relinquish you
For the God I have never seen?

"Yea, beloved, I am little.
And you, thank God, are little.
I can see you; I can touch you;
I can stretch up my face for your caresses,
Even as I do now.
Kiss me, O my beloved!
Kiss me, and forget!
You are all in all to me!
What have I to do with God?"

So the Beloved spake.
And with her words
The glory that was strewn at our feet
Gathered itself up,
And became the figure of That One
Who stands ever upon the land and the sea.

"My children," said This One,
"My little children,
Give praise to God who gave you to each other.
Accept His gift,

Use His gift
In all thankfulness.
John is right.
To find each other, you must lose each other.
Margaret is right.
In each other each must find God.
Therefore
Take each other,
And enjoy each other,
Praising God!"

So spake the Glory of the evening,
And with hands uplifted to bless
Passed back into the Glory.

And Margaret and John,
Because they were little,
Praised God for the evening and the sea;
Praised God for the Angel of His Glory;
Praised God for each other,
And went homeward, hand in hand, rejoicing.

III

My beloved and I,
Come back from our sea-bathing,
Had betaken us cliff-high
To stretch us in the sun,
Looking out over the vast expanses
Of deserted ocean.

Empty and broad is the ocean of our lives,
Empty of all but what we choose to seek there,
Empty of all but sea and wind and sunshine,
And all the hopes and joys the sea-deep holdeth,
Empty of all but thee, my Margaret, my beloved!

Outward and onward we soar
Over vast expanses,
Around us the never-changing circle of the horizon;
Outward and onward, past earth, through the nacreous depths
of space,
Star-jewelled,
Sun-engilded, God-enwrapped!

Beloved, I am drunken of God and of thee!
I am as one bereft of thought
In the very rapture of possession!
God-drunken, Margot-drunken,
Light-drunken, ocean-drunken, wind-drunken,
I open my arms to God, to Margot, sun, sea, wind,
I open my arms to all,
Empty me of all,
That I may thereby enfold all!

Oh, the wild horror of the infinite space,
And the terrific urge of my great wings
As I speed on God's messages!
Oh, the wild and wonderful variety,
Universes upon universes of beauty and joy,
Variety that changes eternally,
In this one thing most godlike, most unchangeable, most eternal,
That eternally it doth change!

My Margot, child of the sun, the wind, the ocean,
All fire for love,
All airiness for grace,
All sea for tenderness,
Let me enwrap me in the arms of thy tenderness;
Let me draw into me the sweetness of thee, as the swimmer in his strength
Draweth breath of the sweet winds of heaven;
Let me plunge eternity-deep in the fires of thine eternal love.

Sun, sea and wind,
They were at the making of thee.
Sun, sea and wind,
They presided at thy birth.
Sun, sea and wind,
They have had the teaching and the shaping of thee.
Sun thou art!
Sea thou art!
Wind thou art!
Margot thou art!
My beloved!
God thou art!

The Beloved speaks:
"Little one,
Whom I, the blue sky, enfold in the tenderness of my compassion;
Little one,

Whom I, the broad earth, cradle through all eternities in my lap ;
Little one,
Whom I, the Mother,
Clasp to mine eternal bosom,
Eternally nourishing,
Eternally blessing,
Eternally renewing ;
Who art thou who callest me God ?

" Yet God I am,
Whom God made in His image.
God I am not
To this great world without,
To this eternal pageantry and procession of flame-wrought suns,
This dance of planets,
Yea, to this little green earth,
So little and so dear to me because it holdeth thee —
To these I am not God, but a fellow-creature,
Made like to each and all of them,
Because each and all is
In the very image and likeness of Almighty God.
Nevertheless,
God I am ;
God to my own heart,
God to my own mind,
God to my own soul,
God to my own body.
Yea, and to thee I am God,
O my beloved,
Heart of my heart,
Mind of my mind,
Soul of my soul,
Flesh of my flesh,
Body of my body.
To these and to thee I am God.

" I am the sun and the wind for thee ;
I am the unfathomable mystery of the sea.

I make mine arms wide to enfold thee,
I kiss thee,
I bless thee,
I redeem thee.
I give myself to thee,
Body, soul and spirit.
I give all to thee.
I acknowledge thee for my Lord.
I live for thee,
I live in thee.
Thou art the body of my soul,
My soul findeth in thee her spirit.
I redeem thee from the earth, and thou
Guidest me through the millions of resplendent heavens
To that Rose,
Where Lover and Beloved are one,
Where the Eagle is as the Dove,
And thou as I,
O my beloved!"

The sun dropped slowly lower and lower towards the horizon.
Wild thyme and scattered sea-pinks in the sun-scorched grass of the cliff-top
Breathed fragrance as of bygone ages, a fragrance old as the mighty cliff itself,
The scented counterpart of the humming of the great bees
That clung with their spurred heels among the blossoms,
Gallant knights of Faerie.
The sea lay at our feet a sheet of amethyst,
A sheet of violet-polished steel
Under the vivid burnishing
Of the sun-furnace, mottled from time to time with the catspaws;
A lake of molten metal, well-nigh incandescent to the touch.
All Nature drank in the fierce gifts of the sun-god.
The world was a chalice whereinto poured his ambrosial life.

Margot, my beloved, my bride-to-be,
In each moment of each day I give praise to my Maker for two things.

I give praise to God for Himself, for His Oneness, for His Being ;
And thereafter I give Him praise for thee.

For Himself I give Him praise, because He is ; because He, and only He, is that which is ;
Because all that is, is He ; and yet His Being
So utterly, utterly transcends all that is,
That everything is as nothing beside Him, beside my Maker, beside God.
And I give praise to Him for thee, my Margot, because thou explainest God.
God is the Book : thou the Commentary.
God is the Law : thou the Prophets.
God is the Wearer : thou the Robe.
Apart from Him the universe dwindles into Nothing,
Is not.
Apart from thee, my Margot, manifested life ceases for me.
Apart from thee I can behold the inscrutable Majesty of Being — That which Is ! That which Is ! O Jewel-Law !
Om Mani Padmé Om !
But I see no earth, I feel no sweet winds of heaven,
I know no flowers, no birds, no children,
None of the infinity of lovely, gracious things in the heaven above,
And in the earth beneath,
Which is my Margot.
Therefore, each moment of each day
There is that in me which ever praises God
And gives thanks to Him for these two things,
For His own Being, and for thee, my darling Margot

At these words my beloved lifted to me
The flower-chalice of her lips,
Cool, quiet with the utter quiet of the Divine Meditation
And in that kiss was consummated once more,
As I believe,
The very Sacrament of the Body

And the Blood of the Lord —
" *This do !* "
For, as the Lord is in all things,
In the Body and the Blood,
In the Bread and the Wine,
In the Soul and the Spirit,
So is He in that supra-essential Communion
Of the twain who each other do love in Him,
Of the twain who in each act, each wish, each thought, remember Him,
Who keep His word, " This do
In Remembrance of Me ! "

So the peace of our dream enfolded us,
And our hands met, palm to palm,
In remembrance,
And our lips touched.
So the sea of our love enfolded us
Deep in the passionless, holy depths of its being.
So the arms, the everlasting, beloved arms of our own Master enfolded us.
For a space the world left us,
For a space we stood there in the secret place with Him
Upon the mount,
Two gathered in His Name,
To whom be praise for ever, even for ever.
Praise ye Him !

THE BOATMAN OF THE IRRAWADDY

Tha-baun, the Master Boatman
Of Ma-ho on the Irrawaddy
Waited for his love,
Mong-pai, daughter of the Headman in the village,
Who had betrothed herself to him;
Waited for Mong-pai, my beloved,
In the dusk of the evening,
While the newly-risen moon
Swung golden above the gloom of giant teak-trees.

My love is the clinging vine,
And I the vine-prop.
My love is the sky-blue dove,
And I the dove-cote.
My love is a tinkling bell
Of the Great Pagoda,
And I the cinnamon-scented wind
That, seeking among the myriad pagoda bells,
Rings but the golden bell of my beloved.
Ai! Ai! My beloved! My beloved!
When comest thou to me?

My love is the riches of the Irrawaddy waters,
When the monsoon makes ready
The gift of God for the rice-fields.
My love is the moon upon the ocean,
That lights up ten thousand ship-masts
On the busy quays of Rangoon.
My love is a great wave that bears hungrily upon the shore,
Upon the shore that hungrily holds out its arms for my beloved.
Ai! Ai! My beloved! My beloved!
When comest thou to me?

My love is the tigress in the jungle,
Faithful to her offspring,
Dangerous to all oppressors,
Beautiful and fierce, yet docile to the voice and touch of her mate.
My love is the snake upon the jungle path,
That hatches her young :
Her bite is death,
And the wayfarers step carefully aside for her ;
Yet the coils of her are vivid with all colours.
My love is the mighty elephant,
That liveth an hundred years,
And feareth naught upon this earth ;
But is the joy and the satisfaction and the delight of all the jungle.
Ai ! Ai ! My beloved ! My beloved !
When comest thou to me ?

Weave the jasmine in thy hair, beloved,
And come away through the rays of the young moon.
The blossoms of my magnolia faint for thee.
They are wan and pallid for thee in the rays of the young moon.
My vine and my fig-tree droop for thee ;
My oxen go haltingly at the water-wheel.
I watch over them with anxious care,
Yet they droop and they faint and they fail for thee,
My betrothed, my beloved, who comest not.
Ai ! Ai ! My betrothed ! My beloved !
When comest thou to me ?

Weave the hibiscus in thy hair, beloved,
Passion-scarlet, and come to me through the young corn,
That melteth milk-white to the teeth.
Come through the sweetness of the cane
In the first running of the sap,
That is as the sweetness of the blood in the brown, unwed
breasts of thee.
Come through the crackling of the telltale, envious bamboo.
Come to me ! Come to me ! Come to me ! O my beloved.
Ai ! Ai ! My beloved ! My beloved !
When comest thou to me ?

Belu, old hound, what is it?
Thou whimperest never so, save when Mong-pai draws near.
Yet I hear nothing!
Nothing stirs but the night-creatures.
Ah! Now I hear her!
Like the faint tip-tapping
Of the woodpecker on moss-hung tree-trunk,
Comes the far off tread of her little sandals
On the stones of the path from the riverside through the sweet corn.
I run to thee, my beloved!
Ai! Ai! My beloved! My beloved!
Thou comest now to me!

My Margot bent to me in the scented dusk,
And whispered softly,
"Thank you!"
"Thank you!" said she, "Tha-baun!
You make love sweetly, dear, in your far off, quaint Burmese!
And it happened long ago?
Not long? Not long?
Beloved, ah! let me whisper something!
A secret!"
So leant to me in the dusk my Margot, my beloved,
But what this secret was, I reveal to no man,
Until that day when the books are opened,
And the thoughts of all hearts laid bare.

O my brothers and my sisters, beware of Love!
It is the sword of God, quick to the dividing of joint and marrow,
It is the flame of fire that burns up the unclean sinew,
It is the bolt which slays, if thou be not worthy.

Beware, O my sons and daughters! Beware of Love!
But if ye love truly, then know, as God is my witness,
That therein ye are priests of God, tending His altar,
Making to Him the burnt sacrifices of your bodies,
Burnt in the fires of all-consuming Love.

Love is God! God is Love! Love, then! Love ye! Be ye
godlike!
"Love is God!" says Mong-pai the maiden, of Ma-ho in far off
Burma,
Who left all for her beloved, gladly left all for her beloved.
"God is Love!" in his quaint Burmese says Tha-baun, the
Master Boatman,
Singer of many songs, and lover to his death of Mong-pai.

MARGOT'S WEDDING

I

THE GREAT SEA

" *With this ring I thee wed !*
With my body I thee worship ! "
So it is done, my Margot, for the how-many-eth time !
Whom God hath joined ! God joined us long ago,
Long ere this earth was framed ;
Yea, in the first moment of His council with Himself,
When first those wondrous words were spoken, Let Us make !
In that moment we were joined
Eternally, inseparably, for ever.

Come now, beloved, come with me,
That hand in hand we may pass through the mysteries of the
pinewood
To the edge of the sea.

O thou great Sea, inscrutable Watcher, timeless One,
Who washest all shores, who cleansest all sins,
Who upon this earth art the very image and likeness
Of the Motherhood of God ;
Margot and John, we stand before thee, thou Great One,
For thy blessing,
Whom this day the laws of God and of man have made one.
O thou who hast witnessed the first meeting of us ;
O thou who hast witnessed the plighting of our troth,
In that day when thy billows roared terribly
And the earth trembled at the fury of thine approach ;
Witness now the espousals of us twain !

With this ring I thee wed, my beloved,
With this vast, unchangeable Ring of the horizon,

This meeting-point of sea and sky,
This line of union and division,
Where matter is plastic to spirit,
And spirit courses unchecked through translucent matter,
And both are one in God.
With this Ring I thee wed, my most beloved Margot!

It seemeth strange to me, O my Mother,
That once more we should stand before thee,
My Margot and I,
Made one flesh by the outer ordinances,
Even as within we are ever one.
It seemeth strange to me, O my Mother,
That once more we should stand before thee.
Thou art bitter with the salt tears of thy weeping,
With the salt of the tears thou hast shed for the transgressions of mankind,
With the bitterness of the woe of the transgressions thou hast cleansed;
Yet thou art sweet, O my Mother,
Sweet with a sweetness none but thy lovers know truly;
Even though to all men; yea, to thine enemies;
Yea, to those who misuse thee, and revile thee,
Making more bitter, if that could be, thy bitter cup —
To all men thou art sweet, the author of sweetness,
The giver of salt,
The cleanser, the revealer of secrets.

Mary, my Mother, I prostrate myself before thee.
I adore thee,
I bless God for thee,
Thou bitterness that makest sweet,
Thou all-dividing, and all-joining Ocean!

And thee, my beloved Margot —
For the sea hath its pearls —
Thee I include in this my sea-adoration.

My Mother Mary,
Take this my bride, my Margot, to thy bosom.
Teach her all thine ineffable secrets.
For thou washest all shores,
Thou touchest all lands ;
Thou art the Queen of all Mystery,
Mother of all Being.
Ineffably changing, and unchangeable Ocean !

O'er the godlike countenance of the sea,
Spread out before us,
There passes the similitude of a smile ;
As when the wedded earth in the springtime
Smiles up to the fructifying heavens ;
Or the young mother by the ilexed Tuscan wayside
Smiles at the crowing of her babe,
Type of all mothers, of all Madonnas ;
So o'er the countenance of the ocean
Sweeps the similitude of a beatific smile,
And the Goddess as in sport
Flings up white arms of spray at us,
Spouting between the rocks ;
And the innumerable ripples
Are as the innumerable, rose-leaf wrinkles
Of the laughter on the countenance of a year-old man-child.

So ! It is done ! We have made obeisance
In proper form to Mary, the All-Mother,
The Great Salt Sea, the Author of our Being,
The all-wise, all-pervading Ocean !
A pagan rite ? Beloved, what is pagan ?
Idolater ? One who miscalls
The form for substance ? matter for God ?
Body-worshipper ? Even so ! I am a pagan !
For with my body I thee worship,
With my body I thee worship,
With my body I thee worship,
My beloved, my beloved, my beloved Margot !

Yes, my beloved, I am pagan, I am body-worshipper ;
But I am no worshipper of false gods !
If I see God made manifest in you, my Margot,
As I have seen Him, as I do see Him even now ;
And if I kneel, as I kneel now,
At the adorable Presence of my Maker within you ;
And if I take, as I take now, the hem of your robe
Between the fingers of my two hands, and kiss it ;
My Margot,
Am I idolater ? Is it my Margot I worship ?
Ah no ! No man is pagan,
Who worships God within !

" Beloved ! " So to me my Margot speaks,
" Right glad am I in this the gladdest
Of all glad days God yet has given me,
This day which holds for me yet so much gladness,
This day which gives at last my beloved to me ;
Right glad am I to greet the All-Mother Ocean.
All-Mother, hear me !

" Bless me, my Mother ! Grant me many blessings,
That I may bestow them one and all on my beloved !
Grant me long life, that I may be with my beloved !
Grant me much wealth, that I may share with my beloved !
Grant me great fortune, and great happiness,
That all things may smile upon my beloved !
This is my prayer to thee, All-Mother Ocean :
Grant me a sign, that I may know well thou hearest me ! "

So my beloved speaks to the mighty sea,
And whether it be that in our preoccupation
The wind has changed unnoticed, and brought in a higher tide ;
Or whether some great ship is passing below the horizon ;
Or whatever the cause ; a wave far larger
Than any before rushes in through the rocks,
Half filling the cove where we stand.

And I catch up my Margaret in my arms,
Right clear of the water.
" First footing ! First footing ! " I cry,
" The Sea accepts you ! " and taking off one little shoe,
I let dip the very tip of her silk-shod foot
In the topmost lift of the wave.
" Mother Ocean," I cry, " we are one ! All hail ! We greet thee !
Thou acceptest us. We are wed. We are thine. Thy children
greet thee,
Thou Washer of Shores, mighty, all-pervading Ocean ! "

II

THE SPREADING WINGS

O all-creative Love, we crave Thy blessing
On this our union.
Bless Thou, Great One, my beloved,
And on me, too, be Thy blessing poured !
May our two lives
In Thee made one
Grow ever more fruitful
With deeds of love,
With that which giveth peace,
With that which restoreth
Nature's sin-violated harmony !

Great One, deign Thou
To watch over us !
Let not evil passion
Mar this our love
By Thee created to Thine honour.
Make perfect this our happiness,
Perfect with dreams of Thee,
Perfect in peace !

Strange it is, Margot, strange it is to me
That God's act of creation, God's *Let Us Make !*
Should on this earth be invested
With so much dread, such sorrows, such mystery,
Under the guise of good, of holiness, of religion !

Beloved of my heart,
This union of God's Love and Wisdom,
This union of His Power and Understanding,

Which He to us men delegated,
And must delegate,
Who in His image made us,
This union is no man-wrought, despicable, evil thing.

Not so ! God made man in two shapes ;
And God looked on man,
And that which God saw was good,
For it was He !

Whence did sin come ?
Sin comes not in the use
Of God-bestowed faculties ! God gave man the eye
Wherewith to see ; He gave the ear
Wherewith to hear ; the nose, the tongue,
Wherewith to smell, to taste ; the fingers wherewith to touch ;
And all to be used to His glory.
If I do see ; and, using my God-given faculty,
I look out on this wide expanse
Of field and moorland darkened to quiet grey,
Seeing naught but God ;
God in the fields and watercourses, God in the stretching moors,
God in the faint outlines of the clouds that fade into the darkness ;
I see as God meant me to see !
And if I hear, hear only the tones of thy voice
In all I hear ; in the churring song of the nightjar,
The soft, repeated melody of the breakers, the musical
Plaint of the little rain-swelled stream
That rushes by at our feet, the voices of the men
That sit mending their nets ;
In all hear only thee, hear only God,
Then I sin not against God ; sin never
Against Him !

But if I take these fields, these stretching moors,
This quiet evening sky,
And build of them an altar to Own-Esteem ;

If I harness to self-regarding, self-enriching purposes
The ebb and flow of the breakers,
Pollute the little rain-swelled stream,
Use these for my gratification, or use thee ;
Then I am Beelzebub, Prince of Devils, none other needed,
God-hater, creator of mine own hell,
Self-damning, and to time and to eternity self-damned !

Ah no ! my beloved. Let us bare our heads,
Putting from us the vain pomps of human pride and station,
And bare our feet, bringing only to God
Our naked, humble, humiliated understanding for Him to make wise,
For Him to teach ;
And let us go forward to Him,
Nothing fearing !
For
When God said, " Let Us make ! "
He thought of us,
Even of you, my Margot, and of me
Among the countless millions of millions
Of other godlike beings,
Whom He would make, whom in His wisdom He did make,
That they in their turn might be creators
To His glory.

The Beloved speaks :
" These be hard sayings,
Perchance even harder to fulfil ! Nevertheless thou speakest truly. I know that God,
My Father and my Mother,
Speaketh to me in thy words. Everywhere, whithersoever I look,
I behold the urge, the need, the craving of generation ;
In the untamed, rapturous uprush of the springtime, the mating of the bird-folk,
The vehement, strong tide of the trees' sap
Forcing through the deadened woody fibres,

The procreative impulse in the flowers — every creature
Immersed in the one all-ruling, beautiful, godlike preoccupation.
So it is all Nature works
To the praise and glory of God.

" And shall we, thou and I, stand aside from the course of Nature?
Shall we to ourselves arrogate the judgement of the Most High?
Shall we say
That which not God Himself hath said yet of Nature and of Nature's divine
Preoccupation, ' This is evil! This is evil!
I will forbear!' I do tremble at the view
Of so great blasphemy!

" See! my beloved. I do make myself beautiful for thee.
See! I do deck myself for thee. I make me
Desirable in thine eyes. I long for thee.
See! The longing showeth itself in the very fashion of my raiment
Which I do create to the uttermost
Beautiful and desirable to thee.
As a bride decketh her with jewels for her husband,
So I adorn me, so I make me beautiful,
So I make me desirable for thee!

" My beloved, my John, my husband,
The ornament is nothing, the robe is nothing,
The beauty is nothing, the desire nothing:
Love is all!
Love me! I adorn me for thee!
Love me! I strip me of all I possess!
I make me naked, I come to thee clad with nothing but the urgent desire,
The adoration, the longing, that I have for thee!
Love me! I die for thee! Die swiftly, if so it please thee;
Die slowly, if so that please thee better!
What is it to me, the living or the dying;

If so thou lovest me?
Take me! my lord and husband!
Let us go forward
To meet Him!
For I love thee!
My beloved!"

So spake the Beloved; and I,
Veiling the face of me a space
In adoration of the Lord Presence—
For One, and One only, well ye know, brothers!
Saith, "I love!" as my Margot the word hath spoken,
One only, Almighty, Blessed, Holy, Ever One!—
Passed with my beloved within the gates;
And when, even as it is written, the doors were shut,
That One, whose Name is Love, stood in the midst,
Speaking in Peace the eternal word:
"Peace, O beloved! Peace be unto you!"
So spake the Lord Presence in our midst,
Even He, whose Name is Love;
And it was so! Peace was with the twain of us,
That night, and always.

Is it well with thee, my beloved? Is it well with thee, my
Margot, my beloved?
And let the Beloved say, "My beloved, my heart's love, my
husband,
It is well!"

III

EAST AND WEST

A BRIDAL SONG OF THE BELOVED

O ye servants of God, that believe in God, that love God, that
remember God,
Hear ye the voice of my beloved!

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
Come away, my beloved, my husband,
Come away through the springing of the young vines!
Come away through the garden of many roses,
Where the fountains gush wine,
And the flower of my love is as a multitude of white lilies upon
the fountains
That gush wine and milk for thee
In the springing of the young vines in my garden of many roses
Which I have prepared for thee,
That art the Prince of my heart, my Redeemer, my beloved!

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
Lo! I am fairer than the daughters of men!
I have made me fair for thee this day, my beloved.
I have bathed me in waters of spikenard and precious balms;
With precious essences
I have made sweet this my body for thee.
I have unbound the tresses of my hair;
With myrrh and with nard of Byblis have I perfumed my
unbound tresses.
I have bound jewels in them,
That with them I may hold thee as in a net of moonbeams,
When the moon casteth her net upon the dewy fields,
And the fields lie fainting in delicious languor,

Tangled in the dewy, passion-glamorous net
Of silver moonbeams !

My beloved is mine, and I am his !
Put thine arm about me, my husband !
Put thine arm about me in my garden of many roses,
Whose air is heavy-sweet
With the heady perfume of the jasmine and the many roses.
Put thine arm about me, and come away with me through the vineyards,
That I may feel about me the strong arm of my beloved,
That I may feel beneath the breasts of me the swelling of thy strong arm,
When I pass by the myriad scented roses of my garden.

My beloved is mine, and I am his !
I have made me an arbour in the place of vines ;
A lodge have I built for me in my garden of cucumbers.
Come with me to mine arbour, my beloved !
To my little lodge in the garden of cucumbers !
There is my couch strewn for thee,
There I have strewn my bed for thee
With the soft rose-leaves and the many spices
Wherewith is the perfuming of the marriage-bed of thee and me, my beloved.

My beloved is mine, and I am his !
Who is stronger, who is stronger than thou ?
Thou art fierce and strong. The teeth of thee are white for the tearing.
Thy feet are lions' feet, as the feet of young lions
That leap upon their prey in the mountains.
Thy hands are sinewy and strong. Who shall abide thee in the hour of thy wrath ?
Thy back is as a wall. The thighs of thee are as two Champions of kings.
Thou standest like a young pine-tree in the forest. Who shall withstand thee in thine indignation,

When thou smitest to the scattering of thine enemies,
To the scattering of them that lift their hand against thee?

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
My love is stronger than death. More cruel art thou than the grave, O my beloved!
Many waters cannot quench love.
The waters have gone over thy head,
The great floods have overwhelmed thee,
But thou standest steadfast and strong.
Thine arm is about me, even the swelling of thine arm about the tender breasts of me.
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
Wherefore say ye of my beloved
That he is as other men, and his wisdom as the wisdom of the sons of men?

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my beloved among the sons of men.
He taketh me through the moonbeams of his garden,
When the moon is as silver on the apple trees of the garden,
And the voice of the fountains giveth silver to the riches of the moonbeams.
He bringeth me to his banqueting house, and his banner over me is love.

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
Stay! thou leaping heart!
Why leapest thou so wildly
Beneath the hand of my beloved?
Stay! thou foolish heart! Knowest thou not the touch of my beloved?
His left hand is under my head,
And his right hand doth embrace me.
Come! my beloved! Come thou to the lilies of my garden!
My love feedeth among the lilies. He is as the young roe
Upon the mountains.

He treadeth the mountains with his feet.
Why leapest thou so wildly, O my heart,
Beneath the hand of my beloved?

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
Come away! Come away, my beloved!
Come away to my garden of roses!
My fingers drip spices for thee;
There is honey between my lips.
Wherefore delayest thou, O my husband?
My love is stronger than death;
More cruel is he than the grave.
Be thou as the young deer upon the mountains,
As the young deer that feedeth upon the petals of my roses.

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
My love is come into his garden.
Ye daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you that ye waken not my love!
Ye daughters of Jerusalem, wherefore say ye of my beloved
That he is as other men, and his love as the love of the sons of men?
Thou art strong, O my beloved.
My love is stronger than death;
More cruel is he than the grave.
Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory over death!
My beloved is mine, and I am his!
Thou hast gone up, thou hast gone up
Unto the garden of thy roses,
O my beloved!

IV

THE LORD PRESENCE

Let me sing you a song, my beloved, a song of songs triumphant,
Let me sing you a song, my Margot, my heart's love, my beloved!
Let me sing you a song of All-Thing, and all things, and of you, my heart's beloved,
The song of I AM, which is all things, and you and I, my Margot!

There is a glory of the mountains,
There is a glory of the sea;
Yea, the heavens above, that are the star-strewn robe of God,
Are very glorious.

The mountains tower up to the heavens,
And the sea girdles the mountains in splendour;
But God girdeth the heavens for His robe;
The mountains He taketh to be the footstool of His throne,
And upon the sea is His everlasting dominion.

I am the glory of the mountains,
I am the glory of the sea,
I am the splendour of the star-strewn robe of God.
All these are mine,
Mine indefeasibly, mine everlastingly;
For they are I.
I am!

I am the crying of the hungry,
I am the feasting of the heartless ones.

I ride in my chariot, and my wheels crush the starving wretch
in the gutter,
Who is none other than myself.

I am the thief upon the cross.
I am the Christ upon the cross.
I descended from heaven for my own redemption.
I preached, and I crucified.
For I am all things.
I am the glory of God.
I am!

I am the chatter of the maidens at the well.
I am the chaffering of buyers in the market place.
I am the moan of the sick,
The laughter of the drunkard who rolls homeward through
half-lit streets.

I am the roaring of the whirlwind.
I am the rain upon the sodden fields.
I am darkness, and hatred, and despair.

When I speak, the peoples huddle themselves together.
They are as sheep at the coming of the wolf;
They are stricken with fear.
They beat their breasts, and lament
At the coming of the word of my doom.

Yet I gather the peoples together.
As one who drinketh gathereth up the water in his hands,
So I gather the peoples. I lift them up. I take them to myself.

O ye my peoples, will ye not hear my voice?
Will ye not come unto me that I may gather you to myself,
That I may take you up, and make you glorious, even as I am
glorious?

I am the Sun which riseth from the waters,
Flinging before me the mists and fears of night.
I am the Saviour! I am the Redeemer!
I am you, O ye my peoples!
Ye are the Saviour! Ye are the Redeemer!
Ye are the Glory of God!
For ye are I!
I am,
O ye my peoples!
And ye, my peoples, praise be to God!
Ye are!

The Beloved speaks.

"John, my Brother,
Who speakest to me of the things of God;
John, my bridegroom, my husband,
Made one with me
In the God-appointed consummation
Of this the union of thee and me;
John, my beloved, my chosen,
To whom I am come
With the whiteness of the white arms of me,
Wherewith I enfold thee,
And the whiteness of the white breast of me,
And the whiteness of this white body of me,
Which I have made and kept
A white temple for the Peace of my God,
And for thee;
Behold, I, the servant of the Peace of God,
Bring with me unto thee
The elixir of life.

"In the night watches
Whilst thou, my beloved, wast sleeping,
I waked a space
For the mere delight of watching,
For the mere delight

Of thinking upon thee, my beloved, and upon Him, the Lord
Presence,
Of whom thou spakest.

" And even while I thought,
The twain of you
Grew inexplicably one ;
And the Lord Presence
Spake unto me, as though the universe were speaking,
As though the heavens bowed down to me,
And the mighty earth with its forests and rivers
And oceans and all growing things
Spoke audibly to me ;
So spake the Lord Presence to me
With the very form and voice of my beloved.

" ' Beloved ! ' said He,
His eyes far away as the stars,
And his voice deep as eternity,
Vibrant with the eternity of His Love ;
' Beloved ! I reveal to thee a mystery !
Mark thou well !
And teach thou the sleeping one,
John, thy beloved !
This body which thou hast tended and kept white for Me
Is My temple, beloved Margot !
Thy limbs are its pillars,
Thine eyes are its windows, from out of which I look,
Thy hair the fine work of gold wherewith I surround it,
Thy heart the altar, upon which burneth eternally My Flame.
Thou art a temple builded unto Me,
Builded unto the name of Me, the Eternal,
A temple wherein burneth eternally Mine eternal Flame.

" ' Now behold, O beloved !
Hearken ! Mark thou well ! '
So spake the Lord Presence,
Bending ever closer to me.

'Within the heart of thee, My white temple,
Are found the waters of Life.
Thou knowest that within all temples, that are true temples,
Is a pool;
And on the pool,
Spreading its fragrant petals to the sun
Of My presence,
A burgeoning Lotus.
Find, therefore, within thy heart, that pool;
For it is of the waters of Life.
And give thou to thy beloved
That he may drink,
And drink thou;
And behold, the twain of you shall live as I live
In the bliss of My Godhead, for ever!
It is the waters of Life!'

"And therewith
The Lord Presence showed unto me,
Even within mine heart,
The incommunicable secret
Of the pool of the waters of immortality,
And that secret I show unto thee,
As the Lord Presence bade me."

And, bending to me as we lay there
On the grass of the lonely hillside,
My Margaret whispered, mouth to ear, the incommunicable secret.
And it was so
That the vision of the Lord Presence
Came unto me, as unto my beloved it had come
In the night watches.
And the Lord Presence spake unto me,
As unto my beloved He had spoken;
With the voice of the hillside,
The voice of the clouds,
And the thunder of the surf
On the rocks below.

But His eyes were two stars, even the eyes of Margaret,
And His tones were the familiar, music-gotten tones,
Even the tones of the voice of Margaret, my beloved.

So spake to me the Lord Presence, whose voice is as the wind ;
And the angels that stand in His presence
Were witnesses of that which He spake, for its fulfilment.
For in my heart was the fountain of the waters unsealed,
And the Lotus blossomed,
And the fragrance of its petals was as the scattering of frankincense on the pool
In the temple of the Most High, wherein dwelleth for ever
That One, Lord of All,
Even the Lord Presence,
Blessed be He !

PEN-Y-GROES

HILL-O'-THE-CROSS

" Beloved ! " said my Margot, on the hillside of Pen-y-groes.
" Beloved ! I would try my hand
At a song such as you sing !
There is that in me
Which, like the bird in springtime, forces into song,
Answering its mate. But love-song I will not sing!
As deep calls to deep,
And the vast surges lift their voice ;
So in me there is that which sings of Love ;
Something more than the mere love
Of man and woman ; the meeting, the mating,
The homely joys, the wedlock.
I would sing
To you of Love beyond this homespun earth, beyond the universe, beyond time, well-nigh beyond eternity.
Of that Love I would make you a song, my husband, my heart's beloved !

" I have wandered the world over to find the wells of Peace,
Those wells which lie at the sunset,
And from which the sun upspringeth
Day by day to continue his aeonian task.
Justice I have found, and Mercy ;
But Peace I have never found.

" ' O thou seeker, thou foolish one,
World-wanderer,
Wherefore seekest thou Me through the ways of men,
And in desert places,
And in the silences of the darkness ?
In unrest shalt thou find rest ?
In doing shalt thou find Being ?

Not so, My beloved !
Though thou seekest Me to the world's end,
Thou shalt not find Me !

" ' I am Justice.
I am Mercy.
I am the fulfilment of thy heart's desire.
But in Justice, and in Mercy, and in the fulfilment of thy heart's
desire,
Thou shalt not find Me.
I am the clamour of the ways of men.
I am the silences of the darkness,
And of desert places.
Yet, foolish one, beloved,
There am not I !

" ' Where can I be sought ?
Where can I be found ?
Where thou art, O My beloved,
There I am sought ;
There I am found.'
For, ' I AM,' saith the Beloved.
' From eternity to eternity
I AM.
Be thou !
Be Peace. So shalt thou find Peace,
O My beloved ! ' "

So my beloved sang to me on the slopes of Pen-y-groes,
In the sun and the wind and the indescribable perfume of the
heather ;
And the sweet tones of her voice were like silver upon the rugged
flanks of old Pen-y-groes.

So my beloved sang of the timeless Peace, of the Peace which is
Love and Truth,

Which no deeds can alter, no clangour and clash of arms shatter ;
Nor aught touch, save that it enhance, save that it make splendid,
Save that it glorify the Angel of God's Peace.

And even while she sang, the spell of the place took us.
Old Wales of the West cast her spell on us, the old memories and
the magic
Still older of Atlantis.
And so, my Margaret leaning to me, and gazing with dreamy
eyes
Down the long, heather-clad slopes of Pen-y-groes,
I sang to her
This tale of love and adventure in old Atlantis.

At the well I met my beloved —
At the well, ah ! ah ! at the well.
I am an Ensign of the Guard —
Of the Guard, ah ! ah ! of the Guard.

O ye maidens, who with your melodious chatter,
And your bright, happy raiment, and your bright eyes,
Make beautiful the place of the well,
Will ye not give me news of my beloved ?

My beloved is a girl of the palace —
Of the palace, ah ! ah ! of the palace.
My beloved is a daughter of the King —
Of the King, ah ! ah ! of the King.

Can ye, O maidens, give me news of my Attla ?
It is right that I name her to you. Ye are sympathetic !
I am Intlli, son of the Captain of the King's Guard.
But Attla, my beloved, have they betrothed to Usiti.

Usiti, the King's Scribe, is wise and old —
Wise and old, ah ! ah ! wise and old.

And already he has married many wives —
Many wives, ah ! ah ! many wives.

My Attla, O ye maidens, is to me more beautiful even than ye are ;
And ye are so beautiful, and so kind-hearted, that I could gladly love you all,
Dear girls of Ardito ! But I love my little Attla.
Woe is me ! I shall die, if they rob me of her.

Hist ! Draw back ! Here she comes to the well —
To the well, ah ! ah ! to the well.
Get you gone ! Leave me here with her alone —
Her alone, ah ! ah ! her alone.

The heart is the touchstone of truth. I love thee ! I love thee !
Canst thou be true to me, O Attla ? I know not ! I know not !
Great wealth they offer. It may be thou shalt rule an old man's heart.
Canst thou be true ? I know not ! And yet I love thee !

O arms that so faithfully cling, I love you ! I love you !
O eyes that so trustfully shine, I trust you ! I trust you !
O lips on my lips, O soft, murmuring love-pleas and tokens !
I know thee, my Attla ! I accept thee eternally for my love !

By the light of the moon they are up and away.
Cautiously they steal through the streets, seeking ever the darkest shadows.
Intlli's men hold the gate : the postern door is open ;
They are free ! They are free ! Ah, but long is the arm of Usiti !

On the third day at dawn thunder Usiti's men on the gate of the Sky God's temple,

Many leagues from the city, high up the bastion-flanks of the mountain.
But Attla and Intlli have fled. Climb swiftly, Attla!
The crest of the ridge is near! Too late! We are seen! Usiti's men shout, and follow!

O Mountain of Ardito, Terrible One, Master of the Hidden Fire,
Behold our plight!
Rugged are thy flanks, O Mountain; and who dare face the horror of thine eternal ice and snow?
We are but mortals, O Master; thy years are uncountable.
We are but insignificant fragments, groping ant-wise through the cataclysmic wilderness of thy slopes;
Nevertheless, like thee, we hold in us the seeds of immortality.
Our fires cry to thine, O Master of the Hidden Flame!

It is long since any among mortals dared pronounce thy Name,
So lightly destroyest thou that one who would speak it unworthily.
Thou blastest him in thy fires; in the rain of thy thunderbolts thou overwhelmest him.
Overwhelm, O Master, these impious ones,
Who with shouts of desire and anger
Desecrate thine inviolate slopes!

Once, twice, thrice spake the mountain. The earth rocked at Intlli's feet.
Fires gushed out far below. Usiti's men fled, crying out on their gods;
But their gods saved them not. In the torrents of flame they perished;
And a sorry remnant of folks returned empty-handed to the old and wise Usiti.

A WINTER'S NIGHT'S TALE

One winter's evening
My beloved and I
Fell to gazing into the fire
To try our fortunes;
And after we had descried
Many strange emblems
In the glowing coals,
Crosses and circles
And phoenixes and griffins
And heads of gods,
Half man, half animal,
The flames took shape
Of a mirror wherein to read
Stories of the long dead past;
And I took up my parable,
And spake as follows.

For two thousand years
I was a stone at the corner of the principal street
In a great city.
For two thousand years
The dogs of the town
Held their conclaves round me.
The loungers
Leant their elbows upon me,
Relating one to another
Such stories as such loungers tell.
They related their stories,
And from time to time
They spat at my base;
Not because they hated me, or despised me,
But because God had put me there at the corner of the street
For them to spit upon.

Two thousand long years
I stood there.
Daily I was deafened
By the roar of the carts.
Daily the rays of the sun
Blackened and beat me.

Once a poor water-carrier,
Moved by what divine impulse of pity
I know not,
"Poor stone," said he,
"If you are thirsty as I,
And thirsty you well may be, God wot!
Let me give you in God's name
These few drops of water."
And he emptied upon me the last gouts of his skin.

O Water-carrier,
Thou art little in the eyes of men;
Yet it may be that in God's eyes
Thou art not little.
May God bless thee, my Water-carrier,
To the ages of His Redemption!

Thrice in the two thousand years
Of my captivity
The Empire fell,
And thrice was the city taken.
But though the buildings
Crumbled about me;
Though the fierce fire with destroying tongue
Lapped palaces and temples in ruin;
God's hand was upon me,
And I fell not:
Yea, for all my tears
And imprecations,
I fell not;

But remained
A stone at the city's street-corner.

In the day of the last sack of the city,
When the barbarians of the North
Swept down from the hills,
And took her,
There was a mighty lamentation
And crying in the streets ;
For the end of the people was come.

And one fled in the dusk of the evening,
And came to me and fell upon me
Weeping,
And I looked, and, behold,
A maiden of the palace,
Her hair all dishevelled,
Her gown torn at the breast
Disclosing her beauty.
Hot after her
Was the breath of her ravishers,
Fierce dwellers of the hills,
Clad in bear-skins, and drunken
With wine and with slaughter ;
And they laughed, and stayed in their pursuit,
To take their eyes' fill of her womanhood and her despair,
Before they had their will of her.

So she lay,
Her maiden breast warm upon me,
Wetting my bare flanks with her tears ;
And they drew nearer,
And one stretched forth his hand to her ;
And sobbing she cried,
" O stone,
Last relic of my loved land,
Be thou the altar
Of my maidenhood ! "

And with the dagger
That was in her hand
She slew herself.
And the drops of her sweet blood,
Mingling with her tears,
Dripped over me.
And my remembrance came back
In that hour of horror and fear,
And I knew the maiden for thee, O my beloved.
Ah, woe is me!

But in that night
God was pleased
To deliver me.
And thou and I, my beloved,
Passed onward through the gates of death
To the Presence Ineffable.

And after that I was born
A tree in the garden of the palace
In that same city.
And thou, my beloved,
Because thou hadst many lovers,
Dravest nails into the bark of the tree
Which was my body,
A nail for each lover,
That thou mightest hold them in thy remembrance!

Yet of all thy lovers
Perchance thou lovedst none
As thou lovedst me,
Into whose body thou dravest those many nails,
That I might hold thee in my remembrance!

And in the end
They took of the wood of the tree,

And made a pyre ;
And on it they burnt thee for thy witchcraft
Publicly,
That all men might hold thee in their remembrance !

So the twain of us
Passed onward through the gates of death
To the Presence Ineffable.

And again I was born
A slave in that selfsame palace,
And thou wast a princess
Of the Royal House.
And when they desired to wed thee
To a great king,
And thou refusedst ;
They took and slew thee,
And me with thee.
And we passed through the gates of death
To the Presence Ineffable.

And as I was speaking,
The fire died down,
And the chill of the Outer Spaces
Took hold upon us.
And we drew together,
My beloved and I,
For warmth and comfort,
Two little atoms
In the momentary
Chill of the Outer Spaces.

Then there came,
Solemn as the heart-beat of eternity,
Twelve strokes
Of midnight.

And we,
Giving praise to God for His glory,
And our littleness,
Betook us right thankfully
To the rest which He had prepared for us
Until the morning.

At how much, my beloved, do I value you ?
A time has been
When I have given a penny
For each and every hair
Of your head, my beloved Margot !
Now a penny in those days
Was no inconsiderable sum,
As witness the parable
Of the Good Samaritan,
The tale of the Tribute Money,
And other passages
In Our Lord's story.
And if He Himself
Were valued at thirty pieces of silver,
As the story relates,
At what were you valued,
For each hair of whose head
I was prepared to pay,
And did pay,
A silver penny ?

Do you remember,
My beloved,
The slave-market at Cairo —
Memphis
In those days ?
Strange
That Jesus, fleeing from Herod,
Was brought to Memphis !
And yet, wherefore strange ?
He,
Lord of Glory, Lord of All,
Stooped to this mud-girt world,

And if to this world,
Why not to Memphis ?

They say He learned much wisdom at Memphis.
They say the priests received Him, and taught Him most reverently.
Well do I believe it ;
For, my beloved,
I, that lost you long since
On the ice-torn northern shores,
When the black bull took me,
As was my doom,
And you became a slave-girl
In the tents of the people who worshipped the Strange Gods
In Nova Zembla —
I, that lost you so long ago,
Found you, my beloved, in Memphis !

I was a young noble of the court,
Phra-neptah,
With my hawk on my wrist,
And my slave with two spears at my back,
And much contempt in my heart
For those who chanced not to be
Of royal, semi-royal or noble blood
In storied Khem.
And as for those outside,
Foreigners, barbarians —
Pah ! I set my dogs on them !

One afternoon in the autumn,
When Nile had flooded, and was subsiding
To his winter sleep,
I came to the slave-market of Memphis,
A jaunty young noble,
For an hour's idle sport
And entertainment.

The sun that still burnt torridly
Was nearing the western horizon.
Across the water
The mud showed crimson and black
On mile after mile of marble terraces,
Where Nile in his fall had left it.

The market place
Swarmed with its usual chattering mob of
Slave-masters, Libyans, Bedouins, Ethiopians,
Hook-nosed Phoenicians,
Officers of the market, Indians, Babylonians,
Slaves, onlookers, camels, asses, dogs ;
Some few of the folk to buy,
But most to gape.

When we strode in,
A huge Nubian, caught in the wars, was being knocked down
To a pursy corn-chandler of the Fayoum,
To carry his sacks of grain for him.
There was clamour
When the Nubian stepped off the slave-block ;
For wife and two children
At the sad moment of separation
Clung about his knees,
Whimpering.
But the slave-master,
A big Arab of the Hadramut,
Soon put an end to the trouble
With a blow or two of his *kourbash* —
Poor wretches !

After the Nubian — you !

Was it some trick
Of the westering light

That played about you ;
Or was it that one of the gods,
Hathor or Thoth,
Or Amen-Ra Himself,
Touched my blind eyes ?
In the moment
They loosed your girdle,
And Asenkhora, your tire-woman,
Took out the honey-pale tortoise-shell pins,
And with your garment
The hair
Flooded down to your heels,
The very heavens seemed to flash gold,
And I saw you, my beloved, you,
The Beloved of God,
The Bride of God,
The very Wisdom,
The very Presence,
The very Veil
Of God !

Such I saw you, my beloved,
In that moment of revelation,
When they loosed your robe,
And the hair flooded down to your feet ;
And you stood there,
Naked, and clad in gold ;
As once the soul of man
Stood naked before its Maker,
In the day when the morning stars sang together,
My Margot, my heart's beloved !

Then up spoke Pharaoh's man,
An eunuch of the House of the Women,
Pot-bellied, and bald about the crown,
Pendulous-lipped,
As these men often become,
When past the climacteric.

Up spoke the fellow,
" Sir Slave-master,
This one for Pharaoh !
Name your price ! Within reason
I'll not bargain with you."

So saying, he reached forth his hand to you ;
But the Slave-master, " Stay
A moment ! Stay, my master !
Not so fast, sir ! How shall I know
What she's worth,
Until bid for ? Look you !
I find this one in an island of the North,
A king's daughter, by Dagon !
As hard to come by,
And hard to tame,
As sea-mew.
Look at the blue eyes of her, by Istar !
By Hathor, look at the limbs of her,
Firm, supple, strong,
The muscles rippling under the silken skin of her !
A strong lass, this !
None of your puling south-bred stuff ! I have cause to know,
That have dealt her many a stripe in the taming of her ;
Yet, look you ! By God !
Not a pennyweight knocked off the worth of her ! "
And much more in this strain,
Interlarded with appeals
To the gods of every conceivable nation.
I doubt not he rots still in hell !

Meanwhile I had space
To regain somewhat from my first stupefaction,
And the bidding began.

In no long time
There remained but the two of us in the field,

Seti's man and I;
And by right of custom I should have yielded,
As gracefully as the gods gave leave,
To *force majeure*;
Since it bordered on high treason
To bid up Pharaoh's new *protégées*
Beyond good manners' mark.
But I stood ground there like a rock,
And gave my man
Thousand for thousand,
Until his head trembled loose upon his shoulders,
And already he felt the caresses of hot irons
On back and thigh.

The Slave-master
Watched the sport
With glee,
Until finally he cried,
" Hey, masters, give over! Evening is near. We shall be
All day at this
Beggarly bidding of thousands.
I make my bargain with the twain of you.
The lass shall be yours,
Whichever of you will give me a silver drachm
For each hair of her incomparable head! "

The eunuch fell back, beaten.
For much he was prepared;
But not for this!
He blubbered like a child, and
Bellowing left the place,
Doubtless to die from the tormentors.

So you became mine, my beloved.

That same night we fled, the four of us,
Yourself, Asenkhora, my body-slave and I,

From the vengeance of Pharaoh.
Knowing well that death waited
Us on the coastwise journey,
We turned south by Thebes and Philae,
Travelling at night, hiding in the day.
Nine cataracts we surmounted, until we passed
Clean beyond
The bounds of Egypt,
And of Egypt's subject allies.

So we came to Nyanza,
And there in the wilderness
Of the foot-hills of Kilimanjaro,
The Mount of God, we were wed
Once more, who already had so many times
Been wedded ;
And there, on the slopes of the Mount,
Looking out upon the plains
Of the Great Lake, we passed our days
In peace and quietness,
Until in the fullness of time
God in His mercy
Gathered us once more to Himself.
Praise be to His most holy name,
Best beloved !

Phocylides of Lemnos, wandering through the woods
That in those ancient days, beloved,
Some hundreds of years before Christ,
Came down close to the sea —
Bare, indeed, to-day is the island! —
Saw gleaming through ilex and cytisus
The white arms of Aissa, beloved of the nymphs,
His lady,
Who clad in white peplum
By a shady pool
Combed wondrous blue-black tresses
With a tortoise-shell, gold comb,
What time she sang
The praises of her beloved
In tones harmonious
To the silver plashing
Of the sun-molten sea.

" To thee, great Pan, prince of shepherds,
Player upon the pipes,
Goat-footed,
And to you, ye Nymphs,
Daughters of the streams that flow merrily from the heights
Of woody Lemnos,
And to you, Nereids,
Whose fingers
Are whiter than the sea-foam,
White-breasted,
I dedicate my song.
Hear, O thou Pan, and ye Nymphs and ye Nereids,
Hear tell the wondrous tale of my love.
Bring ye, bring ye, bring ye
My beloved to me!

" Tall and slender is my love,
Ruddy of cheek, dark-eyed.
Swift is he, strong his arms,
And terrible the gleaming of his spear,
Wherewith he keepeth safe
His sheep from the ravening beasts,
Wherewith he slayeth boars, and layeth low the wild goats
Upon the beetling Lemnos crags ;
And whereon he leaneth, as on a staff,
When in the noonday heat
He taketh his ease among the cytisus,
Keeping watch, and playing upon his pipe,
His brows wreathed in myrtle.
Hear, O thou Pan, and ye Nymphs and ye Nereids,
Hear tell the wondrous tale of my love.
Bring ye, bring ye, bring ye
My beloved to me !

" Be ye witness, ye Nereids,
Daughters of silver-footed Thetis,
Be ye witness of the prowess of my beloved.
My beloved swimmeth upon the sea.
He taketh to him the white breasts of the sea-nymphs.
He disporteth him among the rollers.
He beateth upon the waters with his fists.
He diveth for the coral and pearls in the depths.
He flingeth back the sea-dank locks from his eyes,
And crieth aloud to all the gods
In the laughter and the delight of his sport.
Hear, O thou Pan, and ye Nymphs and ye Nereids,
Hear tell the wondrous tale of my love.
Bring ye, bring ye, bring ye
My beloved to me !

" Chloe praiseth her Simmias,
And Lyde findeth naught to compare
With her loved Amorgos.
But I show forth, show forth my love,

The incomparable, the prince of Lemniote lovers !
Chloe is beautiful as Artemis among her nymphs,
And Lyde dark as Persephone on the fields of Enna ;
But I am the favoured of them all.
For thee I comb my tresses,
For thee I cross my chlamys on my swelling breast,
For thee I bind about me the maiden's girdle,
Thou prince of shepherds, my singer, and my beloved !
Hear, O thou Pan, and ye Nymphs and ye Nereids,
Hear tell the wondrous tale of my love.
Bring ye, bring ye, bring ye
My beloved to me ! "

Phocylides,
Forbearing thus far in his character of eavesdropper,
Could forbear no longer.
He forced his way through the thickets,
And presented himself before Aissa,
Leaning upon his spear, and frowning terribly.
" What prince of shepherds, what singer is this," said he,
" Whom thou callest thy beloved, Aissa ?
Speak, that I may cast thee from me for ever !
Speak, worthless baggage !
Have I not kept thy flocks for thee ?
Have I not watched for thee at the noonday hour,
That thou, worthless one, mightest sleep,
And thy flocks be safe from the pit and the wolf ?
Have I not brought unto thee the young of the wild goats
From their lairs among the rocks
For thy pleasure, and the increase of thy flocks ?
And fetched honey from the hollow trees ?
Have I not sung songs for thee ?
Have I not dared for thee in my half-decked boat
The terrors of the Aegean
Upon thine errands ?
For whom did I these things ?
For thee, Aissa !
For worthless Aissa ! For traitress Aissa !
For Aissa whom I love ! "

But Aissa, little wretch! after giving him one look
Out of the corner of her eye,
Lowered her lids modestly,
Sighed deeply,
Made as if to speak,
Then — changed her mind, and went on with her interminable
combing!

Phocylides, too wrought on by his feelings
For mere pedestrian speech,
Caught up his lyre, and after
Twanging a few mournful sequences
Began this plaint.

"Hear, O Pan, and ye Nymphs and ye Nereids,
Hear tell the dolorous tale of my love.
Aissa is untrue.
Aissa mocks me.
Aissa for another
Combs her wondrous tresses;
For another crosses
The chlamys on her beauteous breast;
For another binds
Her maiden girdle.
Aissa, fairest Aissa, is lost to me,
Aissa whom I love!

"Hear, O Pan, and ye Nymphs and ye Nereids,
Hear tell the dolorous tale of my love.
Never again, never again shall I tend for Aissa
Her flocks at noontide. Never again
Shall the lambs and the young goats of her flock
Dance to my piping. Never again
Shall I scale the loftiest crags for Aissa
To fetch her the young of the goats. Never again
Swim in the watery deep for Aissa,
Seeking Proteus' hoards. Never again
Recline in the grateful shade with Aissa,

Weaving garlands of myrtle and violet and parsley
To be the reward of song in the shepherds' contests.
Aissa, fairest Aissa, is lost to me,
Aissa whom I love!

" Hear, O Pan, and ye Nymphs and ye Nereids,
Hear tell the dolorous tale of my love.
Aissa! Who shall sing of her many beauties?
Often I have rehearsed them,
As ye know well, ye gods and ye trees of the woodland,
And ye, O Lemnos crags, and thou lone beach!
Tears! Tears! Tears have coursed down these cheeks in describing the beauties
Of lovely, beloved, faithless and lost Aissa!
Often have I dreamed that I had won my Aissa;
Often have I dreamed that she was wedded to me.
Even now I see her little cot,
The cot I have made for her
On a narrow terrace of the hillside,
Close to a stream.
Aissa, fairest Aissa, is lost to me,
Aissa whom I love!

" Hear, O Pan, and ye Nymphs and ye Nereids,
Hear tell the dolorous tale of my love.
In a little coppice is our cottage hidden,
A birch or two, an ash, a bouquet of young beeches.
The cliff is sheer and overhung with wild vines,
And a great oak gives shelter to our sheep-stall.
There is a tiny garth, an orchard, a few olives,
Some nobly-bearing vines,
With space for the growing of corn.
And by the thicket of ilexes
Facing south over the Aegean
I have built an altar
To our goat-foot Father Pan,
And to you, O ye Nymphs and ye Nereids.
But Aissa, fairest Aissa, is lost to me,
Aissa whom I love!

" Hear, O Pan, and ye Nymphs and ye Nereids,
Hear tell the dolorous tale of my love.
Would, O Pan, would I had spoken sooner !
There was a time when Aissa, I feel sure,
Inclined towards me.
Would I had told my Aissa then
The story of my love !
But, alas ! alas ! alas ! it is clear to me
That now I speak in vain ;
For Aissa loves another.
O Aissa, hard-heart, mock me no longer !
Aissa, my cottage is prepared.
Be still, O my heart !
Aissa, my cottage is prepared.
Wilt marry me ?
Aissa, hard-heart, flint-heart, mock me no longer !
Wilt marry me ?
Aissa, fairest Aissa, is lost to me,
Aissa whom I love ! "

After making this impassioned appeal
To his Aissa,
Phocylides turned away with bent shoulders
In sad dejection.
But Aissa, tiptoeing after him,
Came behind him, and caught him by the hand.
" Phocylides," she cried, " before thou leavest me,
Come thou with me.
I would show thee
My prince of shepherds,
My singer and my beloved,
Whom, if but once he asks me properly,
Before I die quite, quite of old age,
(And I already in my nineteenth year !)
I hope to marry.
For ask me he never has yet,
Save in song, and suchlike
Beautiful, but mooncalf diversions.
And yet, shameless I !

I sing to all the woodland gods
How dearly I love him.
Come now, Phocylides ! ”

Phocylides followed his Aissa,
As even the wisest may be forced to do
When his true-love calls ;
Phocylides followed his Aissa through the thicket
To the water's edge,
And, looking down
In the calm,
Dark-green, pellucid, sky-bearing pool,
He saw
Himself
With his Aissa !

So Aissa, my beloved,
Using a favourable slant
In the wind of Fortune,
Safely steered
Into the port where she would be.
So Phocylides, my beloved,
Was duly and appropriately dealt with ;
And Pan and the Nymphs and the Nereids,
Daughters of Oceanus,
Received many a bumper offering
On the little altar by the ilexes
Facing south over the Aegean.
While Phocylides and Aissa, be sure !
Lived happily ever afterwards
In Lemnos, and — elsewhere,
Best beloved !

THE INTERLUDE OF THE FIVE WAYS

I

THE VEILED ISIS

Weave the Veil! I am Isis. Weave the Veil!

O ye children of great houses,
Princesses and nobles' daughters of Egypt,
Who at the appointed time of the spring-moon
Are come to my House,
I welcome you!

Weave the Veil! I am Isis. Weave the Veil!

Of what shall we weave thy Veil, O Isis, Queen of Egypt?
Pearls have we, and jewels, frankincense, and fine stuffs.
These bodies of ours are washed with pure water; our robes are white.
The love of man have we not known.
We are thy priestesses!
Of what shall we weave thy Veil, O Queen of Egypt?

I am Isis! I was ever faithful to my spouse.
Be ye faithful!
Over land and sea,
Many lands, many seas, woe is me!
I wandered weeping,
Seeking the scattered, beloved limbs of my spouse
Whom Set the Destroyer slew.
Weeping I sought him, but I found him not.

Weave the Veil! I am Isis, the Ever-Faithful!

Let us join our tears with thine, O Isis,
Who soughtest thy spouse.
Let these tears of ours be thy Veil,
That evil men observe thee not,
And for thy beauty seize thee
On thy journey o'er sea and land through many lands.
Of our tears we shall weave thy Veil, O Faithful Queen!

But Isis, the Queen, smiled on her worshippers.
Tears I desire not, Princesses!
Give me your laughter and your smiles.
I have found my beloved!
I sought him through many lands.
Painfully and with weeping I gathered up his scattered limbs.
In my bosom dead I cherished him.
Now lives he again!
Of your smiles and your laughter and your love shall ye weave
my Veil.
They are precious!

Lo! I have found my beloved!

II

APHRODITE URANIA

Golden am I, the Golden Aphrodite,
Who have no temple on earth ;
Yet dwell in many lands.
For wherever Beauty and Love are,
There am I !

Be thou faithful ! Faithfulness I exact of all my servants.
In dreams first thou seest me, dreams of the night,
And in scattered sweetnesses which come to thee,
Thou knowest not whence, by day.
Golden am I, the Golden Aphrodite.

Gather me up, wheresoever thou findest me.
I am precious !
As the miner of gems
Splits the barren rock,
Gathering therefrom drop by drop liquid fires,
Emerald, topaz, sapphire and carbuncle,
For the adorning of kings —
So gather thou me, wheresoever thou find me.
Golden am I !

And, behold, if thou art faithful,
If continually, undauntedly thou seekest,
No longer in dreams alone shalt thou see me.
I dwell in all lands.
No temple holds me.
I give myself freely to him that taketh me not.
Golden am I, the Golden Aphrodite.

III

THE SOARING DRAGON

Come away ! Come away ! beloved !
Aldebaran slopes steeply to the hills of the west.
Arcturus is aweary with his nightly wanderings.
The wheels of Vega run slow.
Come away ! my beloved ! Come away !
Already the topmost cloudlets are faintly pink.
Already the shadows, affrighted, gather themselves together.
Already the gods draw nigh,
And the Immortals let down their ringing, golden buckets
Into the stream of Life.

Come away ! my beloved ! Come away !
Let the Bird of Life carry thee.
Nestle thou betwixt the beating of the twin, divine Wings.
Warm and comforted thou liest there,
As though borne upon waves of ineffable Sound,
Betwixt the muscles of the pinions of the white Bird of Eternity.

Come away ! Come away ! my beloved !
A star is on thy brow,
The star of the All-Understanding.
Thy heart beats in tune with the wing-beats of the Eternal.
Before ages were, thou wast !
About thee is the dust of uncounted universes.
Uncounted universes await thy pleasure, thou little one, beloved
of the Eternal.

Come away ! Come away ! my beloved !
Thy chariot awaits thee, dragon-drawn,

Blood-red with the fiery clouds of the dawning.
Set down firmly thy foot in the darkness.
What is it to thee, what is it to thee,
Whether chasm or smooth ground
Meet the sole of thy foot?
Art thou not borne on the plumage of Feng?
Art thou not born of fire?
Art thou not eternal?
Art thou not my beloved, whom fire burneth not,
Water quencheth not, nor sword nor hunger harmeth?

Come away! my beloved! Come away!
It is the dawn! From the magic
Isles of the Ocean, dragon-borne
Rises the chariot of the sun,
Dragon-borne rises thy chariot.
My star is on thy brow. Up! Up!
Mount! Fly! Away! Away!
The Dragon is born again. Out of seas of blood
He rises full-winged, and his plumage is the plumage
Of the Bird of Eternity, snow-white, sparkling with fire!
Away! Awake! Up! Up! Nestle thou between his wings!
Away! Away! Awake!

IV

THE FIFTH GATE

As the dewdrop poised
On the scarlet lip of the trumpet-flower
Trembles before the sun's advancing beams, when the shadows
shorten,
And the morning draws on apace to the ninth hour ;
So my soul,
Poised,
Crystalline,
Trembles before the realization of Thee, O God.

As the random gusts
Trouble a space the still surface of the temple pool,
Obliterating a moment
The immovable image
Of the time-worn ascetic, loved of God,
Who through age after age
Communes with the divine,
Calm,
Inward-gazing,
At the water's marge ;
So the last gusts of mortal passion
Trouble within my heart
The unbroken image of Thee, O God.

I am the Rock,
The sun-beaten haunting-place of rock-pigeons.
At my feet
Like a wrought carpet is the multitudinous forest-life.
Hither and thither
Fly the pigeons perpetually.
In the crannies they bring up their young,

And have done for untold time.
I heed them not,
That am the Rock,
The Nesting-place,
The Upholder,
In the presence of Thee, O God.

In the days of my youth,
When the life-juices sped tumultuously still in me,
Uncastigated,
I strode
With labouring, exultant breast
Through the thin, keen lift
Of the high peak
Until the topmost pinnacle was mine.
Below me
Fell away snow-slopes, with unmeasured precipice
And bare rock-ridge.
Almost I had outdistanced
The Himalayan great eagle.
Even so I stand now,
Unlabouring,
Unexultant,
Unlonely,
Face to face with Thee, O God!

V

IMMANUEL, PRINCE OF PEACE

What seekest thou of Me, world-stainéd one?
What lackest thou?
What have I to give thee,
That thou possessest not?

Dim unto me, O Immanuel, are the world's ways.
Faded and gone,
Like the laughter of yester-eve
When the mourner's wail echoes in the house,
Are ambitions and loves.
I seek the Cross!

I have gathered and strewn
In many lands.
Deeply have I drunken
Of the Cup of Life.
Laughter brimming on my lips,
I have scattered with both hands
Rose-leaves
In the sunny hours;
And again, moment by moment,
I have treasured
Words of love
Which I found in my heart,
For they were planted there by Thee,
Lord of All!

I know that all loves
Are but shadows of Thy Love.

I know that all gods
Are but shadows of Thy Godhead.
The shadows flee. The day-spring is at hand.
I seek Thee !

Not by word of power I find Thee,
For men's words are but broken echoes ;
Not by toiling,
Not by seeking over sea and land.
Nevertheless I seek Thee,
Nevertheless, as Thou livest, I shall find Thee,
Prince of Peace !

I speak not in Thy presence of worthiness,
Or of unworthiness.
I say not,
Such and such a task done,
I shall find Thee.
Thou art near.
Thou waitest.
The word of welcome is on Thy lips.
Here am I !

THE LILY TEMPLE OF BENARES

"And they came with haste and found Mary."
LUKE ii. 16.

In Benares, after that in due form we had done obeisance
To Gunga, the Great Mother, and washed our sins
In Gunga water,
The Pink Lotus brought us to the Temple of the Lily,
That we might further be informed
For our pilgrimage to Shamballa.

And the Master of Benares, Raj Tilak,
Receiving us in the Temple,
Showed us, one by one in their order,
All the mysteries of the Lily
Save and except that Mystery of the Innermost
Which was not his to show ;
For none that is mortal may see it.

Thus were my beloved and I
Instructed in our road to Shamballa.

And after Raj Tilak had left us,
And we were alone for our vigil in the Temple together,
I set my beloved on the Lily throne,
And standing at my beloved's feet I addressed
The Lily Dêvi as follows.

" My Mother, whose feet know not the toilsome ways
Of this world, and whose eyes rest not

Save on sights of beauty, and whose hands
Dip never in blood, even of the least living thing,
Padma Dêvi, immortal, ever young,
Who art as the dawn for freshness,
And as the blossom of thine own Lily for sweetness,
And as the untouched snows
Of Himavât for thy purity,
Deign from thy heaven
A moment to look down upon us thy worshippers."

With reverent hand
I smote thrice upon the sacred gong
Which hangs before her shrine,
And while the harmonies of that celestial note,
Like the Gandharvas' songs,
Who sing praises in heaven to the Highest, the Self-Subsistent,
Echoed and re-echoed
Around the fretted archways, rising and falling softly
In waves of rapture,
I continued.

" In many lands, my Mother, by many names
Thou art known. Alas! There are many
Who, taking thy name in vain, worship not thee,
Worship only the image of their own iniquity.
But whatever the name, whoever the worshipper,
By one mark man distinguisheth thine own true devotee,
That his hands are not dipped in blood.

" Dêvi Mâtra, the longing that comes over me as I address thee!
Dêvi Mâtra, thou art so far from us on this earth,
Not for thine aloofness,
But for our impurity!
Dêvi Mâtra, Padma Dêvi,
If in the stillness of thy celestial home
One least syllable of our aspiration,
Of our longing,

Of our urgent desire,
Cometh to thee,
Vouchsafe to thy worshippers,
Vouchsafe,
Dêvi Mâtra,
To thy children a sign ! "

Again, with reverent hand,
I touched the gong.
Again we heard, in the echoing and re-echoing of that tone,
As though we had been on the plains of Bethlehem long ago,
The celestial Choirs who sang,
Glory to God in the Highest,
And on earth Peace
To men of Goodwill !

I continued.

" Long is the way ! We are far from thee, my Mother !
Long is the way ! Travel-weary, toil-stained are we !
Long is the way ! We are thirsty ! No water is here, even to
moisten our lips,
Padma Dêvi, Dêvi Mâtra, Padma Dêvi !

" Our hands are free from blood, my Mother !
No rapine is in our hearts. We leave our neighbour in peace.
Lest the great world suck us back again,
Lest the vortex of evil gulp us in, and whelm us,
Padma Dêvi, Padma Dêvi,
Speak to us ! A sign ! "

So, standing by my beloved
At the throne
Before the Lily shrine,
I addressed the Dêvi Mâtra,

Ever Virgin,
Immaculate,
Immaculately Conceived,
Lily Mother!
And once more I smote reverently upon the sacred gong.

And the Goddess,
Lily-guarded,
Deigned
From her celestial sphere
Downward
To gaze
Upon us,
Her worshippers.

For
Through the jewelled
Lattice of her shrine
There struck
A beam
Soft
As opals in moonlight.

And the beam
Where it struck
Embroidered
With the sacred tracery
Of the lattice
All the Lily throne
And the face and form
Of my beloved,
As it might be
A coronal of pearls
Upon her brow,
And on her face and form
Ropes interwoven
Of moonlit pearls.

Thus the Goddess blessed my Margaret,
And clad her gloriously
In her name-pearls.

And the Temple
Rocked softly,
As though the earth quaked,
Where no earthquake was.

And incense went up,
Not the incense of this earth,
But lily-pure,
Lily-sweet,
The breath
Of the presence
Of the Padma Dêvi.
And still echoed
And re-echoed
Amid
The fretted archways
The celestial harmonies
Aroused by her sacred gong.

And once more I touched her gong.

"Dêvi Mâtra, Padma Dêvi,
I am hungry, hungry for the caresses of thee!
I am hungry, Lily Goddess!

"As thy lily openeth her petals
To the soft, silver raining of the moon,
When the moon of incense is here,
And the dripping of the sweet influence of the moonbeams
Is as the dripping of honey
From the broken honeycomb

Upon sweet spices,
Galbanum, olibanum, sandalwood, gum benzoin,
In the day of the offering of burnt incense before thee ;
So my heart spreadeth wide its petals,
So the heart of my beloved spreadeth wide its petals,
Hungry, hungry, hungry,
For the coming of thee, of thee, of thee,
Dêvi Mâtra, our beloved ! "

Like soft lightning-flashes,
Brilliant, but moon-pale,
The aura of the Goddess
Plays about the interstices of her shrine ;
And a cloud gathers slowly,
Translucent, lily-pure,
Into the semblance of a form of beauty
Such as this earth knows not.
The Lily Goddess draws near !

Blending with the soft play
Of the lightning-flashes is her form.
Blending, ah ! blending
With the celestial vibration
Of the re-echoing gong-notes,
That cluster like bees about her shrine,
Is the voice of the Goddess !

Padma Dêvi speaks
At last,
If speaking
May describe
The speech
Of one whose every tone
Is exquisite music.

" Brave worshipper, Sanyâsi,
Who darest call me

From mine age-long repose,
What doest thou here?
By what right
Touchest thou my sacred gong,
Waking echoes no mortal may wake?

"Knowest thou
That I am Padma Dêvi,
Daughter of Nârâyana,
Sister of Nâra,
Ever Virgin,
Inviolate,
Immaculate,
Immaculately Conceived?
Who art thou?
What doest thou here?
What seekest thou,
Heaven-storming Sanyâsi,
Impious mortal?"

So the Goddess spoke.
And I had quaked with fear,
If fear were possible
In that so gracious Presence!

"Nevertheless,"
The Goddess continued,
Growing ever milder,
Ever nearer,
Ever sweeter
In her manifestation,
"Nevertheless I know thee,
John, my beloved,
And thee, my Margot,
Beloved of my bosom.
What seek ye of me?
Nay! Speak not! I know!

Ye seek of me
Three things that be one thing,
The innermost mystery,
The way to Shamballa,
And the union of you twain in me !

" So be it !
These three be one !
In the inner mystery
We three be one, my John,
Thou, thy beloved, and I,
Padma Dêvi !
So be it !

" Bethink thee, my John !
Of the lily
The innermost, what ?
The heart !
And of the heart
The innermost ?
The perfume !
And of the perfume
The innermost ?
The Goddess !
And of the Goddess, what ?
The Love !

" Love, my beloved John, is the innermost mystery !
Love is the secret so rare,
No mortal may know it !
Since he that knoweth Love,
Immortal is !
Love is the way to Shamballa !
Love is the union of thee
And of thy beloved
In me !
Such is Love !

" And, that ye may perceive
Somewhat more of this mystery,
I give you,
I, Dêvi Mâtra,
Padma Dêvi,
The seven keys
Of Love !
Attend, my beloved !

" In the lily
There are these parts.
The root first,
Then the stem,
Then the sap,
The leaf next,
Then the petals,
Next, the heart,
Lastly, the perfume !

" So with Love, my John and my Margot !
These be the seven keys of Love,
Grounded by everlasting Law
Upon the seven parts
Of my White Lily !

" What these keys are, my beloved,
I tell you not.
Six of them ye know already.
The seventh, the crowning key,
Ye shall find
When ye come to Shamballa ! "

So in riddles spoke
The Padma Dêvi,
Beloved of Vishnu ;
Yet not as one who mocked,

But rather
As one who strove
Well-nigh vainly
The incommunicable secret to impart
To minds over-dull
For its reception.

So spoke the Dêvi.
And when she had gone,
And the light of her Presence
Was withdrawn from the shrine,
Her perfume still lingered
In the sacred place
Of the Lily Temple.

And when with the dawn
The Master
Came once more.
"No need to ask, my beloved!"
Said he, "if ye have prospered.
Her perfume is with you yet!"

And Raj Tilak, the beloved Master,
Laid his hands in blessing
Upon us, his two Western disciples.
And we abode many days with him in peace
In the Lily Temple of Benares.

THE WILD ROSES OF BELUCHISTAN

O, hast thou seen the lilies of Kashmir?
By the Wular Lake the iris is aflame.
Every islet is a garland on the waters.
Every bush throbs with the singing of the bulbul.
Queens of Beauty, Moons of Love-compelling Splendour,
Bend, ah! bend those starry eyes on me.
I sing the roses, the sweet wild-roses,
The roses of my own Beluchistan.

O, hast thou seen the gardens of the South?
The Jhelum thunders in its dark ravine;
And the roses are a carpet by the waters,
Such as Akbar in his glory never trod on.
Queens of Beauty, veiled Effulgences of Splendour,
Bend, ah! bend those pitying eyes on me.
I sing the roses, the sweet wild-roses,
The roses of my own Beluchistan.

Stark and barren are the hills about my home.
We hunger oft; and yet the land is free.
Sleep comes sweetly, if the toil is for one's own folks.
I am weary of the riches and the feasting.
Queens of Beauty, pity ye the singer's exile.
Bend, ah! bend those speaking eyes on me.
I sing the roses, the sweet wild-roses,
The roses of my own Beluchistan.

Many hills there are far grander than our hills,
And rivers more abundant than our streams.

Our flocks are few. The daily toil is endless.
'Tis mine own land! Gentle Loveliness, I sue you.
Moons of Beauty, give me your divine Compassion.
Bend, ah! bend those dreaming eyes on me.
I sing the roses, the sweet wild-roses,
The roses of my own Beluchistan.

ALLAHU AKBAR!

La ilaha 'llahu illa 'llahu !
There is no God but Allah !
Allah is great ! I testify there is no God but Allah !

No God but Allah ! What glory pours itself around yon
minaret !
Allahu akbar ! How meekly yon camels kneel
In the khan courtyard by the great fountain !
Here in this liquid gold
Of the Persian evening
The camels kneel like gods ;
And the sharp reek of the wood-smoke from the cooking-fires
Is as some strange, pungent, blue incense
Burned to the God of Quietness and the Evening.

Allahu akbar ! The camel-men throng busily about their tasks.
La ilaha 'llahu ! The merchants guard their bales,
Enthroned, each, upon his riding saddle,
The water-pipes coiling at their sides,
And across their knees
Or close to hand,
A serviceable Winchester.
Illa 'llahu ! The merchants guard their bales,
Eating the while interminable sweetmeats,
Sipping snow-cooled sherbet,
And discussing
(As it might be gods calling one to another
Across the profundities of inter-stellar darkness)
The price of Baghdad dates,
The doings of the robbers on the Herat road,
The points of Kabuli ponies,
And, *more Asiatico*, those,

Not less explicitly described,
Of the last favourite dancing-girl
In some unspecified, far from *convenable*,
Café of Teheran.

La ilaha 'llahu ! At the muezzin's cry
Down go the mouthpieces of the coiling pipes ;
The rifles are lovingly laid aside ;
Out come the praying-mats.
La ilaha 'llahu illa 'llahu !
There is no God but Allah !
I testify there is no God but Allah !
Allah is great ! There is no God but Allah !
The camels kneel godlike in the lambent evening light.
Still and remote as the columns of some cathedral
Rise the spires of smoke.

Allahu akbar ! Great is Allah indeed,
If He can cause the Central Asiatic merchant
Five times a day to lay by his dignity with his rifle,
That he may open the windows of his soul,
And pray towards Mecca !
Let us, too, pray towards Mecca !
La ilaha 'llahu illa 'llahu !
Allahu akbar !

Allahu akbar ! I remember, my beloved, many years ago,
All the morning we had rolled rocks down the hillside,
We of the old Faith,
And shot our arrows,
And hurled our javelins,
To stay the advancing hosts.
Their dead strewed the mouth of the gorge
In the hot, bitter sunlight ;
And still they came on,
Shouting their cries,
To die as their predecessors had died
In the gorge's mouth for Muhammed.

ALLAHU AKBAR!

Allahu akbar ! Beloved, you stood by me,
Short-haired (since the women's locks had been shorn
To plait for bow-strings)
Slim, dark-eyed, deep of bosom,
With hands and feet the Goddess of Love might have prayed for,
And not possessed !

You stood by me, bow in hand, dressed as a boy,
And well it was so.
For the hosts of Islam drew off a space,
And came on again ;
And this time there arose
Clamour at the rear of us,
Cries from the women,
With vehement lowing of the beasts,
And shrieks of children.
And we looked, and, behold !
The Arabians were at hand behind us,
Swords raised to kill.
Treachery had given Islam the secret road,
And those of us who were left must flee.

In that moment we turned to fly with our fellows,
But I was struck down from behind
By a sling-shot, and you stood over me,
As a lioness stands over her young.
Four-and-twenty were the arrows in your baldrick,
And with these, standing at bay,
You slew three-and-twenty of the foe ;
And while they hesitated, in fear
For the four-and-twentieth death yet taut upon your string,
The tribesmen drew me up into safety,
And you sprang lightly after me, one bolt unshot,
And so escaped.

Our Chief was for surrendering.
" What," cried he, " is Ahura Mazda to us

In the balance with our lives,
And all that our lives hold dear?
Ahura Mazda is the One True God,
Praised be He!
And Zoroaster is the Prophet of Ahura Mazda;
Yet Ahura Mazda,
For all His Godhead,
Saved not our gear!
I wot well, my people,
That were it not for the nimbleness of our limbs,
And some small skill in shooting
Which we possess,
Neither Ahura Mazda,
Nor the Amshaspends, His angels,
Nor Zoroaster Himself,
Had saved us from our doom!

"Now, what to do?
Is it agreed that we shall lurk here among the rocks,
Safe in body and limb,
But foodless, save for these scanty supplies,
Fireless,
Loveless,
Gearless;
Or shall we send embassages to the heathen dogs,
And offer to accept this Allah of theirs
And his four-wived prophet,
At a price?
Mayhap they will restore some measure of our gear to us,
And we, biding our time,
Shall fall upon them,
And so be quit for ever of their Allah, and their Muhammed!"

So my father spake;
But I dissented,
For it seemed not good to me
To truckle with these Muslimîn. Moreover,
Such is the selfishness of humankind —

Nevertheless, I understood it not then —
Where all these others stood
Foodless, fireless, loveless and gearless,
I stood less naked than they :
I stood not loveless,
Since you were on the hill-slope at my side,
Best beloved !

So, whether for this, or for whatever reason,
I dissented.
Never would I truckle to the heathen dogs of Islam !
And the war of words waxed fierce.

A round score of the folks held with me,
Young bloods of the tribe,
And a few of the unwedded girls
Who had escaped the massacre and the capture,
With an elder or two who followed the Chief's son,
That was I, rather than the Chief.

And when the quarrel came near to bloodshed,
I drew my people away,
Saying that sooner than lift my hand,
Or suffer any to lift his hand,
Against my father,
I would win across the mountains
To seek whatever might befall,
And be quit for ever of Muhammed and of Islam.

With these words we parted in peace.
My father and I fell upon one another's necks,
And lifted up our voices and wept
That we should never see each other more.
So we parted,
They for the camp of Mirza Ali,
And we for the unknown passes of the mountains.

That night in my sleep
One stood beside me,
Whom I knew for Zoroaster,
Prophet of the Most High.

He was taller than the sons of men,
And on his forehead shone a star,
That was, or seemed to be, the out-bodying of his thoughts,
And flashed and changed wondrously.
He laid his hand upon me,
And forthwith my hurts ceased.
His voice was as the rolling of thunder among the hills,
And his eyes were like the quiet mountain lakes
That lie hidden from all ill,
And are yet open to the smile of God.
And I knew then that Zoroaster
Was but an earthly manifestation
Of That One, who is known as Lord of All,
Blessed be He !

" Faithfully, my child, hast thou fought for me this day,"
So spake Zoroaster. " Faithfully for me thou hast dared
The anger of thy tribesmen
And the terror of the untrod passes.
But, lest thou perish incontinent,
And this little flock with thee,
As thou art like to do,
Come hither, that I may show to thee
One of the secrets of the hills.
For by ways like these in times long past
I led thy forefathers upon their appointed occasions,
When earth knew me as Zoroaster."

Thus speaking, he laid his hand upon the rock
That was my pillow in the barren waste of snows,
And a cleft opened to his touch
Giving to depths unknown.

And he showed me a secret river
Flowing through great caverns in the limestone,
And he showed me the course of the river,
And the huge desert place into which it emerged;
And he taught me the making of rough rafts from the driftwood,
By which with my people I was safely brought through the desolate mountains,
And from there we passed onward
To the beginnings of the Great Desert.

So we lived our life, and loved our love, and kept the old Faith;
And became in time a mighty people by Kashgar and Yarkand,
As far northward as the Tian Shan,
And beyond to the shores of the Great Lake, and ranging far and wide
On the Shamo Desert. To this day in Central Asia
Are villages where not even yet
Are forgotten
Ahura Mazda and Zend and the name of Zoroaster.

Allahu akbar! Great, ah! great is Allah!
Whether thou call Him Brahm, or Ahura Mazda,
Jahveh, or Quetzlcoatl, great, ah, great is He!
And you and I, my Margot, in peace shall serve our Ahura Mazda,
In peace, compelled of none. Praise to Ahura Mazda!
La ilaha 'llahu illa 'llahu!
There is no God but Allah! No God but Allah!
Allahu akbar!

SHAMBALLA

I

THE GATE BENEVOLENCE

So it is, beloved, that after these many days we have set our faces
towards Shamballa !
Many ranges we have crossed ! Many rivers forded !
Many oceans braved ! Much hunger, many dangers faced !
And all for Shamballa, the City of God's Peace !

Beloved, I do not believe that we shall see Shamballa,
Not though the Twelve Creative Hierarchies called,
Not though the Lord Himself
Stooped down to summon us,
Until we have put from our hearts those inner obstacles,
Those fears and hesitations, those lusts and selfishnesses, those
faults,
That body themselves outwardly in mountains and seas,
Rivers, deserts, robber tribes,
In hunger and pain and death ;
I do not believe that we shall see Shamballa,
Until we have found in our hearts the Peace of God !

Beloved, the Peace of God, that Desire of Men, the Rose
Which blooms but once in ten thousand ages,
Is ours to have, if we will consent to take it !

The Peace of God, beloved, is not some great thing ; rather is
it some little thing,
Some common thing, some everyday thing,
Some thing so little and so common and so everyday,
That it has not the slightest value in the world !

Consider the Dawn, the Coming of our Lord Sûrya, the Sun!
Consider His Coming! Not one of the mighty magnates,
The potentates, the kings, the Châkravarti Râjahs,
With their outstretched, wealth-greedy, power-hungry hands
that reach round the globe,
So omnipotent are they;
Not one of them has found room in his treasure house
For the alchemic steel, the vanadium, the cobalt, the nickel and
gold of the sunrise!

You may heap up uncalculated riches.
You may hoard in your strong-rooms the sack of many cities.
You may gather together pearls, and diamonds like rocs' eggs,
Rubies and sapphires,
Emeralds, sardonyxes,
Topazes, carbuncles,
More, and more priceless,
Than the Genie built for Aladdin;
But you shall not touch for gain
The fine gold of the trusting smile
Of the baby boy who loves you;
You shall not market the liquid silver of these snow-clad peaks,
That sing for joy
Where the shafts of Sûrya burn on them;
You shall not impound the free notes of the bulbul,
Or merchandize the ineffable perfume of the rose.
These things are the Peace of God, the innermost Secret
Of the innermost recess of His Being.
They are valueless, being priceless, without money, without
price,
Open to all the world to have, to enjoy, but not to monopolize,
not to possess,
Best beloved!

And because you, my Margot, belong to the Peace of God,
Because, beloved, your smile is as the trusting smile
Of our baby boy who loves you,
Because your white purity

Is as the silver of the snow-clad Kuen-Lun peaks,
Because your notes are the free notes of the bulbul,
And your perfume the ineffable incense of the rose ;
Therefore I know that having you, I have the Peace of God !
For you are the outer symbol, the image, the Living Soul,
Of That which none may express ;
You are to me the Love, the Desire of Ages,
You are to me the Peace of God, Shamballa, the City of God's
Peace,
Best beloved !

And behold, O my Peace, I do take you, and enjoy you,
Even as I, God's servant, do take and enjoy these many ministers
of His praise,
The parti-hued robe of His sunrise,
The birds' singing among the leafless, blossomy peach-trees,
The coolness of this wayside, brabbling beck ; aye, and all
The sweet intimacies and delights and possessions
Which God has prepared
For those that truly love His children,
For those that truly love Him !

O my Margot, at this our journey's end,
At this moment when to our spiritual vision
The towers and terraces of Shamballa, City of God,
Lie spread out under the caresses of wind and sun,
Her celestial Lovers, so near ! so near !
At this moment of fruition,
I greet you, my Margot, my City of Shamballa,
My City of the Divine,
My City of God's Peace !

The Beloved speaks.

" Even so, my beloved, it is well ;
For now I know that we come to the City of God's Peace !

" Once, or so it was told me,
There was upon this earth
No City of God's Peace ;
Because in those days,
So it was told me,
The whole earth was Shamballa,
Was the City of God's Peace ;
Yet the name of the earth was not Shamballa,
Shamballa none knew :
Far and wide men knew Earth by her true name,
Jerusalem, even Founded in Peace !

" In those days,
So it was told me,
Men did not use to pray,
Men did not use to make their supplication
Either to God or man.
There was no wealth in those days,
And no poverty either.
And thou and I, my beloved,
Dwelt ever in God's Peace.

" But now, because of men's sin against the light and love of God,
Because of men's folly, men's wickedness,
That which is no Peace hath come down on the earth :
The shadow of darkness, the horror of not-Being,
The ungodly, God-hating godlessness
Hath covered all things ;
And so arose Shamballa,
Light by reason of darkness,
White by reason of black treacheries and unbelief,
Peaceful by reason of rapine and ravening and unrest ;
Shamballa, the City of God's Peace !

" And thou and I, my beloved,
Who have dwelt too long
In the horrible place,

Too long sojourned
Among the scorpions and deaf adders,
Turn now our faces
From darkness to the light,
From sin to righteousness,
From sorrow to God's Peace."

So the Beloved spake,
And we set our faces eastward to Shamballa.
Shamo like a sea with its storms
Lay spread before us,
Who three years had wandered
By India, Kashmir, Beluchistan, Northern Persia,
To the Desert's gates.

And as we passed downward towards the perils of the Great
Desert,
One met us in the robes of a Tartar chieftain,
And greeted us, as of old the Children of the Sun
Greeted one another,
Before the darkness descended on this earth,
With uplifted hand and repetition
Of the Song of Recognition, and recital
Of the Twelve Blessings.
And I accosted him in our Tongue,
Which is one and the same
For all Brethren upon this earth,
And gave him the Grip of Brotherhood,
Laying my staff in the crook of the left arm,
As is our custom.

And when we had duly
Greeted,
We rejoiced over one another,
Embracing one the other tenderly,
Since I knew him for Asâmo, my brother,
The Lord's Beloved,

Lotus-born,
Virgin inviolate from the day
He first manifested on this earth,
Asâmo, own brother to Sanât Kumâra,
The Lord's Anointed.

And Asâmo took us by the accustomed way
Which so often in the past we had trodden,
But in this life, because of the Three Hours' darkness
Which followed on the Lord's death, had forgotten.
Six weeks we trod sandal-footed the sands of Shamo,
And took no harm, either for hunger or thirst,
For brute or man, sandstorm or parching heat;
And in the seventh week we came through the gate
Which is called the Gate Benevolence,
In the Tartar bazaar, to Shamballa.

II

THE MASTER'S STAR

There are many who say Shamballa is a dream !
True it is ! Yea, a dream is Shamballa, City of Dreams !
There are many who say Shamballa is no dream !
True it is ! For I have seen ! I know Shamballa !

City of God, who art beautiful and near,
City of God, who art unreal and far away,
The sands of Shamo encompass thee,
The sands of Shamo that have already engulfed
Wealth and vaunting and wisdom, the delight of the eye,
Palaces, gardens, tombs, lakes, rivers, spreading farms,
Temples and streets and fortresses, all the pride of man —
They encompass thee, Shamballa ; but they whelm thee not.

Waterless is Shamo, sown with salt, untilled, dangerous.
Vipers bask in the sand, hornéd asps ; all its creatures are deadly.
O ye who seek Shamballa, dare ye face the sands ?
Dare ye face the mirages ? Ye are brave men !
If ye die not of thirst, the bitter storms come !
Ye are doomed !
Shamballa is a dream ! What have ye to do with Shamballa ?

I mind me that Jacob, son of Isaac, fleeing from Esau, his brother, whom he had wronged,
Fell asleep on a stone, and dreamed that he beheld a ladder
Set up on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven ;
And he saw in his dream
The angels of God who ascended it and descended.

Ladderlike is Shamballa. Step after step rise its white, verdure-clad terraces
From the Tartar bazaar at its outer wall to the rose-hued Temple shape at the summit.
In the open Temple court is a fount of stone, whose waters
Flow by four channels of stone outward to the four compass points.
O Shamballa, City of God, art thou a dream?
I climb thy steep stair in the midst of thee. I roam thy gardened terraces.
I see everywhere the beauty of living things.

Who may sing of thy water from the ever-flowing fountain,
That on all sides enriches, enhances, vivifies, renews,
Giving coolness in heat, refreshment in drought,
Equalizing, peace-bringing, devotion-inspiring water?

O Shamballa, City of God, thou givest ever the sound of running streams!
There are birds that sing in the bushes, there are fruits and flowers, there is greenness of leaf and grass.
There is perpetual music, perpetual Peace, and over all
The quiet, the hum, the rapture of Being,
The movement, the Will, the Presence,
Of the innocent, dancing, wise, pure, ever-running water!

So to Shamballa we came
After many days,
My beloved and I.
And Asâmo took us,
For that we were weary,
To the resting-place which had been made ready;
And there we abode three years.

O my Margot, my beloved, is it well with thee?
Is it well with thee in Shamballa,
City of God's Peace?

The Beloved speaks.

" John, my beloved, at this the end
Of our earthly pilgrimage,
John, my beloved, at this the stepping-stone
To starry realms,
Where mortal man dwelleth not, and man immortal
Beholdeth with open eye
The glory of the Eternal,
Let me tell thee once again
With mortal lips so soon to become immortal,
Let me tell thee again the story of my love.

" It seemeth to me, my beloved,
That God in the unsearchable mysteries of His Wisdom and His Love
Hath ordained eternity for me to this one end
That I may tell thee of my love.
It seemeth to me, my beloved,
That God giveth me the eternal boon
Of thine eternal sojourning with me,
But that eternally I may express
My love and praise to Him
In this mine eternal song of Love to thee !

" God hath granted me
On this His holy hill, Shamballa,
Image and likeness of that holy Hill
Which is Himself,
God hath granted me
On this His holy Hill
To behold three things,
Himself and myself and thee !

" I am no theologian.
No dialectician am I.

I am but thy Margot, whom thou lovest,
And who loveth thee!
In this Shamballa,
This City of God's Peace,
There be but the Three of us, my beloved,
Myself and thyself and God!"

And even while my beloved spake
In the garden of our habitation in Shamballa
By the little waterfall and the pool of lilies,
We saw His Star, five-pointed, flash out over us.
The Master called.
So we arose, and went to Him.

III

THE RETURN TO THE GARDEN

" My children,"
Said He to us,
When we were come into His Presence,
" Peace be with you ! Greeting ! "
And we kissed
The ring upon His hand
With its wondrous red jewel,
And waited
For His next words ; yet He spoke not,
But He fell into a muse, or seemed so,
Drumming with the fingers of one hand
Upon the chair's arm.
And again His Star —
Even that Star which stood over Bethlehem,
The House of Bread, nigh two thousand years ago —
His Star flashed out ;
But still He spoke not.

Yet little by little His purpose became plain,
For moment after moment
We fell into the rhythm of His muse,
And so with waking gaze we saw Him
As He was before all time,
The Son of God,
First-fruit of First-fruits,
Alone-Begotten !

Think not, my brothers, that we saw as men see
With eyes of flesh,
Nor yet as one pictures some scene in thought, nor

By any means cognizable to the senses or to reason.
For that of which He mused lay far beyond the senses,
That of which He mused lay far beyond reason,
Lay far beyond everything which is imaginable.
Yet because the constraint is on me
That I speak,
And because, that I may speak, I must use man-made terms —
Therefore in man-made terms I speak to you
Of that which lieth far, far beyond human scope.
So it is commanded, and so I speak.

He,
Alone-Begotten,
God of God,
Light of Light,
Very God of Very God,
Who afterward in the House of Bread became Jesus —
Veil your eyes, O my brothers ! — was beheld of us in bodiless
Communion
With Him whom He calleth His Father,
And while He communed His Star shone over His head.

Thus it was
That ages went by, full of happenings to which
For the utter poverty of human speech
And the pitiableness of human ignorance,
I can give no name, no faintest clue,
No indication.
And at last
We were shown the Fall of man, and the cause of that Fall,
We were shown how in one sense that Fall was very real,
How in one sense it was less than the phantasm of a dream ;
But to Him, our Lord and Master, and to God
It was no dream, but real indeed.

And He showed us the stripping of His robes,
The laying aside, one by one, of the insignia of His rank,

The weakening, the lessening, the impoverishing
Of His outward circumstances,
The gradual, spread over many ages,
Taking upon Him of the form of a Servant,
He, Lord of All!

And afterwards He showed us
With all their wealth of mystical meaning,
The Birth, the Childhood, the Education, the Mission,
The Betrayal, the Scourging, the Crucifixion,
The Death, the Entombment, the Descent into Hell, the Resurrection,
The Ascension, the Glorification, the Coming Again in Glory
Yet to be;
And through these many changes His Star followed Him:
For, in a fashion which I understand well,
But cannot, if I would, make clear to those who understand not,
His Star was He, even as God's holy Mountain
Is God.
Nevertheless God infinitely transcendeth His holy Mountain —
So Christ's Star is He!

And many other things He showed us of which I speak not.

And at last He waked, or seemed to wake, from His muse,
And smiled whimsically, and spake,
"What think ye of it all, beloved?
So much done? Yea! So much, so much to do!
You and I, we be Brothers!" A slow smile.
Then again, "Brothers! Aye, in God!
Nevertheless, be of good cheer!
As He gave to Me, so I to you give this word.
Lo, I am with you alway,
Even unto the fulfilment of the age!

"Write, therefore, John, My beloved,
Write that which is given thee in thy heart.

And put Me in thy book ;
That all men may know that I am thy Master, thy Beloved,
And that thou servest Me !

" For the rest,
Come ye to My Presence as often as ye desire.
Ye are always welcome.
Lo, I am with you alway,
Even unto the fulfilment of the age ! "

And, taking the two right hands of us,
He clasped them in one ;
And, taking the two left hands, He held them in His left hand,
And with His right hand over us
He blessed us, and said,
" Be ye one in soul and spirit,
My beloved John, My beloved Margot !
Be ye one in soul and spirit !
Those whom God hath joined
Let not man put asunder ! "

So spake our Master, and breathed upon us,
And blessed us ;
And we, made utterly one, went back in peace to the garden
Whence His Star brought us.

" Is it well with thee, my beloved ? "
" Yea, it is well with me ! "
" There be Three of us, now and for ever,
God, thou and I, my Margot ! "
" There be One of us, now and for ever,
Thou, I and God ! "
" Is it well with thee ? "
" Yea, it is well, yea, it is very well with me.
Lo, I am with thee alway,
Even unto the fulfilment of the age ! "

So the Beloved spake,
And it was well.
For the Master's Peace, as it were a Star, was with us,
With thee and with me, my beloved, in the garden of Shamballa,
With thee and with me in the garden of God's Peace,
With thee and with me, my beloved,
In the Garden!

EPILOGUE

IN THE BAY OF BENGAL, OUTWARD-BOUND

Many are the ships upon the sea,
And many the captains of the ships,
To each of the ships a captain.
The stars shine in their myriads upon the sea,
Each star shining alone, for all their myriads ;
And the ships, that are many, are each yet alone upon the sea,
And alone upon each of the ships is the captain.

O thou great sea that art so friendly,
And yet so trackless,
O thou great sea, so populous and so deserted,
How many, many are the ships that plough thy surface ;
How many, many are the stars
Thou mirrorest in thy depths ;
How great the loneliness of each one
Among thy teeming multitudes !
Hast thou no thought, O sea, for the captains of the ships ?

Once, long ago, O sea,
I loved a woman of the people,
Whose name was Mary,
Which is thy name, O sea.
And her eyes were the untracked green
Of the underside of thy waves,
When they lean over to the breaking.
And her hair was as fine as the lace-spun foam
Of thy spindrift,
Which the growing gale
Shears off from thy wave-tops.
And her arms and breasts,

And the white wave-form of her thighs,
Were foam-born, born of the breasts and thighs of thee,
Mary, O sea.

And with this Mary, this woman of the people, O sea,
I made many voyages,
Which perchance thou rememberest.
And this Mary, this woman of the people, O sea,
Bore me many children,
Whom perchance thou rememberest;
For in blood-bath or whale-bath
These many children
Whom Mary bore me
Soon or late
Were all whelméd,
And so came back to thee.

Who can be lonely with thee, O sea?
Who can be fearful with thee?
Who can be aught but captain of his soul,
Lord of his house of life,
Swaggerer, king among men, buccaneer,
Whose very blood is salt within his veins,
Who tasteth thee each time he bites his lip,
O sea, O Mary, O sea?

Break over us, O sea!
We laugh at thee.
Whelm us! Beat us down! Drown us!
What canst thou then,
Save absorb us into thee,
Save take us into thy substance,
Bone of thy bone, flesh of thy flesh,
Soul of thy soul?
Sea-born, sea-nursed,
Sea-taught, sea-conveyed,
Sea-whelmed, if need be, and

Sea-absorbed,
We hold thee, Mary, quite as much
As thou holdest us,
Thou gap-toothed, redoubtable Eater of Men, our Mother!

"And there shall be no more sea!"
And shall there not?
Mayhap! Mayhap!
Yet well I wot
That when the books are open
And the roll is called,
And the saints of God, big and little,
Step forward for their reward,
One redoubtable, gap-toothed Eater of Men, many-offspringed,
will be there.
"*Mary!*"
"*Adsum!*"
"Enter thou, beloved, enter thou
Into the joy of thy Lord!"

At last and at last, beloved, I am master of my own ship,
And tread my tarry planks —
Indeed a figure of speech! For in the tropics
We putty, not tar our seams. So much for Romance! —
And roar out my orders,
Straddle-legged,
In shipshape, Bristol fashion.

At last and at last, beloved, I am master of my own ship,
Six hundred tons of her,
And a hundred and fifty feet
From truck to keelson.
I am master at last of my own tops'l schooner,
Three-masted, teak-decked, five cabins amidships,
White sails, white sides
With a streak of green,
The *Rose and Arthur*

Of Brisbane,
Auxiliary steam
For calms and ports and suchlike,
Outward-bound.

Outward-bound ! Two-thirds, beloved,
Two-thirds of this globe is sea.
Two-thirds to us who own a ship
Is our inalienable property.

" *Who would not sell a farm and go to sea ?* "
Who would not, if they knew,
If only they knew, best beloved ?

The *Rose and Arthur* is our key
To unlock all doors.
The *Rose and Arthur* is our chariot
To bear us by the power of the winds,
The spirits of God,
To every land.
Even Bohemia has its coast to navigate
For Shakespeare, and for us,
Best beloved !

Alow, aloft, our sails are spread.
Alow, aloft, our canvas cups the wind,
Clasping it, spilling it abroad in gusty laughter.
Alow, aloft, our *Rose and Arthur* dances,
Reeling as though with wind and laughter drunken,
Across the laughing, hundred-mile-long billows
Of the Bay of Bengal.
How the gulls scream !
How the sunlight pours down !
How the waves leap,
And the ship's forefoot

Carries with it,
Light as a snowflake, yet everlasting,
God's rainbow !

So our *Rose and Arthur* goes,
Whither bound ? Who can say ?
Singapore our port of call.
After that, whither ?
Celebes ? Spice Islands ? Guinea ?
South Seas ?
Or Eastward ? Formosa ? Kobe ?
Shanghai ? Vladivostok ?
The world is in our fee, by right of the *Rose and Arthur !*
He said to us, " Go forth ! "
And forth we have gone, it little matters whither,
If so be we are happy.
If so be we play together,
And love one another, and our little ones,
And love Him !

Only, because we have a new world to make,
A world of laughter and beauty,
Of joy and self-sacrifice,
Of holiness, and worship, and peace,
After His image,
Let us not, my beloved,
Go too near that old world of grime and tears,
That world of grimness, and toil, and bloodshed,
Which we have left behind us.

Onward we flee,
Onward and outward from the tempest,
Onward where the blue waves beckon,
Snow-capped, our playmates.
Ere long the very gulls will have left us,
And for many days
The sky will be a bowl over our heads,

And the sea our infinite playground,
And the kiss of Mary, our Mother,
Eternally salt on our lips.

Margot, my beloved,
I am not ashamed to love you.
Margot, my beloved,
I glory in my love for you.
I hail you playmate,
Workmate,
Joymate,
Lovemate,
Shipmate!
The world is our ship: this body is our ship,
This body that is our two bodies,
Dual, yet one in this manifestation;
And, O my sweetheart, above all,
Christ is our ship.
Ille navis nostra.
No longer, thank God! is the Master
Asleep in the stern of the ship.
No longer the cruel winds rage,
And the waves roar.
For the Master wakes,
And the waves fawn at His feet,
Striving, if they may, to efface the bloody wounds
Those feet bear for their sakes.

Ille navis nostra!
He was with us in Shamballa.
Ille navis nostra!
He is with us now.
Ille navis nostra!
Lo, I am with you alway,
Even unto the fulfilment of the age!

What matter whither we go?
This is our home!

What matter what we do ?
This is our resting-place !
I believe, my Margot, I believe in one God,
Maker of heaven and earth,
And in Jesus Christ, His Son,
And I believe in the Holy Ghost,
The Strengthener !

It is enough, beloved,
I have said.

The Beloved speaks.

" John, my beloved,
Lover of God,
It is enough !
Onward and outward we go,
Yet this going
Is not, save in the seeming ;
For the One Being is God.
Yet because God in His Love
Cannot but manifest Himself as One who goes,
Therefore we, too, go,
And going make manifest His Love.

" Love of my Love,
I need no longer speak of Love to you,
For I am Love.
And no longer need I consecrate my desires to you,
For I am you.
And no longer need I seek to live in you,
For you are I.
Thus in the realization of our eternal Oneness
Is consecrated, is consummated our Love.
God said, ' Let Us make ! '
Praise to Him, He has made,
Best beloved ! "

So my beloved spake,
And we, going forward to the ship's bow,
Looked out over the broad waters together.
And the waves danced to us ;
And the winds sang to us ;
And the sea painted for us
All manner of irreproducible colours.
And we set our faces gladly to that eternal Now,
Which in this world of chance and change
Is called the Future !

O ye sons and daughters of men, awake !
O ye sons and daughters of men, arise !
O ye sons and daughters of men, rejoice !
To you, to you, my beloved, is spoken the Master's word,
" Lo, I am with you alway,
Even unto the fulfilment of the age ! "
To you it is spoken, O ye sons and daughters of men.
To you it is spoken, O ye dreamers of the distorted dream.

Awake ! Rejoice ! ye sons and daughters, my beloved ;
For the hour of your redemption draweth nigh !
Unto you the word is spoken, and ye shall hear it !
Unto you it is spoken, " I will yet for this be enquired of by My people,
To do it for them ; I will increase them with men like a flock."
Hear, therefore ! Awake ! Rejoice ! ye sons and daughters.
" I will yet for this be enquired of by My people,"
Saith the Beloved !

END OF THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN

THE BOOK OF THE BELOVED

PART II

THE BOOK OF IMAGES

Image — *an essential, substantial, real and adequate resemblance of another.*

WILSON'S CHRISTIAN DICTIONARY.

Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now caught. Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty and three : and for all there were so many, yet was not the net broken.

Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine.

JOHN XXI, 10-12.

Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. . . . What meaneth this?

ACTS ii, 9-12.

PROLOGUE

Once upon a time, my beloved, there were gathered together in God's sight two fools, a wise man and a mango.

Now the mango, my beloved, is a fruit whose rind is bitter as death, and whose kernel is harder than the ways of sin ; but its flesh is ruddy with gold, and its juice cool and aromatic and pleasant, like the fruits of Paradise.

This fool bit quickly through the rind of the mango, and the juice gushed forth into his eyes, blinding him ; and the bitterness of death gat hold of him, for the rind is very bitter ; and he swore, blaspheming the holy Name of God ; and spat out the deadly morsel.

But his friend, not less witless than he, took up a mighty knife, wherewith he dug deep to the very kernel of the matter ; breaking thereon both knife and finger-nails and teeth ; and he swore, and forthwith spat it out.

But the wise man, giving thanks to God, armed himself with spoon and plate and a fair napkin ; and by God's Grace feasted joyously 'twixt rind and kernel upon the ruddy, golden, aromatic, juicy flesh of the royal mango.

CHRISTUS CHRISTOPHORUS

O Thou, Thou, Thou, eternal Love serene,
Thou Lord Immaculate, Incarnate Word,
O Thou, who hast in Thy right hand a Sword,
The Father's Justice-Sword, two-edgéd, keen
To smite the very soul and life between,
And in Thy left the pure, white Mother Dove;
Immutable, eternal, boundless Love,
Of solemn, silent, quiet, holy mien;
Give us Thy Truth, Thy little children cry,
O Thou Most Highest. Lord, Lord, in Thy ruth
Sheathe Thou Thy Justice-Sword. Make wars to cease,
These little wars with Self, our enemy.
Give us Thy Truth, O Lord. Give us Thy Truth.
And, O, our gracious Father, give us Peace!

THE FATHER-MOTHER GOD

I sat, a naked child, upon God's knees,
Close gathered to my Father's fragrant breast.
Around me flashed the lightnings, without rest,
That guard God's holy presence. Yet in peace
I sat, a naked child, upon His knees.
O wondrous Father-Love who gatherest
The weak and foolish children to Thy breast,
Safe holding them until the Storm shall cease!
And as, in winter, Mother whispers tales
To children gathered round the cottage fire;
Without, the roar of cruel winter gales,
Within, sweet friendship, warmth and heart's desire;
So God His Tale of Love did whisper me,
A little child upon his Mother's knee.

MÂNU

O Man, forget not thy celestial home;
Earth holdeth but the mortal part of thee.
Blind not thine eyes with lights of gramarye.
A stranger and a pilgrim thou dost roam
These glamorous fields. Touch not the honeycomb
Ere thou hast well compounded with the bee.
Who seeketh sweets in fairyland, shall see
Rock-founded sorrows, joys that fleet in foam.
What doest thou, O Man? Turn, turn thy heart!
Sweet, sweeter than the *vîna,* is my call.
In this mine age-long joyance thou hast part;
From this mine age-long troth thou shalt not fall.
Though stars grow dim, earth sink to blackness' pall,
My chosen one, my heart's love, Man, thou art!

MENES

King Menes, speaking from the mists of time,
When this world fairer, yea, and holier lay,
King, Lawgiver and Priest, saith, "Woe the day
Of brick and ashlar, rubble, unslaked lime,
Whereon deluded earthfolk seek to climb
Star-high! God is not mocked. Thy brother, clay,
Say what thou wilt, abideth dross alway,
Save God in fire-fierce cupel him sublime.
Saith this one, 'I have hewn to me a tomb
Of seven cubits!' 'I, a tomb of ten!'
Boasteth his neighbour. Fools! The light of earth
Cannot be prisoned in yon claustral gloom.
Man lives to God, not God to earth-lived men.
Life is life's end, not death. Death? Nay, but birth!"

MOSES

BELOVED OF THE LORD

On Nebo Amram's son stood up to die.
(Law reacheth not unto the Promised Land.)
" Lord God," said he, " be Thou at my right hand
As I pass onward to eternity !
Thou madest me a ruler over men ;
Thou gavest me a people to redeem.
Six-score years lie behind me, like the dream
Of one who, stirring, turns to sleep again.
Lord God of Hosts, right joyously I hear
The far, sweet fluting. Thou dost come for me.
Almost the flash of those great Wings I see.
The Bridegroom to His loved one draweth near.
Thus I, the Lord's beloved, take my stand
On Nebo, waiting for my Promised Land."

ZOROASTER

Hear, O ye People ! Hearken to my word !
The Lord thy God is One. Make not Him Two !
Do not ye as the Idol-lovers do,
Whose ways are an abhorrence to the Lord.
The Lord thy God is Good and True alway ;
From Him no evil doth nor can proceed.
The Lord thy God is Lord and God indeed ;
Then grieve Him not ! Obey, ye Folk, obey !
The Lord thy God is jealous for His sons.
His arms are wide to those who do His will ;
But if thou lie or rob or maim or kill,
Thou joinest thee to the ungodly ones.
The Lord thy God is One. Make not Him Two !
Touch not the Evil, as the Ungodly do !

TRANSMUTATION

(HERMES TRISMEGISTUS)

My son, seek unto thee the seven Sages,
Whose names are Beauty, Honour, Wisdom, Grace,
Faith, Steadfastness and Love. Turn from the base
Spelter of self to that Gold of the ages
Whose secret Science, known unto the mages,
Lies in the grey veil of the commonplace.
Not always to the fleetest is the race,
Nor battle won by high, heroic rages.
First find in thee the patient Ruby stone;
Thereto add Jasper wise, and Sapphire true;
Next Emerald, truth's courage to impart.
Last Adamas, the Warrior, is shown;
The Dragon slain; the Maiden brought in view,
Thy milk-white True-love, gold-white at the heart.

GAUTAMA SIDDARTTHA SHÂKYA MÛNI

Wrong doing, wrong believing, wrong desiring —
Behold thou, Man, thy trinity of evil!
Not life nor death nor angel-choirs aspiring
Shall ransom thee from this thy self-made Devil.
Four be the ways that lead back to thy Youth,
Right deeds, right aims, right knowledge, right belief.
These four achieved shall generate the Truth.
Without them, lo, a murderer and a thief!
Choose, then! Or shall thou bind thee to the Wheel
From cycle unto cycle, age to age,
Baring thy back the lash of fate to feel,
Whose thongs are lust, ambition, greed and rage;
Or steel thy temper. Gods and goods deny.
Win thee to Peace (saith Buddh) as won have I.

WISDOM

(LAO TZE)

"Of Wisdom, lovingkindness is the crown,"
Saith Lao Tze, humblest of the Wisdom-Teachers.
"In battle many souls have won renown,
Yet who by gentleness to living creatures?
Through torture-screams the hero wends his way.
He swims in blood, and crowns him god of battle,
Nor knows the gods, who mock him in his play,
For Wisdom truckles not with hero-cattle.
Wisdom is gentle. Wisdom is lovingkind.
Wisdom is mild, and strong, and bold, and fearless.
Wisdom is whole and sane; not dumb and blind.
She heals the sick, speaks cheer unto the cheerless.
Wisdom (saith Lao Tze) hath, is, supreme worth.
Gain Wisdom. Lose with cheer all else on earth."

KUNG FU TZE

(CONFUCIUS)

Treasure of heaven, Wisdom of the wise,
Kung Fu Tze taketh Wisdom for his theme.
One seeketh Wisdom in a druggist's dream,
And one in lovely Tears-of-Lilies' eyes.
This one in winecup Wisdom would surprise;
That one by merchant-robbers' gold-leaf scheme;
Or, axiom-mad, in line and theorem
Truth-Goodness-Wisdom would immortalize.
Kung Fu Tze holdeth not with silly folk.
Though button-cap makes not the mandarin,
Nor peacock's plume the Lord of high degree,
These marks and emblems have congruity.
Not without reason Sung doth bear the yoke,
When Kuang Hsü takes the air in palanquin.

ORPHEUS

Chiefest of Singers, Orpheus, to the lyre,
On Haemus 'mid the pines had his abode ;
And ofttimes, as in reverie he strode
From snow-field edge past steading and past byre,
He moved, men said, encharioted in fire,
And wild, daemonic creatures round him rode.
So lived he, far from men, and near his God,
Untouched by fame, unvexéd by desire.
" Oh that I singer were, as singers were
The Great Ones of earth's myth-remembered past
So long since dead ! The gods, the gods of old,
Sang heaven on earth and sang all Nature fair.
Now Orpheus sings, sings loneliest and sings last,
Yet gladly, so my God my singing hold."

MUHAMMED ABUL-KASIM

God is not merely One as Mulvis feign,
Though One in very deed and truth is He.
Not so ! For God is One and God is Three !
One God through all eternity doth reign,
Nor aught beside Him. Yet doth He maintain
In One Will, One substantial Deity,
Three Gods — the God to Do, the God to Be,
The God to Feel in Joyance and in Pain.
The God, To Be, the Father is of all ;
The God, To Do, is ever-blessed Son ;
The God, To Feel, this universe we call ;
All Feeling, Thinking, Growing thing is His.
Thus Godhead manifests in Three and One.
Thus Three are One, and Onefold Threefold is.

ODIN

Woman of angel eyes and harlot's heart,
Thou wroughtest me much woe. Go now in peace!
Let these thy wanton arts and graces cease.
When two and two are one, then two must part.
Long since I gave my heart all unto thee;
And thou hast trampled it into the mire;
And thou hast burned the soul of me with fire,
Poor fool! who trusted in thy harlotry.
Now that unto my manhood I awake,
Go! Get thee gone! Let me unto my task!
A quittance fair and clean is all I ask.
Take what thou wilt, for all is thine to take.
Thus Odin waketh, cleanseth him from fever,
And wanton Folly leaveth him for ever.

KINGSHIP

Where Syria dwindles to the desert sands,
In Bethlehem of Judah I was born.
There Ruth found Boaz 'mid the alien corn,
And I the Kingship of the Western lands,
Who still am Jesus named. Within My hands
Are many Kingdoms that confront the morn.
In Bethlehem of Judah I was born,
To learn My wisdom in the desert sands.
And where three palm-trees are, My throne is set.
There shalt thou find Me, if thou seekest Me,
And there I rule the clamour and the fret,
As once I ruled the turmoil of the sea.
And there, beloved, thou shalt find Me yet,
So near, so far, so far, so near — to thee!

JUSTICE

I, Michael — Thrice Blessed men me call —
Before God's threefold Majesty do stand
A triple flame of fire, and in my hand
A flaming sword. I am that fiery Wall
The Father's Love girt Paradise withal,
When Adam fell and for his sin was banned.
I hold that very sweet and far off land
Till man redeeméd shall retrieve his fall.
I am the living Justice of the Lord.
None cometh to the Father but by me.
For this I wield the terrors of my sword
That nothing vile, nothing unclean shall see
Unveiled in threefold, awful Majesty
The very Presence of the living Word.

MAITREYA,

WHICH, BEING INTERPRETED, IS PITIFUL

I stand between the living and the dead.
None cometh to the Father, but by me.
I am that One who over land and sea
Stretch out my far Compassion. I have led
Countless my children lone and wanderéd
Back, O most Holy Father God, to Thee,
Countless in past and countless yet to be,
Who else in deepest dark had perishéd.
And though my feet are broken with the stones,
And though my brow and side are wounded sore,
And though my hands are pierced, yet I am King,
That have no need of diadems or thrones.
My diadem the crown of thorns I bore,
My throne the heart of each redeeméd thing.

PEACE

Melchizedek, the Prince of Salem, Peace
In God our Father and in Christ His Son
And in the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
To these my many Sons of Righteousness.
I ever stand at God's right hand to bless.
To me come all the souls whose work is done ;
And I redeem and bless them one by one,
Ere they return to God's own Blessedness.
Nor shall I stay my hand from blessing, till,
By Father's Love and Love of Christ who died,
Of all the many souls upon this earth,
Not one but shall have claimed his right of birth,
Not one but throughly cleansed and purified
Shall have returnéd to the Father's Will.

THE INNERMOST

Where two or three are gathered in My Name,
There I am, even Justice, Mercy, Peace.
I bind the broken-hearted. I release
The prisoner. The captive of his shame
I bid look up. With Me is neither blame
Nor hate nor scorning. Let what hath been cease,
If it be evil. For the rest, My Peace
Upon thee: 'twas for very Peace I came.
And so I greet thee, I, Immanuel,
I, the Desire of Ages, do thee greet,
Thou child of man, My child unto the End.
Peace to thee, ransomed from the Gates of Hell!
Peace to thee, brought in rapture to My feet!
Peace to thee, victor! Servant! Brother! Friend!

THE POSTERN STAIR

Within my heart are little silver chimes,
That ring for One and One and One alone.
Ding, dong! *Ding, dong!* the little bells have gone
For Him so many and so many times.
Within my heart there is a postern gate,
And, ready to His hand, a silken cord,
Scarlet and blue and silver, for my Lord.
It is not meet that such as He should wait.
Within the gate a little secret stair,
With rosemary and fragrant rushes sweet,
To take the fall of His beloved feet.
What music in my heart, when He is there!
Ding, dong! *Ding, dong!* the little bells do ring.
Come in! Come in! my heart's love and my King.

KWAN YIN

MOTHER OF MERCY

Through groves of sound I move, Kwan Yin, and make
Sweet melody for Him, the King of Kings.
Each footstep is a choir of birds that sings
Beside the reedy margins of a lake.
I love my Lord, who hath for this my sake
Created thousand thousand angel wings
To flash around me on my wanderings,
Kwan Yin, whom God Most High for bride did take.
Onward 'mid songs of birds and scent of flowers,
En-musicked, music-giving is my Way.
I sacrifice unto the heavenly Powers
With incense, song and rapture. Day by day
The sons of men are brought unto my bowers,
And music, incense, rapture bear away.

FOHAT

LIGHT-BRINGER

God said: "Let there be Light!" and forthwith I,
Fohat, went onward through the sunless lands,
Dazzling with brightness, laughing, in my hands
The fourfold, diamond Cross of ecstasy,
Of sound and mirthfulness, wherewith I ply
The mighty fabric to my Lord's commands,
Weaving with light on light aeonian bands
'Twixt fire and water, aether, earth and sky.
Forth went I laughing, for 'twas fair to see
World after world grow clustering to my touch,
As grapes that purple on the golden vine.
Laughing I went. The Lord God laughed with me.
Lord God, I do so little, mean so much!
Be Thou my God, as I am only Thine!

THE BLUE LILY

(TIEN TE KING)

I know a valley in the far off hills,
Where, in the spring, the peach-tree sheds its blossom,
And music dances in a thousand rills
That one calm Lake doth gather to its bosom.
O sons of men, why will ye wander, dumb,
Seeking, ye know not what, in blood and tears,
Doomed to destruction from the mother's womb,
Ugly with passion, desperate with fears?
Blue is the Lake, the calm, deep blue of Love;
Pink are the blossoms, silver-soft the streams;
And there, enshrined in Peace no wave may move,
The wondrous deep-blue Lily of my dreams!
Ye sons of men, why will ye wander, dumb?
Come to the Lily! Tien doth bid you. Come!

HUANG FEH

THE SAGE OF HANKOW

"I am in the Beginning," saith the Lord.
"The Alpha and the Omega I am.
The First, the Unbeginning is My Name,
Who made all living creatures by My Word.
My Truth (saith He) is a two-edgéd sword,
My Holiness a living, amber flame.
From depths of everlastingness I came;
To Me all angels sing in sweet accord.
Then who art thou who standest far from Me?
Who sayest, 'Bow to me! My will is king!'
Canst thou mint Wisdom from the unfathomed sea?
Or tread unharmed the dragon-guarded ring?
The man thou art is such a little thing
Beside the man thou canst, nay, thou shalt be!"

KAURÂNANDA

Gold floods the dawn, though lurid mists may veil.
Gold are the glances of my Loved One's eyes.
On Himavât the Son of Man doth rise.
Oh, wilt thou fail Him, Westland? Wilt thou fail?
Mine are no lovely kisses of the dawn.
Back to the light, my face is West, true West.
Leaving behind the One whom I love best,
I front the friends that outrage, foes that fawn.
In Himavât my home. On earth my heart.
Around me seven stars for seven blisses.
When, my Beloved, shall I have Thy kisses?
How shall we meet, whom ages still do part?
Yet I have joy, great joy, in loving Thee;
And Thou hast Joy, though far and far from me.

GYANTZE

(A. K. F.)

Om Mani! Bright One! Jewel without flaw!
Hail, Lotus-Born! *Om Mani Padmé Om!*
Come Thou, Tathâgata! Lord, quickly come!
Om Mani! Come Thou, Jewel, Lotus, Law!
The yellow robe I donned long ages since,
When first Lord Buddha was upon this earth.
How many times I followed, birth on birth,
My Jewel Lotus, Lawgiver and Prince!
And now Gyantze holds me. Still I wait
For Him who Was and Is and Is to Come,
The Lotus-Born. *Om Mani Padmé Om!*
Come, Lord, to these Thy Servants at the Gate!
Om Mani! Cycles pass. Age follows age.
Soon comes Lord Buddha to my hermitage!

SRINAGAR

(K. H.)

Beloved, wilt thou come with me, forsake
Awhile the vain world with its foolish glamour?
I have a house-boat on the Wular lake,
Where Beauty dwells, far from the dust and clamour.
Within the boat are gathered two or three,
Fishers of men and seekers of the Risen.
There we will make a little Galilee,
And preach unto the souls that are in prison.
A simple fare is all the body needs,
Pure water, fruits, the love of God within;
For wisdom grows with that whereon it feeds,
And God shall grant forgiveness of sin.
Come! Live with me! The foolish world forsake!
Christ rules my house-boat on the Wular lake.

MAJESTY

(MORYA)

I rule the City of the Golden Gates ;
Atlantis, Egypt, India are my throne.
Both far and near my Majesty is known ;
On me a people without number waits.
I hold the immemorial East in fee,
Tiflis and Baghdad, Lhassa, Samarcand,
Whate'er there is on earth of Ancient Land,
From island unto island, sea to sea.
The world rolls on. Old cycles come again.
Unresting and resistless turns the Wheel.
Even continents the force of ages feel ;
And vale grows into mountain, sea to plain.
So Morya, Regent of the Golden Gates,
For the fulfilment of his Fortune waits.

THE MASTER OF BENARES

(RAJ TILAK)

O Thou whose living Name no man may give,
Centre of Being, Lord of Love and Light,
How little are earth's Great Ones in Thy sight,
By whom, through whom, with whom all creatures live !
Before Thee, wisest of the wise we bow
Enraptured, overwhelmed, down-stricken, dumb ;
For very Light soul-darkened, overcome,
Thrice-holy, all-embracing God ! God ! Thou !
How dost Thou turn our Age to foolishness !
How dost Thou bend the mighty to Thy will !
How Thou art secret, centred, selfful, still,
Unnameable, unnaméd Blessedness !
How Thou art God ! Within, beyond our scope !
Our God ! One God ! Our Life ! Our Light ! Our Hope !

"FEED MY LAMBS"

(D. K.)

I, Damodar, the Master's Little Sheep,
From Himavât send greeting to my friends,
Even such as love the Master. Lo, I keep
My vigil till the Age of Iron ends.
And, ere I go to mine eternal home,
Which for this little while I have forsaken,
To each and all I give my *mantram*, "Come!
Take thou the Bread of Life, as I have taken."
What is the fret and toil of life to thee?
Look up! Look up! The tempest clouds are riven;
And Christ, the Son of Man, securely see,
Who openeth for us the gates of heaven.
Christ thee hath bought. Christ thee will safely keep—
Saith Damodar, the Master's Little Sheep.

SERAPIS

MASTER OF THE GODS

The stars still shine upon our Mother Nile,
As shone they when the Pyramids were a-building.
Still dances Lotus in the sun-god's smile,
Gold with the dawn that gilds nor needeth gilding.
Serapis I, the Master of the Gods,
Isis, Anubis, Ra, Mut, Nephthys, Horus,
Builder of men from out of senseless clods,
Getter of sons to Mother Nile, who bore us.
I hold the Greater and the Lesser Crown;
Mine are the Ankh, the Gem, the Sacred Asp.
I lead the Servant up, the Master down;
The Key of heaven, of earth, is in my clasp.
Yea, I am Master, Master of the Gods.
Arise thou, Master! Serve no more — with clods!

HILARION CYPRIOTES

As sucks the bee sweet honey from the flowers,
Unresting and unhasting, day by day;
Naught recks she heat or wind or sultering showers,
If so her garner groweth grace alway;
Or Pediaeus from the Olympian mount
Beareth refreshment to the parching plains,
Unsealing many a rill and well and fount
For lowing cattle, fainting fruits and grains —
So I, unwearied, toil for God, His grace,
Garnering sweetness, bearing love and light
From the Most High, who is my dwelling-place,
To these my children wandering in night;
And they, when day is done, black night is gone,
Shall know me, Cypriote Hilarion.

MEDITATION

(SAINT GERMAIN)

When from the clamouring throng and press of men,
I do withdraw me to Thy presence, Lord,
And wait in silent stillness for that word
Which shall release me to my tasks again
Charged with new life, new strength, new courage; then
Thou comest, as of old the High Priest heard
Rustlings of cherub wings that dimly stirred,
And knew Thou stoodest in Thy holy fane.
I have no need to struggle to Thy feet.
Gone is the weary toil of wind and wave;
Gone are the darkness and the desert blast.
The long, long years of banishment are past.
I have found mercy at the Mercy Seat,
And, strong to sin, have found Thee strong to save.

GERONIMO

SERVANT OF THE HOLY NAME

Geronimo, the Lord of Venice, saith :
" Now unto God, our Father, Lord and King,
Be praise and honour, glory, thanksgiving,
From every creature that on earth draws breath.
What think ye of the Son of Man ? " saith he.
" Is this Elijah which was for to come ?
Or John the Baptist risen from the tomb ?
Or look we for Another yet to be ?
O foolish children, worshipping in fear
The man-made phantoms of your darksome prison,
Christ is not here or there, for He is risen !
Why say ye, ' He is there,' or, ' He is here ' ?
For, as the lightning shineth in the east,
So is the Giver of the Marriage Feast."

ALEXIS VASILIEFF

SON OF HOLINESS

Sun rises over Kremlin's massy dome
In Holy Russia ; pinnacles and spires
Rose-gilded pierce the sky : so my desires
Soar to the King of Kings, and to my home.
Men call me holy, for that I keep pure
This temple of my body to my King ;
And loving, for that sedulous I bring
The fleeting to that One who shall endure ;
And wise, for that I speak of things on high.
Yet, O, compared with Thee, my One Adored,
My loving, holy, wise Jehovah, Lord,
How little holy, loving, wise am I !
Alexis wise ? Alexis loving ? Pure ?
None, none is these, but One, who shall endure !

KOENIGSBERG

(AUTUMN 1916)

Grey are the seas that wash my northland home;
Chill, the winds sweep ice-bitten, dreary plains.
I have a horror of the blood-wet rains,
The pines that moan, the seas' insensate foam;
And yet I hold the Mountain of our King;
My name is Gottfried, servant of God's Peace.
I neither seek nor crave for my release;
Through age on age is this my worshipping.
O Lord, my Lord, how holy is Thy Name!
How gladly serve I Thee, Thou One Adored,
Thou, holy, holy, holy God and Lord!
We change. Thou ever art, shalt be, the Same!
The woes of life, they trouble, pass and cease.
One thing remains, God's Peace! Gottfried! God's Peace!

TU ES PETRUS

(DIETRICH)

Oft have I stood upon Life's lonely beach,
When waves in thunder broke, sea after sea,
Rank upon serried rank, whose clouded speech
Not yet in all these years was shown to me.
Oft have I heard the drums of battle roll,
And known the victor's shout from victim's scream.
Print upon print, the drums beat in my soul,
A storm of life, a heart-throb, and — a dream!
Hence! Raging seas! Back! Back! Intrusive winds!
Ye shall not tear the dreamer from his Rock.
Praise God Most High! the tide of passion finds
Staunch granite still to affront the mortal shock.
Praise God! still Dietrich stands staunch, calm and wise,
'Mid blows and hates, and woes and calumnies.

INITIATION

I saw all heaven as a hill of glass,
And knew I stood before the Great White Throne;
But Him that sat thereon I was not shown,
For bands were round me that I might not pass.
Height upon height the Mount of Glory rose.
Eternal sunshine rested on its crown,
And, like a fountain, flung white torrents down
Steep after steep of everlasting snows.
O Lord of heaven and earth and hell, I come
Swift to this meeting-place of woe and bliss.
Where flows the torrent o'er the precipice,
There Thou hast arched Thy rainbow on the foam;
And, ere I face the everlasting snows,
I see, far off, Thy sevenfold, holy Rose.

SANÂT KUMÂRA

East of the Sun and Westward of the Moon,
By Three and Five and Seven I am bound,
Kumâra; yet — seek thou the whole world round —
To find Me, thou shalt not yet have this boon,
Till Three and Five and Seven shall be One.
Sun meeteth Moon. In sunray I am found,
Sanât Kumâra. Search with Sight, with Sound,
With Faith and Hope and Love, with Moon and Sun.
I see whatever grows upon the earth;
I hear the faintest fall of leaf or twig.
Nothing is hid from Me, or false or true.
For I, Sanât, am you, friend, you from birth;
Big you, or little; little you or big;
By Three and Five and Seven, I am You!

ASÂMO

Asâmo, princeliest of a princely line,
Master and Keeper of the Holy Place :
" Forth, forth, vain fools ! " saith he. " Forth, vile and base !
Forth, upstarts ! rebels ! mockers ! unclean ! swine !
Forth, Earthfolk ! Thrice ye crucified the Lord,
And yet to-day ye nail Him to the Tree,
Who willed you only love. Such folks are ye
As I would gladly give unto the sword.
But, lo ! between your sins and you He hangs
Self-offered. At each thrust He pleads anew,
' Father, forgive ! They know not what they do.'
And God forbears yet for His loving pangs.
Yea, God forbeareth. Filthy folk are ye
To nail such Love, such Love to such a Tree ! "

BELFÂME

Beloved, fear not ! Ofttimes torrent's rage
On the swart hillside lays the gold-lode bare ;
And oft the tempest's ravening fingers tear
Gaps that set linnets free from fowler's cage :
Thus Fortune, smile she, frown she, helps the Sage.
No mortal ill is truly past repair ;
So long as Life and Light and Love are there
To build up fair man's broken heritage.
Fear not, beloved ! Through these desert sands
God shall His ducts of living water delve,
And thy drear barrens to His voice shall yield.
God does not force disciples with commands.
His voice is ever pleading to the Twelve,
" Come ye to Me ! Drink ! Eat ! Rest ! Live ! Be healed ! "

TÂMÂRO

"To arms! To arms! Right wrongs! Up! Draw sword!
Fight!"
Nay, friend, fight not! Bad deeds make no cause good.
Nor lance nor sword may prove thy manlihood;
Nor wrong by wrong avenged show forth thy right.
"How, then? Be recreant? Cringe? Appeal? Crouch?
Quail?"
I wot of One who trafficked not in wrath;
Slew none; smote none; blessed all upon His path;
Failed none; helped all; yet bore nor sword nor mail.
A God was He? Aye, so! And ye are gods,
O paltry fools, blind to your own estate,
That win the little, losing the high and great;
Buying for gold, base earths and drossy clods!
Yea, gods are ye, that, mured in mortal mesh,
The Spirit's wars do fight with arms of flesh!

I

THE ANGEL OF THE NORTH

O sons of men, children of rule and law,
Ephemeral creation, whom the mists
Engirdle, blinding, bands are on those wrists,
Chains on those weary limbs. Ever doth gnaw
The eagle at the lone Prometheus' breast;
Ever the sorrow carks. He who is king,
Reigns but to share the poorest's hungering.
A world's wealth may be his; but never rest,
Never release! Children, I bring to you,
Alas! much sadness in my daily task
Which the Eternal laid on me. I ask
Much patience of you. I am patient, too!
I wait. I sow. I reap. O sweet Content,
How thou enlargest even banishment!

II

THE ANGEL OF THE WEST

Lay the cerecloth upon the quiet face:
Fold hand on hand: compose the unmoving limbs.
Our Brother sleeps. O mourn not! Hush the hymns
Of sadness. Peace, not grief, is in this place.
Lo! One speaks: "Children, I am Angel Death.
Accept me! I am merciful. I take
What the appointed hour brings. O, awake,
Thou sleeping one! My veil which covereth,
My Dark, but hides the glory, lest it blind
With extreme gold thy vision of the spheres,
Such as I would impart. Dull not thine ears
To this my message, O loved humankind!
Grieve not, dear sons! The sombre-seeming night
Deny! It is not! I am Angel Light!"

III

THE ANGEL OF THE SOUTH

I toil. O children, see ye slacken not!
Sweet are the glamorous dream-spells of the moon,
When winds weave witchcraft to the waters' croon,
And sweet the summer's magic in the hot
Silences of the happy noonday hours.
Dreaming, I do. Wind ye your net of dreams
Incessantly. Great deed alone redeems
Thy poppy coronal of flame-wrought flowers.
Plenish the earth! Increase and multiply,
O viewless hosts of beauty! All is given
To use, to savour. Dreams in Duty shriven
Are potencies for Us to conjure by.
Increase, enlarge, stand forth, ye hosts of Beauty!
Dreaming, I do! Do ye! saith Angel Duty.

IV

THE ANGEL OF THE EAST

Scarlet and sapphire, swift and glistering,
Golden and amethystine, crystal-clear,
Earth-throned, star-crowned, I rule mine Orient sphere
With vibrant flashes of imperial wing.
Rejoice, O sons of men! Rejoice and sing,
For your Redeemer liveth! O, appear,
Blest Sons of God! Rise! Shine! Your Lord is here.
Will ye not wake to greet your risen King?
Nay, turn not earthward sorrow-stricken eyes,
Nor weep among the shadows. In the morn,
Scarlet and gold, the Sons of God are born;
Earth-throned, star-crowned, the Lords of Promise rise.
Lo, I make all things new! From sphere to sphere
Rolls the glad Song: Rise! Shine! Your Lord is here!

POSEIDON, EARTH-SHAKER

(NEPTUNE)

When God created Earth to take the place
Of that sad Planet, lost ere its fruition
In hellish, damnéd, damnable ambition,
He made a Garden for the new-got race.
And of that Garden I, Poseidon, kept
The outer gates, the precincts and the marches.
I heard the moans of damnéd souls that wept,
Yet none passed through the triple-guarded arches.
Then came the Tempter. Ruin with him came.
Not from without came he, but from within.
Alas! My wardship saved not man from sin,
That self-wrought canker, black with death and shame.
I shake the Earth. I hold the utmost Sea.
By man came death, by Man comes Victory!

URANUS

FRIEND OF GOD

Uranus, Prince among the Sons of God
Who quiring move athwart the darkling sky
Singing and dancing with sweet minstrelsy,
Saith, " Knowest thou the path that I have trod?
What difference 'twixt Me and yonder clod?
If both be dedicate to God Most High,
Then clod is not less Friend of God than I,
Who hold the Cup, the Mantle and the Rod.
How great is little! In a drop of brine,
Perchance the teardrop of some faltering saint,
Are gold and rubies, jasper, coralline,
Colours beyond the power of earth to paint.
Why, then, if thou art little, therefore faint?
' Great,' saith the Lord, ' and little, both are Mine!' "

SATURN

Lord Kronos, Prince and Keeper of the Bow
Which, seven-tinctured, girds God's Mercy Seat,
Speaketh in accents mild, majestic, sweet,
As one who greeteth friends of long-ago.
" Beloved, it is given you to know
The Mystery of God. Yea, it is meet
That thus ye come to the Beloved's feet."
And countless angels whispered, " It is so ! "
" Beloved, I, who see the Father's Face
And share His counsels, marvel at the Plan
Of God's forgiveness to outlaw Man.
Unquestioning, awe-stricken I do trace
The golden stream of that redeeming Grace,
And worship Him slain ere the world began."

JUPITER

Smile thou, beloved, though the world go weeping;
Vain is world's laughter, vain, ah ! vain its tears.
Lo, I who bear the burden of the years
Leave these my sorrows in God's holy keeping.
Lord God, my God, Thou art of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquity. My heart
Is Thine. I chosen have the better part
Wherewith Thou dowerest gentle hearts and wise.
If I should chance to wander from Thy ken
And lose Thy Presence, then, ah woe is me !
How frail and erring this my path would be !
How far from Thee, how near to other men !
But for the Glance of those pure, holy eyes,
How quickly lost were I, ne'er, ne'er to rise !

MARS

(1916)

My sword is blood-red even to the hilt.
Red Reaper, I, who lay the corn in swathes
Well-calculated, broad. My right hand bathes
Hourly with blood of human beings spilt
In anger, in ambition and in guilt.
Mine are the countless thousand whirring lathes
That fashion gods for broken, breaking faiths.
Flee thou! I follow, wheresoe'er thou wilt!
"On us and on our children be His blood!"
Rememberest thou, thou shrinking one, that doom?
Thou spakest it! Thou speakest it even now!
The mark of Cain is wet upon thy brow.
The blood of Abel crieth from the tomb,
"Show us some good thing! Lord God, show us Good!"

SELENE

(LUNA)

Selene, silver-footed Queen, doth look
From shadowy windows on a world forlorn.
Weeping, she prays, "Ah God! My heart is torn
For the God-hating tribes of men, who took
And slew their Saviour. His sweet Dying shook
The worlds unnumbered. Even now they mourn
The gentlest, noblest of mankind yet born.
Lord God, how canst Thou such injustice brook?
And yet,"— Selene's voice comes low and clear,
Soft as sweet winds that sleep at eventide —
"It needs must be our dear Lord Jesus died;
He needs must suffer torment, anguish, fear.
Faith, Hope and Love, these Three do still abide.
Faith, keep me! Hope, uphold me! Love, be near!"

URANIA

(VENUS)

Goddess of light, of beauty and of grace,
Star of the evening, Queen of Lovers, I.
When other stars shine not yet in the sky,
I spread my radiance o'er the human race.
High heaven is my wonted dwelling-place.
I check all discord. Aspirations high
I give to those who seek my ministry,
Spurning the dull, the brutish and the base.
Hast thou fine gold? I give thee finer yet.
All Alchemy is mine. In my caresses
The weary one despiseth wearinesses.
I give the Girdle and the Amulet.
Within the mystic mazes of my tresses
Man dies to live, remembers to — forget!

MERCURIUS

Mercurius, Master of the Golden Voice,
Player upon the seven-stoppéd Flute —
"Lo, I come quickly, and do ye rejoice.
Sing ye, my Children, these long ages mute!
I come in secret, even as a thief.
Be ye prepared. The night is now far spent.
The morning reddens swiftly past belief.
Arise, ye souls in earthly prison pent!
Arise, Beloved! Sons of men, arise!
He calleth you. Obey, obey the call!
God's Star of Gladness shineth in your skies.
Rise ye! Rejoice! Let God be all in all!
Mercurius, Master of the Golden Voice,
Crieth to you; Arise! Be clean! Rejoice!"

VULCAN

Rememberest thou, O soul of man, that day
When with me in God's Presence thou didst stand
Upon the holy Mount, and all the land
In whitest radiance broad and peaceful lay?
No voices and no thunderings were there;
Nothing to fright thee. All was wrapped in peace.
Christ spake to thee, spake of His own decease
And of those things which fell to Him to bear.
Wilt thou not, O my brother, turn again
To Him, thy Source, thy heart-delighting Fount,
And come with me unto the holy Mount,
Where Christ shall meet thee, now no more with pain?
Rememberest thou? Then turn, O turn, with me.
He whom thou lovest standeth, calleth thee.

ISIS

I keep the portal of the Innermost.
My veil no son of earth may lift and live.
To him who is not of this earth I give
The threefold unction of the Holy Ghost.
Child of the Moon, and Daughter of the Sun,
The Lotus-bud whence all creation springs,
I dwell for ever at the Heart of things,
Where One is Three, and Three is ever One.
Thou greetest Me with reverent foot and slow.
I love him well who rightly loveth Me.
I ever Was, I evermore Shall Be.
He knoweth God Most High who Me doth know.
I Isis am. No man My veil shall lift.
Take! Thou Me takest! Give! I am the Gift!

ALDEBARAN

(TAURUS)

Aldebaran thus speaks to humankind,
Thus saith Aldebaran, " O foolish Beasts —
For beasts ye are, insensate, wrathful, blind
To good and evil, ye who your Lord's behests
Trample into the mud, and at your feasts
Make ribald laughter — God shall you yet bind
To torments of the driven, lusting mind,
And hell-fire swallow beasts and lusts and jests.
Aldebaran, beholding the pure Face
Of Him who made you wise and pure and strong,
Knoweth full well the root of all your ill.
Ye fools to put men's folly for God's grace !
Your knowledge lacks not. Choose ye right for wrong.
For lusts seek Grace, for filthiness Goodwill."

ALGOL

(PERSEUS)

Rock-chainéd Truth — naked Andromeda,
The bitter spindrift beating on her breast —
Art thou her champion, who deliverest
These well-turned, highly-praised eulogia ?
If Truth were freed by waving of a wand,
Long since were breathed the Truth-releasing spell.
Yet ages pass and pass since mankind fell,
And still the iron rock, the brazen bond.
Though time We count by untold centuries,
Yet even so, how long ? how long, O Lord ?
Andromeda still waits Athene's sword;
Still gape the jaws of hell's iniquities.
Three days of days Truth in death's belly lieth,
And Peter thrice ere dawn his Lord denieth.

ANTARES

(SCORPIO)

The eagle gazeth with unblinded eyes
Upon the noonday glory of the sun ;
So to the Lord uplooketh every one
Who starward, sunward soareth eaglewise.
Gentle and meek the glory of the Lord,
Shared by all living creatures, great and small ;
One glory, dropping dewlike upon all,
Through cross and circle equally outpoured.
An Eagle soareth to the Central Sun ;
A Dove descendeth earthward. So it goes.
For Cross shall ever blossom into Rose,
Till Path and he who treads thereon be One.
One is the Way ; One is the Truth for Me ;
And One the Life. Life, Truth, Way, One they be !

ARCTURUS

(BOOTES)

Who seeks the august presence of the Stars,
That are God's servants, must right humble be.
Ere mortal toucheth immortality
He putteth far from him Self's foolish wars.
Self's witless strife he putteth far from him,
And reacheth upward, godlike in the pride
Wherewith he layeth circumstance aside,
Child, grown unto the child-wise Cherubim.
Who seeketh Star-lore must have starry eyes
And eyes undimmed by lust of mortal light.
Star-essences concealed from earthly sight
Yield nigh unsought to gentle, pure and wise.
The high and haughty, clad in passion's cloak,
Disdain mere Star-dust, gems for humbler folk.

BETELGEUX

(ORION)

Ah, holy, holy, holy is the Lord ;
Thrice-holy, He ; Thrice-holy is His Name,
Who Was and Is and Shall Be, Christ, I AM,
The ever-blessed, God-revealing Word !
Men gather riches. Think that if they hoard
Perishable gold, vain power, fleeting fame,
With tenths they shall assoilzie Angel-blame,
With soft repentance foil the Angel-sword.
Through deep on deep of serene-silent sky
To Us earth's crowding supplications come
From hearts that gripe the gain, cry woe for loss.
Men, will ye trick Us with your knavery ?
Men, will ye muse Us with your foolish hum ?
One died ! One lives ! Seek Him, to find a — Cross !

CANOPUS

(ARGO)

O ye who, knowing not the Starfolks' law,
In ignorance the Starfolks' God blaspheme,
And on you Starfolks' malediction draw
And evil rays, as evil beasts ye seem,
Accurséd — know that all folks think not so.
Some would have pity, and would not destroy,
For all your evil ; some would let you go
Free even yet, ill beasts ! that slew our Joy,
Using our Jesus, using Him to mock,
To spit upon, to curse until this day.
Of these am I, who wit that senseless block
Must brutish be ; God governs him that way.
Earth men, ill beasts, I would not you destroy,
Though for your wanton ends ye slew our Joy.

MAGIC

(CAPELLA)

Magic lies in the well-directed Will.
Magic controls the Judge and the Physician
Not less than him whom the world calls Magician,
Because his means are more intangible,
Less plain to mortal eye. Magicians are
Your Lunatic, your Poet and your Lover.
The things of God are theirs by right of trover,
That right which holds for plant or man or star!
Magic lies in the Dreamer's frenzied eye;
Magic lies in the Loved One's golden glances;
And magic in the Poet's stanzas dances,
If he have won his claim to poesy.
Nothing can be, or wise or gay or tragic,
Save and except by force and power of Magic.

THE FORBIDDEN WORD

(MARKAB)

Tempt me no more! Enough have I sung already!
Tempt me no more! Enough have His praises rung!
Tempt me no more! no more! *Jam satis dedi!*
Enough! Let it suffice that I have sung!
Nay! Tempt me not! The stars sing in their courses,
And of that Christ-led throng the least am I,
Whom men the Singer call. Enough! The forces
Of light and dark touch not my Mystery!
Tempt me no more! Of Him, of Him seek pardon!
Of Him! Enough! Nay! Nay! I will not speak!
God send the roses bloom soon in thy garden!
I scorn not! Nay! But how if I am weak?
(The Singer pauses, touches soft his lyre.)
May roses bloom, Love, soon to thy desire!

MIRA

Where the star-clusters open wide and part,
As parts the ripe corn for the westering breeze,
Or for ship's bow the soft, cerulean seas
That lift and swoon and cease, so from the Heart
Of God I wing my way. Mira I am,
A messenger of love for many a place,
Which else had somewhat lacked my Father's grace.
I speed! I speed! Take heed! By Goat and Ram
None stays me on my path. Haste! Haste! I speed!
And speeding scatter jewels. Lord of Hosts,
For Thee I speed by seas and bays and coasts.
Haste! Haste! Post-haste! I speed! I speed! Take heed!
I speed for Thee, as many another Rover.
I speed! Take heed! Journey-days soon are over!

THE CRUCIFIXION

(SIRIUS)

"A sword! A sword! Smite with the sword, nor spare
These filthy rebel robbers of Thy grace!
Smite, Lord God! Slay! We who behold Thy Face
Cannot and dare not, nay! will not forbear.
Slay! Holy One! Down through the lambent air
Loose Thy just bolt! Smite, Lord! Let not their place
Know them! Blot out, blot out the accurséd race
That slew Thy Son!" Thus Sirius spake in prayer
To his Beloved, and, as some far off wail
Rings through the arches of eternity,
Echoing for ever, so to that White Throne
Rose the Dominion's plea. And, as the swift flail
Of lightning, flashed His word across the sky;
"Shall I not keep or lose what is Mine Own?"

SPICA

(VIRGO)

Let Truth be spoken where the Brethren meet!
Let Love adorn the Loved One's dwelling-place,
And Wisdom be the handmaid of Her grace,
And Swift-to-Serve the shoes upon Her feet!
My brother, I, the Virgin, do thee greet,
And do not thou thine eyes veil in amaze
At the strange Beauty of thy Loved One's face!
The Virgin greets thee. Let no fond conceit
Put veils between us! Let me be thy Love,
Who stoop from Heaven so gladly, at thy side
Through Love's adornéd groves and fields to wend,
To be thy Virgin and thy mated Dove,
Thine Undefiled, thy Heart's Love and thy Bride,
Thy Joy, thy Life, thy Way, thy Journey's End!

THE LIGHTHOUSE

(VEGA)

Level beams! Level beams! The broad rays veer and flash.
I wheel! I wheel! Wheel thou! thou brave sea-bird,
Rover from sunny isles. Waves crash! Waves crash!
Level beams! Level beams! "Peace! Peace! Peace!"
saith the Lord.
My sword darts through the cruel mist and wrack.
Level beams! I stand above the rave and roar.
Let him that comes too near, go back! go back!
'Ware reefs! 'Ware reefs! 'Ware light! 'Ware shoals!
'Ware shore!
Let him that comes in peace, draw nigh! draw nigh!
The night wears on. The day is close at hand.
I see a redness in the Eastern sky;
At the Sun's tent the Curtain-Drawers stand.
My word is sure. Let him pass by who will.
Soon, soon the Master speaks, "Peace, thou! Be still!"

TO MARGOT

MY WELL-BELOVED

Some, who have seen God, say they saw naught but flame,
Amber on sapphire pavement underneath ;
And some have felt pulsations, as of breath
Borne from ineffable altitudes, that came
In measured beat as of a well-loved name,
" Beloved ! O Beloved ! " Some in death
Alone find likeness, death that delivereth
From pain, from loss, from passion and from shame,
Death into life. For me I think of Him,
Not as a man, for men, alas ! have sinned,
Nor yet as flame, nor death to self, nor wind
Of bliss, nor yet as throned on cherubim.
Ah no ! I think of all my love for thee,
My Margot. So my God enthroned I see.

MARGARET

TO HER BELOVED

Beloved, through the ages I have waited,
Whilst thou on thy Lord's business wanderedst far
O'er sea and desert, following His star,
My dear beloved. Athens, hundred-gated
Thebes, Carthage, Rome, Palmyra, the ill-fated
Manoah, Yeddo, Delhi, the bazaar
Of mystic Lhassa, Hawaii, Alcazar,
Pesth, Moscow, Smyrna, each has known us mated,
But to dispart in sorrow, but to fall
In death at last. Yet ever thou art true,
Ever endurest. Soon in Him shall cease
Our sorrows, even as the silvery dew
Slips in the Ocean. Love rules all in all.
Rest thou, beloved ! I do give thee peace !

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

My Margot plucking at the zither strings,
What time her voice, in harmony controlled,
From deep to deep of divine music rolled,
Praising the beauty at the heart of things —
My Margot dancing, as the mere delight
Of golden sunbeams dances on the stream
In noonday English June's enchanted dream,
While swallows weave their mazy, dizzying flight —
My Margot kneeling at the altar rail
With hands enclasped, and bowéd, childlike head,
Waiting the Feast of wine and wheaten bread,
That Sacrament whose Love-streams never fail —
These I remember, and remembering
Give thanks and praise to Him, my Lord and King.

RUE FOR BITTER-SWEET

Beloved, hearken to thy Marguérite.
Speed not thine age in recollections fond.
These backward looks take not to the beyond
Whither our steps do tend. As children greet
The springtime with fair garlands and the sweet
Piping of untrained voices, till the bond
'Twixt song and fragrance break the hoar despond
Of winter's misrule ; so we rise to meet
Our Lord in the air, as Paul the Writer saith.
Beware, then, loved one ! Look not earthward, thou !
Nor skyward ! nor without, at all ! Within
Is thy one antidote to sin and death.
Live not for past or future ! Live but now !
In past, in future, there lie death and sin.

NATURE-WORSHIP

If Margaret and Marguérite be one,
And Marguérite be day's eye, as they say,
Then Margot spangles all the meads in May,
And Margot beams in ray of golden sun.
Now Margaret is Latin for a pearl,
And pearls and tears are never far apart.
Such pearls ! Such tears ! Such pearls in such a heart !
My Margot ! Sunshine ! Goddess ! Woman ! Girl !
Where'er I look my Margot I descry.
Her voice sings in the note of singing bird,
Whose lilt is clear and bell-like, clean, unslurred;
Her colours are in earth and sea and sky.
In brief, I have not seen a sweet thing yet,
That had not somewhat in't of Margaret.

NOMENCLATURE

If John and Jack are very much the same,
And Jack to Jacko is but one degree,
And Jacko is the pride of forest tree,
Then Jacques-bois, Jungle Jacko, be thy name.
If John be Jonas, as wise men arede,
And Jonas be the Hebrew for a dove,
And Simon Peter son of Jonas prove,
Thou Peter John or Pigeon art indeed.
Thus John and Jacques and Peter I thee call,
Who were our Blessed Lord's beloved three ;
And thou art Jean and Jacques and Pierre to me,
Who rule, in Him, in, through and over all.
Rise, then, Sir Jacques Pierre ! Shakespeare art thou yet,
Or thou hast found a fool in Margaret !

PYTHAGORAS

" Some say our Wisdom-Teacher did not die
When Croton burnt his terraces, and slew
The Brethren. That might chance : yet those poor few
Who 'scaped that night of God-lost cruelty
Could little tell save their own misery.
May God requite you, Croton-folks, who knew
My matchless Master, and who yet, yet threw
The dice dog-upward, dogs in destiny ! "
" My child, what is't to thee, the how and when ?
What matter losses, if the heart be pure ?
What matter gains, if so thou lovest Me ?
Pythagoras among his fellow-men
May pass and perish. Wave rolls in from sea.
But rock, but soul, but God — that doth endure ! "

DEMOCRITUS

Of fools, and they are many, I have scorn,
Not of the fools — poor fools ! — who cannot see,
But those who, binding vision for a fee,
Do rob the poor man of his dole of corn,
Cozen the helpless, trample the forlorn.
Are there no depths in known or unknown sea
Where godless fools like these may whelméd be,
Bleached by the winds, by rocks and surges torn ?
I pay no heed to tales that old wives tell
Of Stygian pitch or Acherontic fens.
These things are childish to the mind of sense.
One thing I know, and this I know right well,
That thou, O fool, shalt live when thou art hence,
And shalt remember ! That, Fool, is thy hell !

HIPPOCRATES

I wield in trust the serpent-twinéd rod
Which Hermes to my sire, Asclepius, gave,
Asclepius who brought Glaucus from the grave,
And died in lightning-blast of angry god.
I fear no lightning-bolts, for I have trod
More humbly my physician's path. I crave
From none protection nor indulgence, save
In humdrum ploy of even and of odd.
I love not men and cities overmuch,
Who yet in crowding hives my years do spend,
Loosing one here, one there, from Hades' clutch.
I toil my toil unto the very end,
Proud if at last my shoulder take the touch
Of that Hand, and One whisper, " Who goes ? Friend ! "

PLATO

Staunch-built am I to break the blows of fate.
On back and flank and thigh full many a weal,
Insensate rained, me Plato doth reveal,
Broad-shouldered, laughter-gifted, wise, sedate.
I do not use my wisdom for a cloak ;
Nor seek with words to beautify false loves.
Athene's owl sits ill by Cypris' doves,
Nor tettix sings when Hades' ravens croak.
The Muses nine beget all harmonies ;
And Music is the Muses' power to purge
And cleanse and heal whatso the Demiurge
Hath dreamed in His God-drunken Mysteries.
Broad-shouldered, rose-wreathed, drunken, not with wine,
Athenian Plato greets the Muses nine.

ECSTASY

(PLOTINUS)

Whenas thou seekest Godhead to unveil,
And givest thee to the tremendous Quest,
Through many a haunted land thou travellest,
O'er many a heath, by many a hollow dale,
Where brabbling brooks and grey-ghost pine-trees wail,
And lonely inns receive the sad-eyed guest.
All mirth, all beauty thou relinquishest.
Mute sorrow leads thee, fear, and hunger pale,
In sober weeds and hodden russet dight.
" Turn now ! Turn now ! " The world, thy tempter, saith.
Turn not ! Turn not ! noble, brave-hearted wight.
One instant, and thy foe surrendereth !
One furlong, and thou reachest forth from death !
One sigh, and, lo ! thy Love and thy Delight !

SURSUM CORDA

(DIONYSIUS AREOPAGITES)

Thou Lord and Christ, the Lamb of God which bearest
Sins, weaknesses, transgressions, woes away ;
Victim adorable, Sacrifice which repairest,
Dying, death's breach in sin-slain mortal clay ;
Chiefest among ten thousand, wisest, fairest,
Prince Abraham rejoiced to see Thy day ;
Jewel of Kings, long sought, most loved and rarest,
Our High Priest to bow down to, love, obey —
Bring we to Thee, rejoicing and adoring,
Whate'er we have of precious and of rare ;
Not earthly gold and myrrh and incense pouring ;
These are all Thine, for Thine they ever were ;
But that in which Thou deign'st to seek a part
We give to Thee. Take, Lord, take this my heart !

THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS

(THOMAS AQUINAS)

Why seekest thou the living with the dead?
Dost thou not know that Jesus rose again?
Why dedicate thy hand and heart and brain
To treatises of what this Doctor said,
Or that inferred, or that one, reason-led,
Cannot but think? Not thus gave Jesus grain
Of wheat and fish from out the peopled main
To multitudes, and cried, "I am the Bread
Of Life!" No grave, no tomb could Jesus hold;
For He, Life's Captain, Life's Desire, Life's Prince,
Left us the Word of Life, His Name, no cold,
Dull repetition of syllables that wins
By mere reiteration, but Jesus, since
That sabbath risen, Prince of joys untold!

I DIE DAILY

(RICHARD OF SAINT VICTOR)

My master, Hugo, taught me many things,
And many things I learned in book and scroll;
Yet more thou taughtest me, O mine own soul,
Than Sage e'er showed to the sons of kings.
Full oft doth rise a Power in me with wings
Of ravishment well nigh past my control.
Eternity itself doth beat and roll
In infinite seraphic psalterings.
There is a light in me which cannot die,
A rapture and a bliss that none shall shake,
A blessed, laughter-bringing certainty,
Which heaven on earth and joy in pain doth make.
Christ, Thou didst die for me on Calvary.
Shall I not die — in France for Thy sweet sake?

DOMINUS VOBISCUM

(FRANCIS OF ASSISI)

In the Beloved Name I give thee Peace,
For so my Master bade me. High and low
To great and small, simple and wise, I go,
Bearing with me the Word of Quietness.
Thrice have I seen the Blessed Sacrament
Change on the altar to the very Blood
And Flesh of Him who is the angels' food,
And thrice to Him in adoration bent.
And thrice to me our Blessed Mother spake.
My brow, my hands, my feet, my side, are pierced,
Wounds for His Wounds. I know the awful Thirst,
The Thirst no gall and vinegar can slake.
These things I have, yet, O, in loving Thee,
How little woes, how mighty comforts be!

AGNUS DEI

(ANGELA OF FOLIGNO)

"I am the Resurrection, and the Life:"
Thus spake He; then, to Lazarus, "Arise!"
Poor soul, o'ercome with worldly vanities,
Who seekest Crown, but shrinkest Cross-in-Strife,
Behold me, Angela, once maid and wife,
All given to earth's specious sophistries!
Christ cried to me, "Come forth!" not once nor twice —
Yet I gave my Beloved to the Knife.
Thou Lamb of God, slain for me, Angela,
How to requite Thee? How to assuage the pain
Of these dark sins for which Lord Christ was slain?
Turn, thou dear soul, that liest in sepulchre,
Thou art not dead, but sleepest! He is here!
And streams of bliss flow from His Golgotha.

THE INQUISITIVE BURGHER

(CATHERINE OF SIENA)

" Good den, Sir Pilgrim ! Whither journeyest
With staff and scrip of cheer and clouted shoon ?
To Jaffa ? or to Mountain of the Moon ?
From what far city comest ? On what quest ?
Or cravest thou the fabled Alkahest
By Prester John, or Agrippa, his boon ?
Such things as these, I trow thou'lt find not soon !
Speak, then, good sirrah, for to speak is best."
" I come from far. I journey farther still.
I seek no shore. I steal no mage's dream.
My land I prize all other lands above.
I journey but to do my Father's will.
I fain would be that which so many seem.
My home is Heaven, and my name is Love ! "

DOMINE, NON SUM!

(CATHERINE OF GENOA)

" Beloved Love, and dost Thou soothly deign
To share with me this humble dwelling-place,
Which is my heart ? And doth Thy royal Grace
Bending to me, Thy servant, full and fain
Endue Thy bondsman with the power to reign
Eternally in Presence ? I abase
Me at the coming of such graciousness.
Depart from me ! Unclean ! Lord, Lord, unclean ! "
" My little child, My darling, My delight,
Whom gladly to My bosom I do take,
Why weepest thou ? Why sleepest thou ? I make
All things, both clean and unclean, by My might.
Not for thy merit, but for Mine own sake,
Thy sins, they be forgiven. Rise and write ! "

ALMOND-BLOSSOM

(TERESA)

Teresa, by the Grace of God a child
Of Holy Grace, in holy, sweet content,
As one who loveth sweetness, smiled and bent
Full courteously to her suppliants, and mild
Yet piercing glance she threw, as though some wild,
Soft woodland thing, unhandled and unpent,
Stood there before us. Gracefully she leant
Her hand upon the pillar, and beguiled
Our hearts with love's delights. "Is't not enough
To seek thy wisdom 'mid the stars? Man delves
The stony ground till in the dust he cease,
Dust-gotten one! 'Tis folly's very stuff,
This self-love! Nay, to Christ turn ye yourselves,
To Christ, Life's gain, Life's wisdom, Life's increase!"

JOHN OF THE CROSS

When thou goest forth to find Him, all is dark,
For darkness lieth yet upon the hills.
The winds are hushed. Earth's silence well-nigh chills
The soul within thee. Yet thy little barque
Thou launchest, pressing forward to the mark
Faint seen upon far shore. Some Spirit fills
Thy sail, and darkness with soft presage thrills
Of God's sweet messenger, dawn-soaring lark.
See what thou leavest! Home and all things dear.
See what thou seekest! Joys, but joys unknown.
The little that thou hast, is here, is here!
The much, the hoped-for, longed-for, not yet shown!
Thy house is warm. The night is dark and drear.
Courage! He waits thee, thy Beloved One!

IGNATIUS LOYOLA

SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST

May the most just, most holy divine Will
Be done within all creatures, unperplext
By sin's false issues, quiet and unvext,
That all things may His purposes fulfil,
And Christ be all in all. To dress and till
God's garden in man's soul, so Sacred Text
Gives man's whole duty, naught thereto annext.
" God planted a garden eastward " on His hill!
How little God demands of wayward man!
How little asks He! Just to simplify
Plain issues into plainer, to deny
The false, factitious complex-self, to plan
Imperially from Beersheba to Dan,
As God Himself plans, for eternity!

ELIXIR

(RUYSBROECK)

Immortal beauty and immortal youth,
With riches, lordships over lands and seas —
As gods on high Olympus take their ease,
Quaffing the wine that Vulcan, the uncouth,
Forge-blackened Server bears, so, in good sooth,
The million-robbing Mammon-devotees
Sprawl on their thrones. Yet death comes unto these
As to their slaves, nor soon nor late, in ruth
Not less unsparing. Spell and sacrifice
Alike avail not. What, then, shall avail
Before the glare of those relentless eyes,
When spell and mass and gold alike do fail?
Thou fearest? One alone knows not to quail.
One only saith, " Fear not! I shall arise! "

THE RETURN FROM EGYPT

(MEISTER ECKHART)

With cords of love I draw thee, O my son!
From that pit where thou liest; from the mire
Of thine imagined sins; from wrath and fire;
From thoughts that wound thee, my beloved one,
The serpent and the rock-hid scorpion;
From death I draw thee. Lo! in white attire
Thy fellow-angels move to thy desire;
And thou my Cephas art, my rock whereon
I build my house of saints! For thrice three days
Thou wast wrath's victim. Even as the Lamb
Slain ere the world's beginning, thou hast lain
In death and hell. Hell knoweth well thy ways.
Arise thou, son! As thou art, so I am.
In thee I died; in thee I live again.

HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH

(TAULER)

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to
The waters. Come ye. Come ye, buy and eat.
Why labour ye for that which is not meat?
Both wine and milk are here prepared for you.
The food which perisheth do ye eschew.
Death lieth ever in the counterfeit.
Life that is real, life that is no cheat,
Is yours to have, if ye consent to do
His will. His will? An outwardly behest
Drawn none knows whence for some strange, secret end?
Ah no! That One before whom angels bend,
The Lord of All, whose Name is ever blest,
Seeks but acceptance in His loved one's breast;
Seeks but repose in thee; seeks but a friend.

AUSTERITIES

(HEINRICH SUSO)

"Austerities! Austerities! The hair
Shirt and the nail-shod crucifix,
The scourge, the iron girdle and the six
Days' bitter fast, the tears, the want, the care,
The hundred-thousand-times repeated prayer,
The darkness and the squalor, yea, the tricks
Of fevered fancy, wherein demons mix
With heavenly visions — Lord, Thou wast not there!
Thou wast not there, else Heinrich had not lain
In self-deluded, self-tormenting plight
Long forty years!" "Nay, son, receive thy sight!
I chide thee not! Go thou! Sin not again!
This cherish thou, this word of no disdain —
My yoke is easy, and My burden light."

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD

(THOMAS À KEMPIS)

"What wouldest Thou, Lord? Lord, what wouldest Thou?
Have I not left mine all to follow Thee?
Have I not trod the shores of Galilee?
Have I not kept mine hand unto the plough,
Even as Thou badest, seeking not the how
Or whither? What, then, askest Thou of me
Importunately, nigh commandingly?
What wouldest Thou, Lord? Lord, what wouldest Thou?"
"My son, thus much thou leavest. Yea, indeed
Thou art My son. In thee I do rejoice.
I know Mine own; and My sheep hear My voice,
And follow Me to flower-spangled mead
And pools of quiet. Child, be this thy choice.
The world forgetting, come thou, rest and feed."

THE SHEPHERD'S PLAINT

Men strive with many-clamoured disputations
Around a once-sealed, now an empty, tomb.
"Here lay He!" "Here!" "Here!" "Here!" Lord
Christ, to whom
Ascend the prayers of earth's creed-sundered nations,
Thou Sinless One of manifold temptations,
Whom nine months Mary bore in virgin womb,
Come thou from out thy church-hid catacomb,
Come Thou to us, Lord Christ! On us damnations
Many and fierce do fall; for we endure
This prison vast of bottomless abyss,
Where hail and brimstone heap discomfiture,
Where dragons coil and loathly serpents hiss.
We traitors die betrayed in miseries
Which Thou, betrayed and slain, alone canst cure.

THE MASTER'S SOLACE

I have redeeméd, and redeem I will,
Thou child of many prayers, thou dearly loved.
Cease, then! Though I am not, nor can be, moved
By cries or groans of them that live to kill;
That mutilate Mine own; that hate; that fill
The cup of wrath; that wanton unreproved
In blood of man and beast; with hand ungloved
Take hold on holy things — Mine ear is still
Open for thee, sweet singer to My name.
Fear not, for I am with thee. Though thou dwell
In very pit of man-devouring flame;
Though thou, Mine exile, move in utter hell;
Still I am with thee; still this place is same
Heaven for thee! So saith Immanuel.

THE KINGLY ARCHER

(PERICLES)

How sayest thou, friend? Is it featly sped?
Full in the clout! Mine arrow! Aye! A shaft
Winged with the grey goose. Art or ploy or craft,
This Statesmanship demands a wise man's head,
And fingers, grip, precision; this thing said,
That left unspoken, that, the deadlier, laughed.
Aha! A man's life! Tempests! No mere waft
Of soft Boeotian breezes. Sooner, dead!
Teach we the people! Cozening sometimes!
Dangers in too great frankness. Freedom? Ah!
In measure, coz, in measure. Presently.
Say, some six thousand years! No! Freedom chimes
Too close with licence here in Attica.
Wiser discourse on, ah! — Democracy!

EGO ET URBS MEA

(C. JULIUS CAESAR)

For his own works who shall be answerable?
Fate, Fortune, Nature, each to arbitrate,
Giving this deed its due and proper weight
In light of that opinion; judging this well,
Because that congruent seems: each word to scan,
Unheeding consequence, brows bent on cause;
Reckoning impacts, gravities, swerves, flaws,
Heroisms, follies, all that makes man Man —
Surely a task to tax Infinitude,
To headache God! Enough that Caius sought
Greatly to interpret such poor sparks of thought
As chance vouchsafed him, and he understood!
Enough that in the sanctuary of Fame
Caesar and Rome spell one portentous Name!

RABBI ELEAZAR BEN SIMON BEN IOCHAI

TANNAIST

If Mishna and Gemara, Midrashim,
Halakhah, Targums, Sayings of the Wise,
God of our Fathers, weigh not in Thine eyes,
Who shall abide Thy Presence? Sopherim
Alike with Priests and Levites from the dim
Light of their human judgement give replies
On that which in the Veil of Godhead lies,
Far beyond mortal sight. O think of Him,
Ye Rabbis and ye Lawgivers, as One
Whom ye with insect-measures shall not mete,
Nor lay the yoke of man-conceivéd Law
On these your weaker brethren. Look upon
Horeb with Sinai, tempering in sweet
Gerizim breezes Ebal's cloud-capt awe.

BARDAISAN OF EDESSA

GNOSTIC

Of Truth and of Truth's Knowledge, and the tact
Of Truth-in-Being on the hylic Dark,
Where Byss and Abyss lie enmingled, stark
In frozen silence; of the Tesseract,
Truth's emblem; of the fourfold Crucified,
From whom four streams of living Water flow
To the four regions of the A and O
Through true and false and high and deep and wide;
Of these I tell, whom men call Bardaisan,
But whom God knoweth by another name,
Blessed of Blessed He! I am a man
Much-loved, because much-loving. Lord, I claim
By this my Love the right to share Thy shame,
As once I shared Thy Bliss Aeonian!

AMIDA BUDDHA

(KUKAI KOBO DAISHI)

From Kyoto unto Amitâbha's shrine
Ten thousand bronze-wrought Buddhas mark the way.
Ten thousand Gates of Honour scarlet shine,
O Amida, my Sunbeam-in-the-Spray.
Ten thousand are the Steps that lead to Thee.
Nor chant of bonze nor boom and blare of gongs
Shall mar the stillness of Thine ecstasy,
Nor screams of wonder-seeking pilgrim-throngs.
They sweat and scheme. Thou holdest Thee serene,
Eyes level, outward-gazing, age on age.
Thou knowest not the little and the mean,
Dumb to the foolish, sage unto the sage.
We know. They dream. Yet we were once as they,
O Amida, the spray caught in the spray.

FREEDOM

(JEANNE D'ARC)

Forth from the fiery Heart of God I came
A messenger to do His holy will.
I have a heart that is a burning flame
Of fire unquenchéd and unquenchable.
My name is Freedom. No man me shall tame.
Though arméd cities do before me fall,
None but God's servants me for Friend shall claim.
Unquenchéd I, fore God, unquenchable!
Yet I am very lowly to the meek;
Gladly I share the poor man's humble cot.
Though hard to find, I am not hard to seek,
If so thou look not there where I am not.
Forth from the flaming Heart of God I came
A ministering, God-sent, Angel-flame.

RALPH HYTHLODAYE

(THOMAS MORE)

Ralph Hythlodaye, that merry, wise creator
Of fancies grave and gay in Utopie,
To his god-sip spake thus in amity :
" Fair sirrah, be thou lover, be thou hater
Of God His service, yet shalt thou be greater
In sober sooth, if thou but list to me.
So sure as mankind came from out the sea,
So sure thy Ralph is no mere windy prater.
Please God (quo' he) in no far-distant time
This world, this little island in the main,
Shall yet shake free the sin, the dust, the grime
Of mis-spent ages, cleanse the sorry stain
Of base desires. Then right with might shall rhyme,
And Hythlodaye come to his own again."

DECAMERONE

(GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO)

Nighest to God stands ofttimes bawdiest tale !
Oft blooms in miriest clay Love's dewiest rose.
Few hearts beat truer than Boccaccio's
To God. Though prophets mouth and preachers rail,
Paint-stick, lipsalve, prinked ruff, hooped farthingale,
Ring holier oft — or so my judgement goes —
Than bede-psalm snuffled through the saintliest nose !
Magna est Veritas. Truth shall prevail !
Comrades, I would not have you deem me loose.
I pay in full my debts to God and neighbour,
And if I pay with psaltery, harp and tabor,
Who but Himself shall judge the use abuse ?
If God permits, then let Tom Fool belabour !
Laborant frustra, nisi Dominus !

STATECRAFT

(CESARE BORGIA)

I rule by love, where some would rule by fear.
I take as friend, where some would take in hate.
I'll have no follies hinder mine estate,
Or ruth cut short my purpose. I endear
The name of ruler to my folk. I shear
For public weal the fleeces of the great,
That lesser sheep may so participate
In noble fortunes. No man is my peer
By place or birth; by intellect alone
I know my equals. Take my hand in trust;
Wayfaring men there shall not err, though fools!
Man is God's viceroy. Reason is his throne.
Let serpents, if they will, crawl in the dust
Upon their bellies. Cesare Borgia rules!

MARIA VIRGO

(BENVENUTO CELLINI)

Ave Maria, gratia plena! Hail!
Thou virgin Beauty, Sister, Queen and Bride!
The Rose of Sharon, hail! Judaea's Pride!
Twin-jewel in Beth-horon's lovely vale!
I, Benvenuto, following the male,
Thrusting propensity, full often tried
To the breaking thy dear trust. Yet none beside
Thee, Mary, Beauty, Virgin, in the scale
Weighed at the utmost test. Full many a deed
I number for repentance. Bitterly
The shames, the falls, the blackness I recall.
But thou hast failed me never. In my need
I turn to Mary. Gone is misery!
Gone, blackness! Mary, Virgin, healeth all!

ROMANCE

(FRANCIS DRAKE)

Yeo ho ! my bullies ! Heave to ! Back her yards !
Ease off her topsails ! Brail the t'gallant clews !
Luff her up short, now ! 'Vast ! A man of thews
And sinews is your Frankie. Spaniard guards
With prayers and maledictions the inner wards
Of Carthagena. Frankie at Vera Cruz
Ripostes *sa ! sa ! sa !* so ! Jack Spaniard chews
The cud of bitterness. Spain's quays and hards
Know Frankie well, too well ! Ah welladay !
What boots the cut-and-thrust *sa ! sa ! sa !* so ?
What boots the bearding of your rapiered Don ?
The sack of plate-ships ? Far and far away
From Main or Caribbee the trade-winds go
To incensed isles of Pûnt and Avalon.

THE BETRAYAL

(FRANCIS BACON)

Francis Saint Alban, Baron Verulam,
In Gorhambury thus amid his friends
Took counsel with himself ; " Politic ends
Too far pursued soon pass into a sham
Buckram of virtue, like the anagram,
Veil evil ! Live vile ! Thus to make amends
For inward ill with outward grace offends
God's holy Justice. ' I am that I am !
Be thou that thou art ! ' So the Scripture reads
From the within-sense to within-sight clear ;
' *Intus et foris scriptus rotulus.*'
Let worthy words match forth thy worthy deeds,
And worthy deeds match words. The night is near.
Let us arise ! Sir Judas calleth us."

UNITY, 1646

(ELIAS ASHMOLE)

Who frames his life by compass, line and square,
Observing horizontals with his level,
Building good stone foundations ; he may dare
Conclusions with our sultry friend, the Devil,
And not get far amiss. Both here and there
We learn the proper uses of the bevel,
Marking the string-course, keeping the jointing fair,
And smoothing all with chisel and with gavel.
Masonry's quite a Science. Masons march,
'Prentice and Fellow Craft and Master Mason,
To Rose Croix, Mariner (past Royal Arch)
Through Knights Elect, the Centre's Self to pace on.
One rule, one only, guides the Mason's flight,
The City's rule — Keep, friend, keep to the right !

THE KING BEHIND THE KING

(MAZARIN)

The King behind the King, the secret Hand
That twirls the puppets, here Polichinelle,
There Scaramouche, there shifty Sganarelle,
All creakings drowned by fife-and-tabor band,
Statecraft ! I know not. Would I might have planned
Elsehow my life's course ! Nay ! How can I tell ?
The clarion dims in me the sanctus-bell,
That am less prone to pray than to command.
The fox is cunning, but the timid stag
Trusts to his scent and speed. Each thing obeys
His God-sent nature. I with statecraft plod
Mine own predestined path. I will not flag
For tongues that carp, nor flaunt for kings that praise.
What's done is done. The Vision lies with God.

SECRETUM MEUM MIHI

(OLIVER CROMWELL)

Within this forest that is called the world
My soul did build herself a resting-place.
There elders beckoned with an airy grace,
And whispering ferns long fronds of green unfurled.
By the brook's coolness bindweed twined and curled
Its blossomy spirals. Sweet with scented sprays
The honeysuckle trailed the greenwood ways,
Where bees made hum, and gnat-tribes featly whirled.
I have done much among the dust and din,
Dared, feared, destroyed, hoped, chidden, struck, aspired.
For much that's done maybe 'twere hard to plead;
Yet where hath victor dustless ridden in?
The work He meedeth who the toiler hired —
One penny? Aye! His penny! 'Tis the meed!

PRINCIPIA

(ISAAC NEWTON)

O God, who by unchangeable decree
Hast set the boundaries of sea and land
Which none may overpass, do Thou expand
Thy wings of Truth above me. Show to me
That which the kings and sages yearned to see.
Grant that this puny sense may understand
The wonders of the far-flung crystal band
Wherewith Thou holdest planets in Thy fee
And rulest year-long dance of flaming suns,
As man with rein his yearling colt doth tame
To *manège* and good graces. Lord, I know
Me all unworthy. Yet as Jesus once
Touched the Samaritan and healed him, lame
I come to Thee. Touch me, and let me go!

FIDES CATHOLICA

(EMANUEL SWEDENBORG)

The Lord in Presence, as the diskéd sun,
Veiling His Love and Wisdom from our sight
In fold on fold of quintessential light,
He is the Lord and God of everyone.
Ahura Mazda, Amen, Mithras, Bel,
The god of Druid, Hindu, Mexican —
It matters not — is Sun and God and Man
To thousand peoples that one Truth do tell.
In Love and Wisdom is Christ's Godhead seen.
As warmth and light aeonially flow
From Sol, our earthly sun-god, even so
In Him we live and move, no veil between.
In Him we live and love and have our worth.
He is our God in heaven, our Lord on earth.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET

(VOLTAIRE)

While twilight lingers yet upon the plain,
And soft white mists clothe farm and field for sleep,
My day-long dreams I winnow, heap by heap,
The chaff to scatter, but the burnished grain,
Yellow with sunshine, sweet with the bygone rain,
Long years in my locked treasure-place to keep
Against the wintry Dark. Laugh I, or weep,
Is dark, then, all? Shall This not breathe again?
Death? I have beat, I too, with angry palm
Upon my prison's iron-fretted bars.
Death? I have mouthed, I too, in useless rage.
Yet, at the end, some touch of poppy-balm
Crushed with the grain brings sleep, brings ease, brings sage
Prescience, presence, vision of strange stars.

THE SONG OF MASTERY

(JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU)

Be strong, brave heart of mine ! Be strong ! Be strong !
Who worshippeth a star in eastern skies,
Or seeketh honour in love's mysteries,
Or maketh angels' music in a song,
(Be strong, brave heart of mine ! Be strong ! Be strong !)
Such never yet in weakness won the prize.
As peaks high-shouldering peaks from Jura rise
Past wheat, past pines, past herbage, and at long
Last comes the timeless, man-untainted snow
Communing with its God — do thou, O heart,
Let lesser crowding hopes and passions go
Each to his own place ! Thine the godlike art
To stand rock-hewn ; to be ; to love ; to know ;
To commune ; holy, wise, serene, apart !

FORTUNE'S SEEKER, SEEKER'S FORTUNE

(IMMANUEL KANT)

Too oft with reason's candle-gleam I strove,
Searching from cellar unto garret bare,
My Lord and Love to find. Not marble stair,
Nor gilded cornice, nor fine carpet wove
On looms of Iran, nor the treasure trove
Of cities ransacked for their beauties rare,
Vases, gems, pictures, tapestries most fair,
Could stay the searching agony that drove
From room to room. Dear Love, dear Christ, dear Lord,
Whom weeping sought I 'mid the witcheries
And glamours of the earthward-groping sense,
Triumphant at the feet of Thee is poured
This garnered wealth of old philosophies —
What is it to Thee and me ? Lord, let us hence !

THE CAPTIVE EAGLE

(NAPOLEON BONAPARTE)

Despite the froth and tinselry, uproar
Of babblement, intrigue and worse, despite
The blood-bedabbled devilries of war,
The pomp, the outraged good, the trampled right,
My Star still rides serene. Its whiteness rays
Omnipotent yet meek through cloud and storm.
It little recks, my Star, these spattered bays,
Nor heeds this gold-laced, dust-grimed uniform.
This pomp and state weigh little with my Star,
Which other interests has, and other ends.
And I, that am content to follow far
The straight, white road, know where that white road bends
Just out of sight. Nay, sir! I am no dreamer.
My road I know, as I know my Redeemer!

AUS POMMERN!

(OTTO VON BISMARCK)

That which I did, I did. What's to defend?
There's no defending, where no thought of guilt
Sullies remembrance! Solidly I built
Such walls on such foundations to such end,
But, had I seen, who knows? the Line descend
Deeper and darker — ! Life's a tattered quilt —
Rags — broken pieces — *Jacta est!* 'Tis spilt!
No! Back's too old, too proud, too stiff to bend!
I've my ideals still, my hopes. I reach
Undaunted, nay, unsoiled, from out the mire
To destinies in part I see; and each
Laborious lesson learning, each desire
Trimming and training, work, and wait, and teach,
Otto von Bismarck, Pomeranian Squire!

HERO-WORSHIP

(THOMAS CARLYLE)

If evil wrought I, who shall be the judge?
If good, who shall Good's prize adjudicate?
Eaters of food, full bellies, ye that prate
About the shrine of Silence, smear with smudge
Of sooty thumb th' uncreate Walls of Peace,
And garbage on Fate's marble-stainéd floor —
That I'll forgive, yea, give God thanks therefor,
As Rome thanked God for sundry gaggling geese!
Yet I, poor fool, please God! shall 'scape your doom,
For, if I've failed, at very least I tried
The mount-top, scorned to snuggle in straw booth
With pumpkin-sellers. Better find a tomb
With Moses, aye! ye pumpkinfolk! forsooth,
On Nebo, no man knowing where he died.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

(JOHN HENRY NEWMAN)

O Soul, that seekest out of policy
Truth with the interest of thy Side to mingle,
Know that the Truth is ever one and single,
Nor giveth Her to two-voiced treachery.
Use not two voices. Let thine enemy
Push that advantage freely in the jingle
Of his coined falsehoods. Bear thou, though thou tingle
Hot with the righteous shame, bear quietly
His venomous taunts. If Truth be still thy friend,
Truth gaineth alway in the far off end.
For, when the dust and wrath and heat subside,
And o'er the parched arena-oval steals
The influence of the night-wind's touch that heals,
What then are dust and heat and wrath and pride?

THIS DAY

(M. B. EDDY)

My brother, look not on the words I spake ;
For words are death. The Life is Holy Spirit.
By Word the Son of God this world did make ;
Not by us men, but by His own sweet merit.
The Word of God is God. God is that Word.
" I am," saith He, the Christ, the One-Begotten.
I will to be what Thou art, Holy Lord,
Not this, the false, the self-willed, canker-rotten.
On either side the Cross of Christ, a thief,
Self-will, self-pride, self-saving, self-redeeming ;
And I, O God, of sinful men the chief !
Yet, bought by Thee from proud and sinful seeming,
Thy word I hear or e'er I close mine eyes ;
" This day thou art with Me in Paradise."

PIUS X

(GIUSEPPE SARTO)

" My children, keep yourselves from idols ! " Thus
The aged Apostle. Thus your aged Pope,
Unto whose Faith the Lord hath added Hope,
And, in some measure, Love. Lo, clamorous,
Vehement, biting, angry, venomous,
Soft and cajoling influences grope,
Grope for thy soul, to bind thee, as with rope
Of green-flexed withes. Sweet Jesu, pray for us !
Pray for us, Jesu ! How the dreams cajole !
How the dark voices threaten ! Round Thy barque —
Sleep not, O Master ! — high the billows roll.
Our life is nigh engulféd in the Dark !
Keep us from idols ! Keep us from the stark
Doom of the Godless ! Lord Christ, keep our soul !

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Maria with her Joseph and her Child,
Riding upon an ass, most lowly, came
To Memphis in the Delta. Like a flame
The sunset, dying, scattered roses wild
Upon dark pylons, cyclopean, piled
In mountainous profusion. Name on name,
Kings, priests, gods rose before them, so to frame
Egypt and Wisdom, ancient, timeless, mild.
Behind lay Herod and the many days
Of desert hungers, wanderings, distress ;
Before them, in the sunset's dying blaze,
Memphis and welcome, gentle, swift to bless.
There Mother Nile spread broad her water-ways,
And Wisdom waited, veiled in loveliness.

SANTA MARIA DELL'ARENA

(GIOTTO)

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee !
Hail to thee, thou redeeméd soul of man !
Blessed art thou, yea, blessed thou shalt be,
As blessed wert thou long ere time began.
Hail Mary, blessed, blossom, stem and root !
Hail David's Rose ! Solomon's Ivory Tower !
Blessed art thou, and blessed is the fruit
Of thy womb, Jesus, Wisdom, Beauty, Power !
Holy Mary, Mother of God, for us sinners pray —
If thou forbearest, then are we undone ! —
Now and at the hour of our death, after death, alway,
To Father, Son and Spirit, Three in One !
To Father, Son and Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, honour, praise and loyalty !

SAN MARCO

(FRA ANGELICO)

San Marco with its many-tonguéd bells
Called me to Florence from Fiesole.
Hill-top or valley matter not to me.
I face the seaward slope or breast the fells
Indifferently, so my heart-beat tells
Minute by minute to God its rosary.
I, who the Beatific Vision see,
Find fortune in deserts, liberty in cells.
What joy to me to take the whitewashed wall,
Bare, cleanly, unromantically square,
A background, but to artists a despair,
And push and push with palette, brush and maul —
Behold a doorway, comely, broad and tall,
And Jesus, Mary, Joseph standing there!

MONNA BEATA

(LIPPO LIPPI)

Were it, then, best to pray, or best to paint?
Or best with madrigal to paint, or prayer?
Or best to limn the wanton or the saint?
To wear or wield the magic camel's-hair?
These thoughts I'll leave to Doctors of the Church,
My poor head buzzes with them like a hive.
Set me on high here on my painter's perch,
To paint and paint as long as I'm alive.
What? These Madonna's hands? They're Betty's? So!
You rogue! You've peeped! Well! Well! And what's
the matter?
Betty's a pretty piece, as wenches go,
And prettier, when she's grown a little fatter!
What's that? That art is short, while life is long?
There! There! I'll make 't a psalm, or else a song!

THE BIRTH OF VENUS

(SANDRO BOTTICELLI)

Of Tuscan moons and Tuscan noons and all
The Tuscan pageant of the olive-tree
Lay long enchantments on the Tuscan sea,
And poppy-freighted let tired eyelids fall,
And bid the waves, like muted viols, call
Strange winds and stranger voices unto thee.
This one that cometh — who, ah, who is She,
So slender-sad, so palely virginal?
Can She be Beauty? Or do we that move
Thus with the dawn to greet Her wind-blown shell
Know Her for one who once was worshipped well
Betwixt the sea's brink and this olive-grove?
Sad are these days of treason. Who dare tell
Her name? Ah, speak it softly! It is, Love!

LEONARDO DA VINCI

I

MONNA LISA

I have fed full upon the souls of men;
With red wine I am drunken. At my feast
I show each guest his own essential beast,
And thrust the godless one into the pen
Till he shall find the man in him again.
The great to me is lesser than the least;
I prison statesman, lawyer, warrior, priest,
King in his palace, poor man in his den.
My brothers, I am fallen Mother Earth,
Your Mother, whom you, brothers, have defiled,
Your Mother, whom the Word created pure.
My brothers, will you, can you, still endure
To slay the Mother with the unborn Child,
Earth-Mother, Christ-Child, Herod-slain ere birth?

LEONARDO DA VINCI

II

THE TREE OF HEAVEN

No birds among the branches ; and no bees
To browse its greeny blossoms in the spring ;
And yet the leaves and tendrils of it sing
Eternally the plainsong of the breeze
That from high Alpine snowfields and the screes
Laced-o'er with torrents, diligent doth bring
Pure wafts, the sun's gold arrows tempering
To Sforza and his trusty Milanese.
Thus groweth wisdom. Thus the cares of State
Rooted in soil, high-branching, intertwined,
Atone the tyrant's mere magnificence.
The oak with its crabbed thews doth vindicate
Its rule and vision o'er the forest-kind,
And growing years give girth and opulence.

CAPELLA SISTINA

(MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI)

The artist is the self-appointed priest
To serve before humanity's high altar.
He louts not low to kings. He does not palter
With worldly goods. He reckons honours least
Of things pertaining to worship of the Beast.
His step is firm for Truth. He will not falter
For rack or thumbscrew, faggot, axe or halter.
He serves his God in hunger and in feast.
He drones no psalm. He mumbles no long prayer.
He tolls no bell. He fumbles with no bead.
" For God, and Truth, and Right ! " that is his creed.
A stream his holy font, the summer air
His incense, forest bird his chorister,
And Nature's self the Book where he doth read.

THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB

(J. VAN EYCK)

" Worthy art Thou who hast redeeméd us !
We bless Thee, we adore Thee, we give thanks
And praise to Thee, our risen Glorious,
The very Lamb of God. Ranks upon ranks,
Ring flame-eyed Seraphs, wise, pure Cherubim,
Thrones, Dominations, Powers, in ninefold Might
United for the quiring of one Hymn ;
' Worthy the Lamb which was slain ! ' Do ye unite,
Unite with us, ye saints, ye sons of earth,
Redeemed, triumphant in the crucified
And risen Christ, unite with ours your worth,
Your songs, your love, your praise ! " Thus Angels cried
To sons of men : thus we to Thee, I AM,
Who art the Son of God, the Very Lamb.

SASKIA

(REMBRANDT VAN RIJN)

The human hand's indeed worth studying !
I could have used life after life on hands,
If lives were mine to have for such a thing.
Each nail, each vein, each phalange, each demands
An universe of care and skill to paint
With its particular, individual meed,
Its joys, its hopes, its fears. Yes ! To acquaint
The mind of one hand thoroughly, would need
Close on eternal patience. Saskia's,
For instance ! All of Saskia was in
Her ten frail fingers. Saskia ? She was
But Saskia fully where the veins begin
To write with blue-twined, star-wise character
Those lovely things men knew and loved in her.

THE AVENUE

(HOBBEMA)

As one who speaks in open parable,
Taking the simplest of all common things,
Trees, ditches, fields, sky, road ; as one who clings
Childlike to Nature's robe-hem, glad to tell
Lispingly how the poplar-patterns fell
In curious arabesques of dark-blue rings
One summer's day, and how with dove-grey wings
The great sky-galleons fleeted, caravel,
Galliot and sloop ; and, above all, the Road,
That mud-brown, rutted riband ! — I essay
Thus, thus to impart my vision, thus to teach,
Thus to climb Godward, thus the way, the mode,
The traffic of the heavenlies to portray,
Using, as He used, none but our human speech.

THE WATERFALL

(RUYSDAEL)

Where stoops the alder, and where poplars tall
And lissom sallows crowd the glassy brink,
The great fish lie like shadowy stones, or slink
Red-gilled past sunny patches ; while the small
Cruise in care-free armada-hordes, that all
Wheel at one unseen signal. Warm and pink
The surface-values gleam. Ah, who would think
So near such peace doth lie the waterfall ?
Rending and crashing, rocks like fangs, and foam
Frightfully flung, the fearsome river heaves
Boiling into the nether deep, whose roar
Shakes the dull earth with shock and thud of war ;
What time in pastures rich with ruddy loam
Repose at ease the sleek and chewing beeves.

SALVATOR MUNDI

(ALBRECHT DÜRER)

Christe, Salvator Mundi, adoro.
Pleni sunt coeli tuae gloriae,
Et terra plena. Adoramus te,
Deum de Deo! Yea, Lord Christ, I know
I have misused Thee! Blessed Sacrifice,
My sins, alas! have driven fast the nails
In those sweet hands and feet, drawn from those eyes
The pitying dew. Ah, Lord, my spirit quails
Before that gentle, unreproachful look,
Those hands, those much-kissed feet that bled
So willingly for me. Nay, Christ, I brook,
I brook Thee not, who livest and wast dead!
Pleni sunt coeli! Yea, Lord Christ, I know!
Christe, Salvator Mundi, adoro!

LAS HILANDERAS

(VELASQUEZ)

Spain and the Moors, Granada and Madrid,
The Palace-Tomb of the Escorial,
The barren lands sun-bitten, the keen call
Of kite that wheels above the stricken kid,
The fox's bark, the bitter winds amid
The clustered cork-trees, hovel, castle, hall,
The bull-ring's roar, the solemn cathedral
When Corpus Christi looms, Roland, The Cid —
Spain! Spain! Spain! How I've suffered, suffered there!
Barren! All barren! Pomps and empty shows!
The velvets and the silks! The aching heart!
Out in La Mancha, in the very glare
And dust of the plains, one sees far off the snows!
Far off? Ah well! Who knows? I have my Art!

CLAUDE LORRAINE

GOLD-FINDER

I am a dweller in the borderland
'Twixt light and darkness. Ever I seek light,
Ever to God I dedicate the sight
Of seeing eye, the skill of guided hand;
Else were my work a weaving of the sand,
A fantasy, a nothing, a delight
To none but darksome creatures of the night,
By mine own self scorned, disesteemed and banned.
The souls of men, they are the argosies,
Laden with treasures, I bring to my shore.
The gold and blue and scarlet of my skies
Are messages of Godward-seeking lore.
My seas are deep with untold mysteries
The very angels veil their heads before.

LA CRUCHE CASSÉE

(JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE)

In His own image Elohim made man.
With His own ring and signet sealed He him
For His possession, bone and nerve and limb.
When man thou seest, God thou mayest scan.
The Pharisee, the scribe, the publican,
The harlot and the saint, the warrior grim,
The angels and the six-winged seraphim,
He made them one and all ere world began.
Shall we not praise Him, therefore, who us made?
Shall we not gladly Him confess our sins
And put them from us? Who shall be afraid
Of One who with His Love repentance wins?
When heaven opes, earth's fears and follies fade,
And seraph's song, Forgiveness, begins.

MORTEFONTAINE

(JEAN-BAPTISTE COROT)

I take a moonbeam and a star, a mist,
Some water-willows sleeping o'er a pool,
And weave with magic, grey-green, quiet, cool,
My name into my pictures, Jean-Baptiste.
Rememberest thou when first thy true-love kissed
The kiss of welcome, and thy heart was full
Of sweetest joyance, gladdening-in Love's rule,
There in the meadows at the elm-tree tryst?
I love the dawn, so quiet, green and grey;
The lights that linger on the beech-tree's bole.
Soft wafts of incense creep across the fields,
All gossamer, dew-spangled. Not yet day
With clamant toil to vex the painter's soul.
What love, peace, solace, grey-green day-dawn yields!

L'ANGELUS

(JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET)

God's Peace lies on my fields in Barbizon.
Peace holds them, ever blesses, ever shields
The quiet hearts that till my timeless fields,
Horizon-seeking, spreading on and on
To meet the timeless, the eternal One,
Who, each in season, seedtime, harvest yields,
And ridge and furrow to His purpose wields
Not less than planet, nebula and sun.
God's Peace lies in my heart. Yea, It doth lie
On all God's earth, if men-folk only knew.
Yea, It doth lie in every human heart.
The sin is but the seeing of the eye.
God's singing-birds still climb the stainless blue;
For, know! that which thou seest, that thou art!

COLLINA

(JOSHUA REYNOLDS)

The painter's colour is the poet's rhyme.
One damns his verbs, the t'other damns his brushes.
Fair ladies, I entreat ye, spare those blushes!
Your Joshua speaks according to his time.
Morals are but the creature of the clime.
Our English damns in Pekin sink to tushes;
At Santos murders weigh not seven rushes;
And Afric's virtue decks out Europe's crime.
When bluff King Hal had wed some two-three wives,
He put his phiz in pawn to Brother Hans,
And set the fashion whereby Joshua thrives.
So Fashion gapes and Fashion plots and plans
To trap poor Joshua with his painting pans,
While Joshua laughs and Joshua guineas hives.

THE BLUE BOY

(THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH)

To cover canvas with some dabs of paint,
To take the Beauty's ogle, quizz of Beau,
That Glass of Fashion, Lady So-and-So,
Or my Lord Hawbuck, horse and dog, seems quaint
And foolish business for a would-be saint,
For one who'd gladly lose the world below,
So that he might be gathered to the glow
Of that great Heart before whom earth-loves faint.
Saints dwell not always in coenobia.
God's servants must inhabit London Town
As well as sanctuaries and hermitages;
And we, who are the heirs of all the ages,
In Whitehall make a leg, display a gown,
Gamble at Willis's, at Twickenham take tea.

THE BREAKING WAVE

(J. M. W. TURNER)

In from the sea with thunderous uplift
The wave advances, gathering to its crest;
And winds, that but now blew from balmy west,
To nor'ard turn with treacherous, veery shift,
Where hurrying clouds, sombre in cleft and rift,
Like hounds of hell on some undying quest,
Course o'er the darkening sky. Sun sinks to rest,
And carmine spills o'er weed and deadwood drift.
Love girdeth-in the sea. Love locks the land.
Love paints the lily, gildeth refined gold.
Nothing for Love is stale or wan or old.
The lover binds his true-love with a strand;
Yet walls and gates True Lover will not hold
Whenas he seeks the Loved One to his hand.

BATTERSEA BRIDGE

(JAMES A. M'NEILL WHISTLER)

I lout not low to God on bended knee:
I would not so insult the freemen's King,
The Lord and Lover of the unfaltering,
Free Critic, and Workmaster of the free.
Rather I'd set down frankly all I see
Of noble line, boldly discerned, and bring
Unhesitant my worthiest thoughts that spring
Like flowers from the divinest depths of me.
Let the fools chatter; let the witless crave
Hushed presentations, muted strings, all life
Crushed from the pigments. Sturdily I limn
Those things that are. I wot well when the grave
Closes on strivers — ha, fools! — and the strife,
I shall stand upright, stand, stand, stand with Him!

SAYONARA!

(HOKUSAI)

I make an *uta* to the morning breeze.
My sampan lies among the reeds. I paint
Fuji at sunrise, Fuji in the quaint
Rice-paper shorthand of us Japanese.
We love our art, to Western eyes so strange,
So almost purposeless ; a trail of ducks,
Webbed feet and outstretched necks ; two fighting bucks
That tread the upland snows of Northern range ;
A little garden with a bridge ; a tree
Flat to the paper ; sworded Samurai ;
Flame-breathing god. Your brother Hokusai
Loves best his two dimensions ; you your three ;
Yet, O my brother of the misty North,
Are you not sometimes staggered by the Fourth ?

THE PARTHENON MARBLES

(PHEIDIAS)

Who first of men set chisel unto stone,
Or dipped his ladle in the molten bronze,
Who hewed the quoin or hammered out the sconce,
That there the golden god might fitly throne,
None showeth, nor imports it, being shown.
Perchance the gods Themselves revealed it once ;
Perchance in many lands, 'neath many suns,
Grew that which Pheidias carved, the Parthenon !
Behold a wonder and a strange desire,
Behold a music drawing from the deep,
Behold a woman, and a flame of fire
That priestesses through ages tend and keep.
In thee all perfumes live as they expire,
Thou Dream, thou Smile and thou Enchanted Sleep !

THE CNIDIAN APHRODITE

(PRAXITELES)

As many ripples gather in one wave
That thuds upon the hollow-sounding beach,
As many zephyrs babble in the speech
Of tempests that, oak-rending, howl and rave,
As many stones uphold the architrave
That giveth yet his glory unto each,
So I, upborne on multitudes, do reach
A strength such as the godlike only have.
In me the visions meet. I deathless hold
Cupped in these hands the thoughts and plans of men.
The flames converge. They flicker and find peace.
I draw them ever inward. I enfold
All yearnings, that I may give out again
This Dream that is, *Praxiteles ?* Nay ! Greece !

THE PISAN PULPIT

(NICCOLÀ PISANO)

I would express, express I know not what,
The sculptor's toil, the hard fight with the stone,
The vision scarcely seen ere it is flown,
The beauty's dream, half grasped and half forgot —
Mirages, phantoms! Gods, or Saints, allot
To each some ploy or purpose, dimly shown.
Bacchus or Jerome, Jupiter or John,
Inextricable is the twinéd knot;
Yet one thing stands clear. Gods, or Blessed Saints —
I'm no wan churchman to decide me which —
Mine is the toil, as mine the vision's gleam;
And toil refreshes, though the spirit faints.
Let cloak be bare; yet, if the heart is rich,
Bacchus or Bernard, mine alone the Dream!

THE MARBLE DAVID

(DONATELLO)

" Stripling was I when I Goliath slew,
But older, when Adullam held me hid.
In many wars I valiantly did
That which Jehovah fashioned me unto.
My harp of beechwood and my lance of yew
Wrought wealth and glory, but one thought amid
The purpled splendour ever carked and chid,
' This House thou plannest shall another do! ' "
So spake King David: but, since after-cares
Marred to mine eyes the semblance of that glow
Which was young David with his scrip and sling,
I took the herd, the slayer of the bears,
The David that was once, long, long ago,
Ere Fate and Love both made and marred the King.

THE GREAT PYRAMID

(KHEFU)

Stone upon stone, and overhead the stars ;
Stone upon stone, the long day's parching heat ;
Stone upon stone, millennia that beat
In slow pulsation. Dynasties, leagues, wars,
Famines, plagues, floods, gods worshipped, gods o'erthrown,
The very planet shifted from her base,
Kings, prophets, heroes, race by motley race ;
And still the massive, speechless stone on stone.
I keep my secret. Therefore I do stand
Age-long, and age-long ponder, watchful, mute,
Inscrutable, untiring. Ye who come
From lands afar have ever vainly scanned.
My tree of wisdom bears no earthly fruit.
Ye seek, ye quest, ye pass, but I am dumb.

THE DOME OF THE ROCK

(MOSQUE OF OMAR)

Here standeth Righteousness, here armèd Truth
Upon the Rock of Providence abides
Four-square, what time the petty human tides
This way and that part. Yea, in very sooth,
Wise man and witless, aged sire and youth,
Hath that in him which ever Godward guides,
His Mecca-point, while overhead there rides
Yon Dome that is God's all-enclosing Ruth.
Pilgrims of Time, mere dust drawn from the sand,
Bleached, blackened, toil-gnarled, timorous as sheep,
Behold this Rock where Righteousness doth stand
High as God's Love, as God's great Mercy deep ;
And, when your hour of prayer and praise is done,
Pray, too, for Omar, the poor, erring one.

SAINTE CHAPELLE

(SAINT LOUIS)

Palais de Justice, Paris, Sainte Chapelle —
Some climb Montmartre to the Sacré Cœur,
Some find a refuge nearer, lowlier.
Who built it, builded nobly, builded well.
Small! Yes, but something larger than a cell;
Something that makes the Holy Sepulchre
More real, lifelike, intimate and near;
Something where angels might well love to dwell.
I have had visions of the Heart of God,
And have not seen that Heart upon a height
And have not sensed infinity of space.
God's Heart was quite a little, little place,
Yet clean, yet sweet, by none but angels trod,
Fragrant with peace and joy and love and light.

SAN PIETRO IN VATICANO

(BRAMANTE)

I build for other men to build upon.
I give the ground-plan. They achieve the dome.
Yet, but for me, the splendour that is Rome
Had lacked some several jewels from her crown,
And they who built her minished in renown.
It matters not. So that I have my home
Here in the Centre, let come what may come;
I crave not Fortune's smile, fear not her frown.
Bramante builds unto the glory of God.
If God is pleased that glory to conceal,
Bramante bows the head. What is 't to him?
Though ways be dark and purposes be dim,
God shall Him in His own good time reveal;
"I stand unchanged in tittle and in yod!"

TAJ MAHAL

(SHAH JEHAN)

To Allah and the Prophet Shah Jehan
Hath builded this white Temple of his Grief,
That in the coming days of Unbelief
Foretold in the most venerable Koran
One witness might be left Kafiristan,
One witness, yea, of witnesses the chief,
For books may perish hide and thong and leaf,
But marble standeth many ages' span.
Three names in Taj Mahal are intertwined,
Three names, thereto a fourth as crown of three.
Whereso thou lookest, three names thou shalt see,
Whence soon the fourth by thee shall be divined.
Thou falterest? Hast, then, no Royal mind,
And Shah Jehan delights him not in thee!

SAINT PAUL'S

(CHRISTOPHER WREN)

Here lies Kit Wren. May God soon find a better
To take his room. Man rises. Fortune falls.
Od rot old Fortune! Hell and Typhon get her!
She spoilt a damned good church in Old Saint Paul's!
Fortune burnt London Town. Kit Wren rebuilt her.
Zigzag and up-down rolls the old Strumpet's Wheel.
Luckstone and cat's-eye, amulet and philtre —
Hold hard, my hearties! Stop! Not *too* much zeal!
Kit built Saint Paul's on tumults, griefs and losses.
Let Phoenix rise regenerate through fire.
Roses shall grow where now there were but crosses,
Death yield to Honour, Fortune curb Desire.
While Fame on Wren and Wren on Judgement wait,
Cross garners Rose in nails upon his gate.

FOR TWO VOICES

(GIOVANNI PALESTRINA)

"In quietness and trust find ye your strength;
In righteousness and rest shall ye be saved.
Our Lord and Master slept while tempests raved;
Woke but to the disciples' plea; and so at length
He knew and stayed the storm, and all was still.
Rest on the Lord! Be quiet! Stand and see
The mighty Presence of His Deity,
Which can and must His Providence fulfil
To the last syllable of the promised word."
"O man, thou knowest that thou art but dust.
Return! Return! In Me put thou thy trust,
Who am thy Christ, thy Lover and thy Lord!
Nor turn, thrice-foolish one, away from Me
To kings of Egypt and their harlotry!"

PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN E MINOR

(JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH)

A tiny streamlet gushing from the earth,
That pipes o'er ledge and heather-root and pebble,
And simulates in elfin, wayward treble
The thunders of the hill-land of its birth;
A wavelet lapping in among the reeds,
A waft of wind, a mirror-silent pool,
Wherein the sky rests quiet, beautiful,
Presaging God. What more this poor world needs
I know not. Man in small reflects his God;
And God is wide and gentle as the sky,
And God is full of pity for His own,
And God is nearer than the lover's nod
Wherewith his Love he calls. His word is nigh;
"I gave thee Bread. Why givest thou Me a stone?"

MARIANNA

(C. W. GLUCK)

Red wine! White wine! Roses amid the snow!
Red wine to match my Marianna's lips,
White wine to vie the white curve of her hips;
White wine and red like blood and water flow.
Ay me! the red and white of long ago!
The myrrh and manna of those finger-tips
Laid on my feverish breast! The soft eclipse
In clouded hair of eyes that starlike glow
Benign above me! Marianna fades
Like many another dream, too fair, too frail.
The red and white enchants, but cannot last;
Too little of earth is in it. O ye Shades,
Release my girl-love! Nay! ah, nay! the pale
Ghosts cannot, if they would, give back the past!

WENN NUR DU JUNGE WÄREST!

(FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN)

If thou and I, my Heart, were young again,
And thy sweet sap made green this haunted tree
'Mid whose drear boughs sad winds sough, and the rain
Drips wasted tears — ! *If, Heart — !* Ah, woe on me,
I hear ten thousand voices of the past
Drooning from out the abyss, "Gone! Gone!" and know
My voice among them, whirled out with that blast
That ever through the spinning spheres doth go
Swift to the dark of dream-forgotten sleep.
If, Heart — ! God! Were it granted me to cry
One syllable of Thy Name, for men to keep
A moment at least my name in memory!
Ah, no! I care not! Thou who standest sure,
God, knowest me! In Thee, God, I endure!

THE CARAVAN

(WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART)

Haroun al Raschid, and the nights and days
Of fair Zobeidah, and the wise Amoun,
Sinbad, Pari Banou's enchanted boon,
The Calendars, the Muftis, and the praise
Of wine and love, the free, sweet Orient ways —
Ah me! Ah me! My heart beats out of tune
With Hofburg Hapsburg, Saxon and Walloon.
I sicken in this Austria for the blaze
Of Eastern skies, the shrouded Bedouin,
The caravan, the hot, white desert track,
The very thirst, the afrits and the djinn,
The camp-fires and the stars! How thoughts go back
To loved things lost! Ah me! Ah me! The pain!
To love and lose and lose and love again!

CRICK! CRACK!

(MARIA LUIGI CHERUBINI)

Swift as the flame among the withered grass —
I crackle and I burn with amorous heat! —
The darts of love, they flicker and they pass,
A little blaze, eyes lowered as they meet,
Two hands that touch, two mouths, two hearts that beat
A moment in unison. *Tout passe! Tout casse!*
I met once my beloved in the street,
And barely knew the one-time lovely lass,
Who had been all this world and heaven to me!
Crick! Crack! Crick! Crack! Cicada rubs his thighs,
And crackles thinly. Once my Amanda's eyes
Outshone the diamonds of the Galaxy.
Crick! Crack! Crick! Crack! The thin flames leap and
crackle.
Crick! Crack! Heed not this old man's dotard cackle!

L. VAN BEETHOVEN

I

ANAGRAMMATIC

Benevolus ! Benevolentior !
Timpani. Corni. Oboi. Piccolo.
Andante maestoso. So ! Psst ! So !
Musicians like to play up to the score.
The devil — hear him ! — lent you, lent you more
Than you deserved, old rascal ! Let it go !
Sharp with the strings there ! Srrt ! That's good ! No ! No !
Not cymbals ! Symbols ! Met you ! Metaphor !
Conducting's not as easy as it seems.
Composing ? Pssht ! Anyone can compose !
Rosa, rosam, rosae, to, for a rose !
Hither ! my rosy Rosa, Rose-a-dreams !
Hither ! 'Tis strange, my pet, 'tis strangely meant.
Thy Beethoven comes nigh Benevolent !

II

THE NINTH SYMPHONY

So little done : so much, so much to do !
These few chords played ; these few sad notes achieved,
These insignificant harmonies ! Ah, who
That knows would call me great ? The world, deceived
By its dull passions, lauds. I do not laud,
But, judging, weigh, well nigh to disesteem ;
So easy 'tis to prize some glitter-gaud
For the authentic, kingly diadem.
Kingly I'd be ! Ah, bitter-drear the fight !
Ye heavenly tones, draw near ! I hold you fast.
I prison you. Fleet not ! O Prince of light
And all light's cheer, be nigh ! Ah God ! At last
The authentic Crown, the Joy, the very Fire !
Sing, heavens, sing ! Sing thou, O earthly choir !

OBERON

(WEBER)

What fools these mortals be! Ha! ha! I chuckle,
As chuckles in his sleeve full many a sprite
At mortal vapours! Tscha! The moon doth light
Us all to madness! Sirs, by shoe and buckle,
By thong and holdfast, I'm not one to truckle.
"*My Lord! egad! Your Servant!*" "*Highness! Quite*
A touch of genius in the songs you write!"
Ha! ha! ha! ha! She-wolves may their own cubs suckle!
I'm for the woodland wild! Ha! ha! My luck
Takes to the greenwood! Ha! ha! ha! I fly!
Ha! ha! Hop, skip and jump, and off am I!
Some call me Weber, and some call me Puck.
Call me fool to my face, and you have pluck,
As I'll be the first to own, before you — *die!*

SCHWANENGESANG

(FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT)

Eternal songs to the Eternal ringing,
As gold on silver rings adown the ways
Of the blest pageant of His nights and days
In endless worlds unfallen, whose sweet singing,
Eternally young and changeless, passes winging
In endless melody of joy and praise
Unto the Author of all blessedness,
Whom I, Franz Schubert, serve, and with no clinging,
Soft, womanly love — these songs I dedicate
To One, and Him eternal, Him supreme,
Him without name, whose Name yet I know well.
I do not measure greatness with the great.
I dream, and dreaming dream Him in my dream,
As seeing One who is invisible!

REQUIEM

(HECTOR BERLIOZ)

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord,
And may perpetual light upon them shine.
O Jesu, by Thy Grace and Love divine,
On these poor sinners be Thy Virtue poured.
Mary, whose heart was riven by the sword,
Stephen, Matthias, Peter, Marcelline,
Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Catherine,
Apostles, martyrs, saints, your help afford
To all poor souls tormented in the flame,
Who may not seek your suffrages. Give rest,
Give rest to them, O Lord. Let not their name
Be blotted out before Thee. O Thou blest
Healer of Souls, Jesu, who shepherdest,
Eternam eis dona requiem !

THE HEBRIDES

(FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY)

Like little serpents hiss the quiet seas,
Running adown the pinky-silver sands ;
And sea-nymphs sport in foam-dript, wreathéd bands,
And Tritons' conches blare. Ah, who are these
Wanton disturbers of God Neptune's peace ?
Halt, sirrahs ! On what errand ? In whose hands
Are shields and windy javelins and brands !
What Storm-god spoils the peaceful Hebrides ?
But without parley down the Wind-god swoops.
His marshalled minions howl ; his stallion raves ;
Gone are the sea-nymphs, torn and huge the waves :
The winds advance triumphing, troops on troops.
Last Neptune speaks ; " O Wind-god, Sea-gods ! Peace ! "
And Peace returns to her loved Hebrides.

CARNAVAL

(ROBERT SCHUMANN)

'Twas fourteen cobblers cobbling in a row.
Heyro ! Heyro ! The supple, smooth-shaped leather !
Our life is but an endless heel and toe.
We make the boots ! The Devil makes the weather !
'Twas fourteen tailors working at a seam.
Heyro ! Heyro ! The merry, nimble needle !
Friend parson tells us life is all a dream.
He draws his wage, *quand même !* So does the beadle !
Heyro ! Heyro ! Her wedding-gown's her shroud.
Cold, cold earth strews the bed for my beloved.
The lark still sings above the thunder-cloud.
Heyro ! Heyro ! Far is my dove removéd !
As endive, chives and lettuce make the salad,
So jests and tears compose the first-class ballad !

FIDES POLONIAE

(F. CHOPIN)

Sing low for Poland ! Dry not yet the tears !
Cracow is fallen, Warsaw past and gone.
And I in exile make my wintry moan :
Give back, Lord God, give back the wasted years !
Fair jewels are the meed of the oppressor ;
He wreathes his brow, and drinks the stolen vine.
The tiger lords it over me and mine ;
The wolf and vulture are my land's possessor.
Sing low for Poland ! Dust are Poland's kings,
And dust the pomp and grandeur of her cities.
Weep not ! Our woes dispass your human pities.
Weep not ! God still disposes human things.
Weep not ! While Polish hearts are leal and warm,
The rainbow banner flaunts the blackest storm.

RHAPSODIE

(FRANZ LISZT)

Ah! Tempt me not with music! Make not noise
Of shawm or sackbut, dream-clad dulcimer
Or shrilly flute! Let no drum beat! Mine ear
Swoons to an inner call. I am in poise,
Like some ship's-captain lost, whom chance wave buoys
Supremely skyward, and whose lesser fear
Raptures in vision of his own land near,
Handclasp of friends, home, children, loved one's voice!
Nay, tempt me still with music! Beat, beat, beat,
Ye drums! Shrill, fifes! Clash, cymbals! Violins,
Soar screaming! Trumpets, blare! Ye make, not mar,
The splendours in my soul! Leap! Cry! Entreat!
By Heaven, through and through triumphant wins
Love's plainsong, star-pure, trembling, and afar!

DAS RHEINGOLD

(RICHARD WAGNER)

Siegmund, Sieglinde; Siegfried and Brünnhild;
Wotan and Fafnir; Hagen, Mime, Frey —
I carry to this day the Maidens' cry,
"*Das Gold! Das Gold!*" On the enchanted shield
Bear to his grave the half-god Hero, killed
For man's accurséd gold-lust! Shoulder-high
Bear to his grave the Warrior! All men die.
Das Gold! Das Gold! Greater than Siegfried yield
In these sad days to gold-lust. Siegfried slain,
Goes the world's Youth, world's Fortune into dust.
Das Gold! Das Gold! Lord God! the accurséd lust!
The accurséd gold-lust! Sirs! Sirs! Turn again!
Give to the gods and God that which is just,
And wash in Rhine-stream Rhine-gold's curséd stain!

PIANOFORTE CONCERTO

(JOHANNES BRAHMS)

B flat, A minor, D — the changing keys,
That show at once the Pianoforte's skill
And our Composer's temperate good-will,
Set Orchestra and Audience at their ease.
Bravo ! Bravo ! The drowsy afternoon,
The hot sun beating down, the slow repeat,
Largo con temperamente — Lord ! The heat !
Those horns ! Herr Gott ! Three beats ! Clean smashed
the tune !
All good things come to an end. Have you no guess
How I in thought winged on from sphere to sphere,
Conquering time and space, no more, no less,
For my Concerto you have drowsed through here ?
You nod and nod, " *Oh no !* " " *Perhaps !* " or " *Yes !*
He touched his top notch, Brahms ! Or mighty near ! "

CASSE-NOISETTE

(PETER ILICH TSCHAIKOVSKY)

Sugar-plums ! Sugar-plums ! Bon-bons and sugar-plums !
Bow down ! He comes, our King in Fairyland !
And sugar-plums he strews with either hand
Right royally ! The drums ! The drums ! The drums !
Drrrm ! Drrrm ! Drrrm ! He comes ! He comes !
Bow down ! Drrrm ! A dream ! 'Tis grand ! 'Tis grand !
In rows, in rows, the Toyland people stand.
Huzza ! Huzza ! Drrrm ! The cannon booms,
Bang ! Boom ! Drrrm ! Out from the serried pines
Dance dolls and fairies, gauzes and silks galore,
Noah's arks, soldiers, pierrots, columbines —
Bang ! Boom ! Drrrm ! Drrrm ! — across the floor,
Twelve feet of glamour from the nursery door
To where the glorious Christmas spruce-tree shines !

THE MAHÂBHÂRATA

(VYÂSA)

On Kurukshetra was the battle waged,
That wages yet, fond man ! in thy great soul.
Here wounds are dealt, and here the drum-beats roll.
For life or death two forces are engaged.
The scene is up, the puppet-princes staged.
Quick march ! Right, left ! Right, left ! Halt ! Hale
and whole,
Thy passions and desires, flint-set on goal,
Mail-clad advance. Ah, fool, when fight has raged
Three days' length, look ! What seest ? Ah, and look
Thrice three days onward : so to the full eighteen !
Black, blasted, death-strewn Kurukshetra cowers.
Aye, fool ! Thy soul ! Yea, even in a book
Of fights fantastic is thy picture seen.
Thou art Arjûn ! These thy dream-blasted powers !

RÂMÂYANA

(VALMÎKI)

Yon holy man, that in the forest sits
Naked, unwashen, robed with matted hair,
His begging bowl before him, while the rare
Pageantry rolls unheeded, ill he fits
With what the great world knows and grasps for good.
Rajah rides past with gem-starred train, or priest
Telling his beads, or huntsman hot on quest,
Or lover humming softly of the wood
At the world's end, or silk-clad courtesan,
Gold anklets jingling, or poor peasant worn
In the dust with toil. All dieth that is born ;
All sinneth that draws breath. Yon holy man
Seeketh nor lust nor fame nor power to kill.
" *Râm ! Râm !* " saith he. " I bear, and I fulfil ! "

KABÎR

Thus saith Kabîr : " In God is my delight.
For He that is so great hath stooped to me,
And He that is so wise hath taken me
To be His playmate and His heart's delight.
Lo, Ishvara, who parted day from night,
Who made the earth and planted wide the sea,
Is humbler far than ever I could be,
That am the least of creatures in His sight.
And from the lovely Garden of His Grace
Such spices, myrrh and amaranth descend,
Such songs do ring, my soul is rapt with cheer.
Such loveliness doth rest upon His Face,
That I have but one song unto the end :
' In God is my delight. Thus saith Kabîr.' "

THE WHITE ROSE

(JALAL-UDDÎN RÛMI)

In far Shiraz the white rose holds its sway
'Mid lawns and trees and silver-tinkling rills.
The nightingale her age-long music thrills,
Ah, night is fair, but fairer still the day !
When comest Thou, my Love ? On, on, away !
The dawn is even now upon the hills.
Muezzin, " *La ilaha 'llahu*," shrills,
" *Illa Allahu !* Pray, ye Faithful, pray ! "
White roses twine upon the Prophet's tomb.
Gold spear-points serry in the eastern sky.
Lo ! Israfel his sword hath lifted high
To shatter with one stroke the gates of doom.
When comest Thou, my Love ? On, on, away !
Allahu Akbar ! Pray, ye Faithful, pray !

THE BLIND BARD

(HOMER)

To Zeus, wise Father of our humankind,
And ox-eyed Hera ; Hermes swift ; and slender
Artemis ; Cypris, roseate in thy splendour ;
Hades ; far-darting Ruler of the mind,
Apollon ; thou, Poseidon, nobly-brined
Lord of the unvintaged sea ; Ares, man-render ;
Sad, sweet Demeter ; grey-eyed Pallas ; tender,
Strong, lame, Hephaestus — thus saith Homer, blind !
Thus saith your Poet. " If unto your ears
Rise up men's sorrows, give him of your tears,
Before whom clouds of blackness ever roll ;
But grieve not over-deeply. Though the dire
Darkness o'erhangs, yet hath he still his lyre,
And hath he still the visions of his Soul ! "

SAPPHO

Love hath its cup, whence whoso drinketh gladly,
Gladly to him the vine's blood bubbleth up.
And whoso drinketh fiercely of that cup,
Hot poison-fumes arise. Drink, then, not madly !
Love hath its whip, of intertwinéd roses.
Wouldst feel Love's softness ? Meddle not with thorns !
Love scourges hates with hates, pays scorns with scorns,
Only to sunbeam poppy eye discloses.
Dear one, whom golden dreams of me enrapture,
Count not the Me thine thou hast not yet won.
Take, dear, thy little heritage of sun ;
All, all thou hast, so much as thou shalt capture ;
Yet I soar free. Love's cup, Love's whip, Love's dream,
Are thine, Love's, mine, Dear, even as thou shalt deem !

TWO WAYS OF IT: STORM AND SLEEP

(PINDAR)

About the glens of Ida thunder rolled.
Huge flashes lit the pine-encumbered steep.
The brooks roared madly, taking, in wild leap
Of scattering foam, trees rooted from their hold,
Vast, groaning boulderstones, dead beasts, with cold,
Dead eyes that wanly stared, drowned ox or sheep,
Or mother-fox, scarce littered — all aheap,
In pell-mell ruin of deaths manifold.
About the glens of Ida lay a cloak,
Fine-drawn in gauzy stuffs, of dreaming mist;
And Peace and Beauty held the magic scene.
Unwavering rose the swineherd cottar's smoke,
Blue first, then nacreous where the evening kissed;
While Hesper gleamed two snowy peaks between.

ΦΛΟΓΟΣ ΜΕΓΑΝ ΠΩΓΩΝΑ

THE GREAT BEARD OF FLAME

(AESCHYLUS)

At Delphi, when the priest had sacrificed
The white ox to Apollon, and the grove
Shivered, yet no breeze stirred; and from the cove
At the blue Gulf-side folk bare up the prized
Electron tripods, and bronze bowls incised
With deeds of gods and heroes, whereon strove
The drunken Lapithae, and blind Clotho wove
Raiment of fates for men: thou wast despised,
O Singer, dumbly standing with the throng.
Why not? For lowly, lowly was thy weed;
Nor gift thou carriedst, save the gift of song.
Yet Pythia spake, and this was Pythia's rede,
"The ox hath trampled, King. Shall trample long.
Yet, look! This Singer! Lo, my Flame indeed!"

ANTIGONE

(SOPHOCLES)

Through devious paths and dark incertitudes,
From helpless childhood unto hapless age,
The Gods do lead us men, that vainly rage,
Ephemeral creation! Ah, there broods
A mute, all-seeing Destiny, whose moods
Deep-shrouded are recorded on no page,
Whose plans are scried of none, or fool or sage,
That speaks, but, ah, the meaning, it eludes!
Is it not noble to be born a king?
Is it not base to serve, a sop-fed slave?
Is it not sad to bear a woman's part,
Tossed on wild waves, unknowing where to cling?
Two laws conflict, yet, Maid! one equal grave
Shall hold both *him* and thine unquiet heart.

THE DEATHLESS DREAM

(EURIPIDES)

Go, hew me marbles of Pentelicus,
Let Pheidias carve, let Pericles the Grand
Plan Parthenons, and let Athene stand
Chryselephantine, gem-set, luminous,
Fronting Phaleron — thus and thus and thus,
Because the sea is sea, but land is land,
Because the peoples, not the kings, command,
Is Athens envied, great and glorious.
The gods have dwindled, yet the peoples sway
Without blood-sacrifice in milder rule
By reason's law unthought-of destinies.
O Athens, child of radiant yesterday,
The gods are dead, but thou, most beautiful,
Thronest supreme where deathless Reason is.

IOSTEPHANOI ATHENAI

(ARISTOPHANES)

" To jest about the gods is good. What have
Our gods," say ye, " with Athens ? Happy They,
If musty priests and dried-up crones still play
At wambling bedes ! Lord ! Pallas ! Could She save
Her Owl's least chick from intempestive grave ?
Much less this City, this Delight, this gay
And wanton, hill-crowned Jewel, Athens ! "—Yea,
To jest is good ! O Queen of sunny wave,
Propontis knows thee, and the Cyclades,
Massilia with her olives, Libyan worth,
Cyprus, Priene, temple-builded Nile.
Thou reignest pansy-girt on many seas,
Thou merchandisest, and the pregnant earth
Responsive smiles all harlot to thy smile.

T. LUCRETIUS CARUS

I brooded long on time and death and fate.
I sought the gods, and found but atoms whirled
Like snowflakes, when grim winter holds the world,
And hoary drifts lie shaped to fold and gate.
I marked the unending Process whereby men
Are cowed, shorn, stamped on, hunger-dazed and driven,
Ghosts in a thin, sad dream. Dear Ghosts, nor heaven
Nor hell, these dreams, need vex your souls again.
For, look ! Yon Sky, yon glorious Earth, yon Sea,
By Process grew, by Process shall depart.
The atom rules ! O man, why tear thy heart
With rags of grief, mere atoms ? Nay, seek thee
Grief's solace, Truth ! No gods ! Leave lies to fools !
No gods ! No grief ! No death ! The atom rules !

CATULLUS WROTE!

(C. VALERIUS CATULLUS)

Catullus wrote! Catullus wrote! Divine,
Ye sages, how hothead Catullus drew
Soft, fay-swift music from a breached canoe,
Sighs from a sparrow's fall! O, were it mine
To live again the dead, forgotten years,
To tread once more Rome's streets, to strut, to reach
At leap realms out and over sages' speech!
Catullus wrote! Catullus writes — in tears!
O glamour of the star-dript summer sky!
O winds that stir the olive-groves, and cease!
O waves that babble achingly! I go,
In dreams that somehow seem not dreams, to ply
My poet-trade by ways of timeless Peace
Through olive-groves in star-dript Sirmio.

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS

Quick, boy, the wine! The cups, nor large, nor small!
The parsley-wreaths! The roasted kid! The lute!
'Tis Horace' birthday! Hold high festival!
Nor wine be spared, nor wreaths; nor friends be mute!
Nine lustres gone! The tenth, what shall it bring?
I drink in nine cups to the Muses nine.
'Tis Horace' feast-day! Shall not Horace sing
His ninefold stave in praise of honied wine?
Maecenas here, loosed from the cares of State,
Sempronius, Flavius, Accius, friends arow,
Ungird ye! Ease ye! Drink ye! Small with great,
This little hour of jesting done, ye go!
What's past is past! The future, who can tell?
More wine, boy! Speed! To-night's our own! 'Tis well!

VENIT HESPERUS. ITE, CAPELLAE!

(P. VERGILIUS MARO)

Titan is dipping in the western main.
His splendours dye the evening. Wan caress
Of orange-breath moves the dark ilexes,
And passes like a dream. The heads of grain,
Ripe to the sickle, stir and stir again,
'Mid vines that mutter of past vintages,
Spreading stained leaves and bunchéd fruitfulness
Towards the warm night-breeze on the Lombard plain.
Go, little flock! I would not have you fear.
Turn, flock, turn homeward. I, your friend, am here
With merry tunes to guide ye. Ravenous
Wolf keepeth far away. See! Unafraid
The day long to my pipings ye have played.
Go, little flock! Ah! *Venit Hesperus.*

DEO DANTE DEDI

(DANTE ALIGHIERI)

My best I give, and let him take who will.
Mine are no golden and no iron keys
Wherewith to unlock the Sevenfold Mysteries;
And yet I, too, have climbed the heavenly Hill,
And of the Loved One's Beauty taken fill —
Blest in the blessing of my Beatrice.
No master, I, of wide-drawn symphonies,
No Orpheus; yet like Orpheus, touch with quill
The quivering strings, and Hell's gates fall apart;
But Death nor Hell my Loved One doth disclose.
Nor Death nor Hell shall rule my restless heart.
I am a lover of the Crimson Rose!
If I give much, it is because much is given.
Gape, Death! Rave, Hell! My Red Rose blooms in Heaven.

QUIA MULTUM AMAVIT

(PETRARCH)

Love is a flame, that yet consumeth not;
Love is a rose of stately, purple head
That spendeth sweets when rose hath long been dead;
Love is an echo in a lonely grot,
A song the simple singer hath forgot,
By trees and stones and rills rememberéd.
Love is a dream that, ere pale dawn, hath fled
In faintest clouds of musk and bergamot.
Love is a prayer that rendeth not the skies,
Too low for utterance, too like a bird
That pours, unseen, far, fragile melodies,
Amid the louder chants of spring unheard.
Yet Love, that soberer, worldlier folk misprize,
Is for us Poets, Christ, the Incarnate Word.

LIGHT AND LAW

(GIUSEPPE LEOPARDI)

The Gods! What gods? All gods are dead for me.
All gods in the unfathomable night
Are drowned so deep that no deformity
Of superstition may affront man's sight
With these accretions from a bygone age,
That knew not reason, science, art or faith,
Just laws or just conclusions. Page by page
The years, the gods, the creeds go down to death.
I am a man, and, being man, am proud,
To stamp on shards of these forgotten things.
I joy that never, never have I bowed
To gods or altars, priests or laws or kings.
Myself I am the Vision and the Awe.
Beside me, Darkness; in me, Light and Law!

LICHT! MEHR LICHT!

(WOLFGANG VON GOETHE)

Fate beckons onward. I, the Overcomer,
Tug at these bonds I wrought on overlong
In other days, 'neath other skies, whose summer
Cradled in rose-strewn garths the Poet's song.
Hail, olden gods, gods of the woody places,
Gods of the Southland, gods of fray and feast,
Hail, Cypris, Lady of ten thousand Graces,
Hathor, Astarte, thronéd in the East!
Hermes, Thrice-Greatest, hail! O Ibis-crownéd,
Armed in thy right, I face the frowning Doors.
Thrice, thrice I knock! *More Light! Light!* O renownéd
Portals, disclose! Gold-shot the sunbeam pours!
Hail! In the Gates of Dawn, imparadised,
I front, and I adore, the Risen Christ!

HEINRICH HEINE

O God, who gavest Beauty like a robe
To mark Thy Being's contour, to reveal
The secrets of Thy Wisdom, to conceal
In multitudinous fire the very globe
Crystalline of Thy Love — what depths to probe,
What heights to soar to! Dizzying wheel on wheel
Whirring and flaming! Let Thy servants kneel
Dumbly abased; as knelt of old time Job,
Thy servant, unto whom the Thunders spake
With luminous Voice. Thou seven-spheréd Light,
I will draw nigh Thee, unrebuked, aspire
The approaches of Thy seraph-warded Lake,
And, garmented in amaranthine white,
Touch the frail chords of this my human lyre.

ATTIC SALT

(JEAN RACINE)

Bag-wigs and twelve-foot couplets and the faint
Taint of the tallow footlights, buskined words
That meet and clash caesura-wise like swords,
The mincing struts, the eyebrow-salve, the paint,
The yawns, the perfumes, jewels, cloths, intrigues,
Flowers that bloom to trample in the dust,
The Playhouse — *Phaedra* pushing antick lust,
Andromache, *The Pleaders !* Nay, but leagues
On racing, headlong leagues the billows foam
That beat the headlands of my Hellene home.
And ever, as the sea-mews sweep and skreel,
Somewhat of sea-lore budding in my breast
Gives to my verse a sane and secret zest,
As jars of rose-leaves salt with spice conceal.

FONTAINEBLEAU

(VICTOR HUGO)

Partly for fame, partly for gold I write,
But most because I must. Upon the brink
Of this my forest pool I lean and sink
Tired hands among cool grasses, and the white
Films of a cloistered, virgin, nun-like light
Steal through the trees. Timid deer come to drink,
And rooting boars ; the squirrel and the mink ;
Wood-doves and ravens ; birds of lesser flight,
Robins and wrens. Ambition, get thee gone !
Vade retro, Sathanas ! Enough ! Depart !
No more for gold, no more for fame I burn.
At last, at last, I call my life my own !
Beside this pool I find my glamoured heart,
And gain my manhood 'mid the crested fern.

FEMINA

(ALFRED DE MUSSET)

Woman the temptress, fatal in her charms,
Armed for the conflict meets us cap-à-pie,
And soon her captive, willing slaves are we,
Self-yielded to our milk-white maids-at-arms !
Woman the traitress lures us with a tune,
A rondel, *lo-la-lo !* a virelay.
No matter what the little vixens say,
Vows last for ever, till the honeymoon !
Woman the goddess lifts us from the soil
Star-wide, moon-deep in one immortal kiss.
Hush, brother ! Heardst thou not the serpent's hiss ?
Peace, brother ! Feltst thou not the serpent's coil ?
A woman bore thee, and, as I'm a true man,
Thou'lt yet have thy quietus through a woman !

NON SANS DROICT

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE)

Men call me Shakespeare, William Shake-a-Speare,
Who hold this lance, this rod, by antique right,
Wherewith the rock of Ignorance I smite,
And give to drink from Wisdom's waters clear.
To thee, my friend, one word. Be of good cheer !
Morning quick followeth on darkest night,
And God the Lord with His, " Let there be light ! "
Maketh both great things wise, and nigh things dear.
My spear I lift on high, but not to kill.
Mine is it so to wield the branded levin
That light on light to me, through me, is given ;
And I destroy not that I may fulfil.
Let oaks go crack ! high-steepled towers be riven,
My name stands fast in God's, for I am Will !

THE VIA DOLOROSA

(JOHN MILTON)

Through wars and respites ; fair or foul esteem ;
Through shattered hopes ; through follies and through lies ;
And this blest light of day reft from these eyes ;
Friendship, a promise ; and delight, a dream ;
I pass, bearing, mayhap, a space, that Beam
An outcast, a Cyrenian, bore, whose sighs
And sweaty tears assuaged the agonies
Of One who travailed only to redeem.
Was it, then, so ? I wot not, that have spent
To the least mite my spendings. Last or soon,
The shoulder-galling transom laid, the task
Completed, the Way done, I am content.
One step to go with Him — such was the boon
I craved, and, lo ! He gave that I did ask.

HELVELLYN

(WILLIAM WORDSWORTH)

The mountains cleave unchanged the sombre skies
About Helvellyn, and the glassy lake
Unchanged receives their image. In the brake
Are birds that hymn unchanging harmonies,
Flute-like and far ; and still the sunset dyes
The heather deeper purple. The lone crake
Cries in the upland barley-fields, that quake
To the least wind-splash. Still the pee-wee flies
Mourning athwart the screes. All is at stand,
Ageless and changeless, as in some ancient tale
Of strange enchantment, where the Rose-Queen sleeps,
Young, briar-guarded, in a far off land.
And shall a kiss awake thee ? Sad and pale,
Thy lover-ghost stands here still, pale, and weeps.

VERONA

(P. BYSSHE SHELLEY)

So much dust of so many centuries
Is heaped upon the tomb of Juliet
Here in Verona, where the Capulet
Warred with proud Montagu. The grey dust lies
Trod under foot by heedless, day-lived men
That fret and hurry, and the clangorous roar
Of busy street is as some wave-beat shore
When wind and tide set landward. Nay, but then,
What boots it if her body lies in dust,
And that which was the garment of her soul
Be blown about from tropic unto pole?
To death she yieldeth her, as yield she must,
And liveth still. The where, the how, what matter?
Somewhere light shines, though Life's fair vase thou shatter.

THE HILL COUNTRY

(JOHN KEATS)

Pierced to the heart, racked by a thousand ills,
Robbed of my hopes, long to Content a stranger,
I shake me free from pain and toil and danger,
And take me to the healing of the hills.
Broad-hipped and ample-breasted is our Mother.
Balm for the childish pains is in her touch.
That hand which asks for nothing, gives so much.
" My little children, love ye one another! "
I doff my mask, put off the scars and stains,
Strive upward where the ptarmigan are calling,
Breathe the sharp heather-tang, cast far the galling
Yoke of the customs of the man-sick plains.
Come, friend of yore! Come, half-forgotten brother!
Up in the hills we'll soon find one another!

EVENSONG

(ALFRED TENNYSON)

Deep is the hush of even. The white moon
Rises athwart the sea, behind great pines
That fret the lambent sky-streak with such lines
And bars of Beauty, Love and Truth, triune,
As break in music, like the nightingale's
Through some forgotten garden of the south
The sands have overwhelmed. O Poet-mouth,
Desist not! Hush not! Lo! As evening pales
And sun's light ceases, then the sky is starred
With gems and opals, and the mighty net,
Orion, Draco, Pleiades, is set —
The Sentinels of Dark keep watch and ward.
O Poet-mouth, persist! Thou hast thy Day!
And in thy Night thou singest, heart, for aye!

PRINT AND POETS

(ROBERT BROWNING)

We poets need our audience. Thus, to hymn
Artemis in her willow-speckled bath,
Odysseus' amours or Achilles' wrath,
Takes more than breadth of throat and strength of limb.
Aeneas long had gone down to the grim
Gulfs of oblivion, Samson slept in Gath,
Had Rome not smoothed her gentle Maro's path,
Or Hebrew craved his song-praised Shophetim.
"Then what shall we unprinted poets do?"
Unprinted poet, sir, is poet marred!
Go to! Print song yourself! Or, lacking ink,
Bawl in the market-place! If one or two
Pause, gape and listen, you're an established bard.
For poets sing, as audiences think!

THE SEVEN SONGS

(ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING)

An angel passed me, singing in the sky —
Sing derry down, the songs of long ago ! —
And I began to weep. I know not why
An angel singing should have moved me so.
Sing derry down ! The songs I sing are seven,
One for myself, and one for him I love,
And one for Mary, blessed Queen of Heaven,
In whom all lovers live and love and move ;
And one I sing for sorrow, dole and dearth,
And one that happiness may follow after,
And one for beauty, Christ-rule, love and mirth,
And one for royal, soul-begotten laughter.
Have done, my brothers, have ye done with weeping.
Christ's name is Mirth for those He hath in keeping.

DRUM TAPS, AUGUST 1914

(WALT WHITMAN)

Mad as a partridge ? Aye, sir, more's the pity
Some folks to-day have not gone partridge-mad,
Instead of sword-, lance-, gun-, and cartridge-mad !
War ! War ! War ! War ! Gunpowder grim and gritty,
Tri-nitro-toluol, yellow stuff, quite a witty
Device to shivereen some farmer's lad !
Mad ! Mad ! Mad ! Mad ! Some harmless farmer's lad !
Or some boy from a counter in the city !
Come, camerado, let's ha' done o' this
Bestializing bestiality
Called War. Fame, glory, honour, pouf ! a puff
Of wind in populous eternities !
Better slay next-door neighbour, and so die
Ingloriously of voltage. Ha ! Enough !

PORTRAIT D'UNE BELLE INCONNUE
XVI^me SIÈCLE
(E. A. POE)

If time should rob the bloom from off that cheek
Where Venus with her turtle-doves reposes
On down-soft milky-white and vermeil roses,
And wanton Cupids play their hide-and-seek ;
If that which now is sprightly waxeth weak,
And weariful the half-read chapter closes —
Who furbisheth up last night's withered posies ?
What present gain is ours, if Age doth wreak
Her toothless rage on Love's sweet, secret bowers ?
Fate's dial marks the moments as they pass,
Never ! For ever ! O ye starry Powers,
Is there no Shall-be for the Love which Was ?
Sea ebbs and streams. Moons have increase and wane.
A bientôt ! Hein ? Tu dis ? Toi — Madeleine !

MYSTERIES
(D. G. ROSSETTI)

If thou shouldst seek the Ram within the thicket,
And hap unsought on Me, the Lamb of God ;
If thou shouldst smite with Passion's vehement rod
In haste to pass Fate's dragon-guarded wicket ;
If thou shouldst scorn the women's direful wailing —
Weep for Adonis ! Weep and make your moan ! —
And die in torment on the Thunder Stone ;
Why givest thou thy foolish soul to railing ?
Am I not Master of the riven Life ?
Did I not hang upon the Cursed Tree ?
What is it, then, thou Fool ! 'twixt Us and thee ?
Am I not Maid to Lover, Babe to Wife ?
Go to, thou Fool ! Stand back upon thy road !
Bandy not words with Me, the Lamb of God !

VIRTUS VIABILIS

(A. C. SWINBURNE)

Frail priestess of a violable shrine,
Tended in darkness and in ignorance,
What goddess servest thou? Or is't, perchance,
The example of some virtuous Rosaline,
Whose marketable beauty found a mine
Of profit in church-blessing, doth enhance
The price thou puttest on thy dalliance?
For whom do these thy gauds and ribands shine?
Mayhap thou stoodest not so long ago
Before the golden, seraph-twinéd bars
As one joy-drunken, flame-pure, glistering.
Mayhap thou shinedst whiter than the snow,
Mayhap thou toweredst o'er the morning stars,
And sangest songs such as throne angels sing.

TROTH AND TREASON

(GEORGE MEREDITH)

"Bitter and true!" Better were false and sweet!
Better forsworn and die forswearing troth,
Than bear this acquiescence and this loth
Meeting of lips where hearts may never meet!
God knows! God knows! I love no counterfeit.
I bind no slaves to me with freeman's oath.
Let me break free that so I free us both
From out these toils! Let me but seem to cheat,
That you 'scape scatheless! After all, it was I
Who, using weightier years upon bright youth
And brief experience, brought you to this blame.
Quick, quick grows treason out of loyalty!
I love truth well enough to brave untruth,
And take for very troth the traitor's name!

ITYS! AH, ITYS!
(ALICE MEYNELL)

As moonlight on a wild and dying ocean
Silvers the surges ; while a gentle breeze
Mourns from the south 'mid yet tumultuous seas,
That vainly ape the tempest's late commotion ;
I let the passion and the tumult fall
From out my heart. Cease, heart, thy crying, crying,
Thou haunted sea-thing, low o'er the surges flying,
Who ever to thy hidden mate dost call,
Itys ! ah, Itys ! Little, white-breasted swallow,
Dip not those arrowy wings in white-fanged surges,
Nor press too close the shore. No wails, no dirges
Become thee, heart, whom God grants strength to follow,
Follow unto the end. O dark and drear,
I will endure ; for thou, thou, thou art near !

PADMA DÊVI
(LAURENCE HOPE)

How strangely sweet the Lotus perfume clings,
Like some pale wraith of sepultured desire
That walks when the world's May and all's afire
With cumulant tumult of ten thousand springs !
I scarce dare smell the Lotus, for it brings
Too near things best forgot. I, that aspire
Westward to do, now, I must brave the mire
And fog that somehow cleaves to Western things.
Yet Padma has so sweet a way with her,
So bonny is her sunward-smiling face,
So blue and pink and white her daintiness,
I needs must front the memories that stir,
And take in these pierced hands the incensed Cup
Wherein to Love my love is offered up.

END OF THE BOOK OF IMAGES

THE BOOK OF THE BELOVED

PART III

THE BOOK OF GOD

None of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand.

DAN. xii, 10.

And there were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast: the same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus. Philip cometh and telleth Andrew: and again Andrew and Philip tell Jesus.

JOHN xii, 20-22.

Behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, showing himself through the lattice.

CANT. ii, 9.

"He was led as a sheep to the slaughter. . . In his humiliation his judgement was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth." . . I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man? Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus.

ACTS viii, 32-35.

I have swum the seas of woeful fire,
    I have scaled the rock-bound, icy height,
I have come from the home of Heart's Desire
    To the land of Heart's Delight.

O, deep are the dooméd seas of flame,
    And cruel the spears of the frosted scaur,
And bitter the brand of the felon name
    King's Son for his kinsfolk bore.

Ye gallant ships that sail the sea,
    Ye birds that fly about the steep,
Little ye know of the things that be
    Safe laired in the secret deep.

Little ye know of the deaths that lie
    Where bluest the gentle billows roll,
The death that lurks in the breeze's sigh,
    In the lilt of the sun-gilt shoal.

Ye are wise, ye are free. I, an exile, stand
    Scarce won from the shock of the battle's din,
Scarce salved on the long despaired of land,
    Worn, spent from the clambering in.

Worn, spent, I stand where the blue waves steal;
    Great gasps I draw of the healing wind.
I watch the doves and the daws that wheel
    To mark the near humankind.

I have dared. I have done. I have kept mine oath.
I stand of right where the kin are free.
I claim, O God, Thy plighted Troth.
My King, avenge Thou me!

Let that I have smitten be counted slain,
That all folks unmolested pass
The way where of old their paths have lain
Before the Destroyer was.

Let the King's Peace rule where the King's folk go;
Let none deceive or grudge or maim;
Seeing of old 'twas even so,
Ere the Accurséd came.

I have swum, unhelped, the seas of fire.
I have scaled, unloved, the icy height.
Let this land of the aching Heart's Desire
Turn, Lord, to Thy Heart's Delight!

THE MASQUE OF THE STRICKEN SOUL

What is a Poet? One who catches clear,
Faint echoes from some far, celestial sphere,
The hum of gnat, or thrill of elfin horn
Blown from the faerie battlements at morn!
He walks the earth a man as other men,
Yet hears things just beyond the common ken,
And, like a God-taught, pure, unconscious bird,
Sings half-remembered angel-music, heard
Where? when? and how? He, least of all, doth know it!
What is he but an humble God-taught poet?
Why then say ye to him, "Hold! Stand! Explain!"
God sends on just and unjust men His rain,
And bloweth, wheresoe'er Him lists, the Spirit,
Not bought with gold, or won by man-wrought merit.
Dan shepherd from the marsh cuts him a reed,
And fashioneth a pipe unto his need,
Whereon to play multiple melodies
When by his sheep from dawn to dusk he lies.
How, think you? won that reed dan shepherd's favour?
By size? strength? shape? By sappiness or savour?
Not so! The marsh hath thousand thousand reeds,
Sufficient for a world of shepherds' needs,
And each by God attuned to make the note
Adapted to His faithful Shepherd's throat.
So is it, I would have you, worldling, know it,
With painter, singer, sculptor, player, poet!

Lord God, who Lover and who Ruler art
Of this strange realm, the fallen human heart,
Give to my pen the power to hymn Thy praise!
Inscrutable, inscrutable Thy ways,
Most holy God, Thy paths past finding out!
We follow Thee in darkness and in doubt,

Unknowing that the Son of Man is risen,
That broken are the bands of this our prison.
Cold is the dawn. Our earth lies wrapt in gloom.
We come to watch at the dead Saviour's tomb,
Bearing sweet spices for His burial,
Weeping, and wondering what may befall ;
For He, our Lord and Love, is crucified ;
On Golgotha the Prince of Judah died.
Peter and James and John, and Maries three,
Bring myrrh and aloes, balm and rosemary,
For One who bowed in shame on Calvary.
Lord, wert Thou there, our Brother had not died,
Crowned, spat upon, mocked, scourged, stripped, crucified,
Three days agone ! So to the tomb we move,
Mourning our dead, entombed Incarnate Love.

O Thou who rulest earth and sky and sea,
Unchangeable, eternal and adored,
Fountain of Light, our living, loving Lord,
Hear Thou on high our sorrow-stricken plea!
Ah welladay! Ah woe, ah woe is me!

How great our pain! How great our misery!
Our very life upon the ground is poured;
For He is gone, our living, loving Lord.
Hear Thou on high our sorrow-stricken plea!
Ah welladay! Ah woe, ah woe is me!

Unto the Tomb we come, the Maries three,
Seeking our lost, beloved, broken Word.
Lo! grief hath smitten us as with a sword!
Hear Thou on high our sorrow-stricken plea!
Ah welladay! Ah woe, ah woe is me!

O Thou who rulest earth and sky and sea,
Unchangeable, eternal and adored,
Give back our Christ, our living, loving Lord!
Hear Thou on high our sorrow-stricken plea!
Ah welladay! Ah woe, ah woe is me!

The Soul (speaks.)

Deep have they buried me in darkness dire.
I lie amid the anguish and the clod.
Ages agone I saw the Face of God.
They gave my breath to earth, my soul to fire.
I have desiréd with a great desire
To see the Lord my God His dwelling-place ;
But they have heaped the sods upon my face.
My breath they gave to earth, my soul to fire !

Why will ye tarry, O ye sons of men ?
How long, how long shall I yet wait for you ?
Know ye ! I have my Father's work to do,
That waiteth whiles I die in evil pen.
Let me return unto my home again.
Ah ! I am anguish-weary of the gloom
In this my rock-bound, dust-encumbered tomb.
Why will ye let me die in evil pen ?

Why do ye not believe on me, the Son
Of God, whom ye with robes of state bedizen,
And keep in jewelled strongfast, holt and prison,
With prison fare for my provision ?
Man liveth by the Word of God alone ;
But I am dead, deep-buried in the earth,
While ye with wine and women's whims make mirth.
" The Lord his God be his provision ! "

Why do ye thus, O men, bedizen me ?
No priest am I, nor yet your Emperor
To ride upon men's necks. My mother bore
Me in the manger of an hostelry ;
I died a bloody death on Calvary ;
" Others he saved ! Himself he cannot save ! "

With these bare hands I diggéd me this grave
That is my rock-hewn, blood-stained hostelry.

I am aweary of your unbelief.
It is so foolish to doubt you of God,
To stuff and stifle me, His Son, in clod,
And make your Sun of Righteousness a thief.
Ere I knew you, I never had a grief,
Ere I knew you, I nothing knew of woe.
I had a Father once, long, long ago,
And ye have made the Son of God a thief!

Wake me not! Let me sleep! My tale is told!
This spirit strong, that never yet hath blenched
For loss or peril, sunken is and quenched.
Vicisti! Never more unto his fold
Returns the Shepherd, fearless, wise and bold.
Vicisti! Sing the triumph-hymn in Gath,
" Slain is the slayer of our Goliath!
Ha! Shepherd cometh never to his fold! "

The Beloved.

Awake, beloved! Wherefore sleepest thou?
Wherefore art thus disloyal to thy King,
Who set thee at thy post? Awake, love! Sing,
O soul of mine that sleepest! Even now
Thy sun doth gild the heaven-kissing brow
Of topmost Libanus' tree-pastured hill!
Awake! Awake! Lie thou no longer still,
O soul of mine, whose Loved One cometh now!

Awake, beloved! Wherefore dost thou sleep?
All night, these long hours of thy pangs and throes,
Thy Nightingale hath sung unto thy Rose,
Thy Loved One watchéd hath thy stricken sheep.
Return! Return! my shipman, from the deep;

From slippery billows take thee to the shore
Where I await, to loose thee never more,
Who through the long night pastured have thy sheep.

Awake, beloved! Wake! Unseal those eyes!
To yon bright orb of day fling glance for glance
In roguish rivalries of brilliance.
Let no man tangle thee with cheats and lies.
Man dieth! True! But Spirit never dies!
At them! Up, love! Laugh, dear, at thy false doom!
God never sealéd thee in dusty tomb!
Let them not tangle thee with cheats and lies!

The Soul.

I sleep not, and I wake not. I am held
'Twixt sleep and waking, knowing neither which
Is dream, which truth. My grave is with the rich,
And with the wicked in my deaths. Unquelled,
Yet vanquished, I, like to some great tree felled
In spring, long flaunt my livery of green,
And push my leaves the chinks of death between.
Asleep, I wake! Vanquished, I am unquelled!

(*Sings.*)

Out and in! Out and in!
Diamond webs the Fairies spin!
My Lady fair has a crown of gold.
Her cheeks are young, but her eyes are old!
Diamond webs have the Fairies spun.
My Lady was Queen in Babylon.

Out and in! Out and in!
Sunbeams for gold the Fairies spin!
My Lady was Queen in Babylon.
A golden throne she was seated on,
In a robe of gold that the Fairies spun —
Ah, Lady! Ah, Queen in Babylon!

Out and in ! Out and in !
Glittering webs the Fairies spin !
The lips of my Lady Queen are red,
Her cheek is wan, and her heart is dead.
Glittering webs have the Fairies spun.
My Lady's heart died in Babylon.

Out and in ! Out and in !
Woeful the webs that the Fairies spin !
And woeful the Queen to live on and on ;
Queen, ah ! and Woman in Babylon.
Have done ! Have done ! The web is spun !
I think that I, too, died in Babylon !

The Chorus of Men.

" To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow ! " —
Ah me ! the sullen pageant of the days
That loiters onward to eternity,
And never a day, but brings its task to do !

The Soul.

I sleep not, and I wake not ! I endure
Age after age the bare monotony
Of day to day linked in inanity,
Which neither death may end, nor life may cure.
Once I was rich. Now I am very poor,
And none regardeth. Let me lie and rot.
I have forgotten ! Let me be forgot,
Whom neither death may end, nor life may cure !

The Men.

They are so many and so clamorous,
So clamorous in promise, and so grey
And silent when, the fair words unfulfilled,
They pass, to-morrows into yesterdays !

The Soul.

Alone I perish ! Once I loved my God.
Once I was freeman of a noble land,

Leader and ringsman of a blithesome band.
First sang at feast ; first in the dance I trod.
" Bow, then ! " say they. " Bow, then, and kiss the rod !
Thy Lord must hate thee, thus to have smitten thee !
Wicked ! ah ! wicked ! wicked must thou be ! "
First sang at feast ; first in the dance I trod !

The Men.

Yea, I am very weary, and would die,
If so I could be gathered to the sod,
And sink into the earth from which I came
To fret my little hour. Ah no ! no ! no !

The Soul.

" Bow thee ! " say they. " Or shall we make the bow ?
Go forth ! thou sinful one ; go ! lest thou smirch
The least fringe of the hem of us, His Church !
The kennel for the dog ; the sty for sow !
Surely we've borne with thee, ill beast ! enow ! "
Once I was freeman of a noble land,
Leader and ringsman of a blithesome band.
" Kennel for dog ! " say they, " and sty for sow ! "

The Men.

That way comes not release ! The wheels grind on.
No rest in death, nor ever can be rest,
Until the task's accomplished ! On we go
From aeon unto aeon, sun to sun !

The Soul.

" Bow thee ! " say they. " Repent ! Thou art abhorred !
Only unrighteous folk by God are smitten,
But we deal righteously ! Is it not written,
' The wicked shall be smitten with the sword ' ?
Up, Sword, then ! Smite ! " O Thou most righteous Lord,
Who castedst me to Bel at Babylon,
Thy many waters o'er this head have gone !
The wicked man doth smite me with the sword !

The Men.

Why? Why? Friend, ask not! None the answer knows,
Not God Himself, the blind, ineffable God,
Who bodied forth His own Divinity,
That in the finitude He might be known!

The Soul.

Deep have they buried me in darkness dire.
I lie amid the anguish and the clod.
Ages agone I saw the Face of God.
They gave my breath to earth, my soul to fire.
I have desired with a great desire
To see the Lord my God His dwelling-place;
But they have heaped the sods upon my face.
My breath they gave to earth, my soul to fire.

The Men.

If you have woes, what are your woes to His,
His, God's Himself, the blind, ineffable God,
Who dreamt — what ignorance of metaphysic! —
Through finitude to know Infinity?

The Soul.

Why will ye tarry, O ye sons of men?
How long, how long shall I yet wait for you?
Know ye! I have my Father's work to do,
That waiteth whiles I die in evil pen.
Let me return unto my home again.
Ah! I am anguish-weary of the gloom
In this my rock-bound, dust-encumbered tomb.
Why will ye let me die in evil pen?

The Men.

But, hush! Some day He'll waken from His dream,
And gods and suns and beasts and plants and men
Will sink — ah God! the rapture! — into Him,
Who was and is and shall be naught but God!

The Soul.

Why do ye not believe on me, the Son
Of God, whom ye with robes of state bedizen,
And keep in jewelled strongfast, holt and prison,
With prison fare for my provision ?
Man liveth by the word of God alone ;
But ye have made the Son of God a thief.
I am aweary of your unbelief —
This prison fare for my provision !

The Beloved.

Awake, beloved ! Rise ! The tyrant sun
For thy dread darksome slumbers will not tarry.
Agree, agree, with this thine Adversary,
Then rise ! oh rise to me ! Beloved one,
Whom I remember in the days long gone,
My Lover and my Husband and my Prince,
Laugh ! little one. Laugh ! dear. Forget these sins,
Then rise ! oh rise to me ! Beloved one !

Awake, beloved ! Rise ! Yon clouded sky
Is but the curtain of the sun-god's tent.
Eastward already, lo ! the clouds are rent,
And dawn-wind comes to stage the pageantry.
Awake ! Awake ! Or sleep eternally !
O foolish child ! Laugh now, for all thy woes !
Laugh ! Shelter not like the ill-fortuned Rose !
Laugh ! Rise ! Awake to dawn-wind's pageantry !

(*Sings.*)

I had a rose in my garden,
A Gloire-de-Dijon rose !
And its perfume filled the garden,
Its glory filled the garden,
From day's dawn to day's close.

And I said: If the storm winds bruise you,
If the tempests beat you down,
And I lose the joy of my garden,
The hope and the peace of my garden,
My rose, my beauty's Crown — !

I shall build me a high wall round you;
I shall roof you in with care.
There shall never a storm-wind touch you,
Never a frost shall touch you,
So warm and snug in there!

But my Gloire-de-Dijon wilted,
Wilted and pined away!
For the sunbeams never kissed it,
And the raindrops never kissed it,
And it died, and the month was May!

Dear heart, though the storm-winds bruise you,
Though the tempests beat you down,
There are sunbeams yet shall kiss you,
There are raindrops yet shall kiss you,
My rose, my beauty's Crown!

Shall I build me a high wall round you?
Shall I roof you in with repose?
Ah! what of the rose that wilted,
The rose that pined and wilted,
My Gloire-de-Dijon rose?

The Voice of the Lord.

I am
The Resurrection and the Life!
He that believeth in Me,
Though he were dead,

Yet shall he live !
And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me
Shall never die !

The Soul.

I sleep not, and I wake not ! Death doth gnaw
Upon me like a sheep. O Lord of Hell,
If Lord of Hell there be ! miserable,
Miserable am I ! Thy Leopard's Paw
Hath smitten the frail *cheetal* deer ! Thy maw
Gapes hungrily for the delicious feast.
Devour, then, Hell ! Make speed ! Thou weariest !
Miserable I lie 'neath Leopard's Paw !

Devour, then, Hell ! Suck down into the abyss,
The pit of Gloom, where man forgets to feel !
Enough have I suffered. Let thy poisons heal
The fretting pains, the carking agonies,
The miseries and the shames. Thy lover is
Before thee, Hell ! Take me into that Tomb
Where no light wantonly may mar thy gloom
With fretting pains and carking agonies.

Sweet Hell, I love thee ! Once I loved thee not,
But that was when I had another Love !
Now, Hell, I love thee all other loves above,
Nor shall I from this love abate one jot,
Though aeons roll. Come, thou accurséd blot
Upon Creation's starry-spangled splendour !
Be my Redeemer, Hell ! Yea ! I surrender !
Nor shall I from this Love abate one jot !

Gape, Hell ! I love thee ! Once another Road
Was mine. I have forgot ! I love thee, Hell,
If Hell there be ! Lo ! I am miserable,
Miserable am I ; I that have showed
Long time allegiance to my Father-God !

Aye me! Aye me! The soul of me is sick
To death! Take me, Hell, take me, Heretic,
Who long, long years my faithfulness have showed!

(*Sings.*)

Men call me proud and cold and overbearing,
Because I stand and give the world the lie.
They smite me on the mouth as I go by,
Head up! back straight! no sob! no sign of caring!

Away with him! Away with the blasphemer!
God's word's with us! God's justice! Crucify!
They smite me on the mouth as I go by.
They smote Thee on the mouth, Thou World's Redeemer!

O Thou, so Poor, so Proud in Thine affliction,
Thou Man of Sorrows, crowned for Calvary,
They smite me on the mouth as I go by.
For me Thy Rod, Thy Crown, Thy Crucifixion!

Oh! Life is sweet, and happiness is sweeter,
Sweetest is love! Life, Joy, Love I deny.
They smite me on the mouth as I go by.
I stand! God grant I turn not craven Peter!

I am not proud and cold and overbearing.
I live alone, in loneliest agony!
They smite me on the mouth as I go by.
Thank God! Thank God! I give no sign of caring!

The Lover.

There was a time when I loved,
There was a time when I hated,
When my hate and my love in a pageant moved,
Like merchantmen, richly freighted.

The Old Woman.

I know a town, a little town,
In the Land of Long-ago,
Whose walls are golden, and purple and brown,
And the sentinels walk up and down,
All in the sunset glow!

The Lover.

My love was a pillar of fire;
My hate, a pillar of cloud;
And I fought my way to my heart's desire
Through the lightnings and thunders loud.

The Old Woman.

A river runs round about the town,
Gentle and wide and deep;
And the sunset rests on it, like a crown
On the brow of a knight of high renown,
Who sleeps his eternal sleep!

The Lover.

But my love, my true love, lied to me,
And I killed my love for the lie.
Yea, I wept when my false, false true love died to me.
Ah, that love could betray and die!

The Old Woman.

"And what is the name of your little town?"
Ah! That I do not know!
But it's one foot up and one foot down,
If ye would reach my little town
In the Land of Long-ago!

The Lover.

And I wander my desert ways,
Shrunken, alone, outcast;
And I veil my head to the desert blaze,
And I bow to the desert blast.

The Old Woman.

Then come, ah! come to my little town
Whose name ye cannot know!
For it's one foot up, and one foot down,
If ye would reach my little town
In the Land of Long-ago!

The Lover.

And my heart within me is chill,
And my feet lie near Death's gate.
For, O! my love, I love you still!
And O! my love, I hate!

The Voice of the Lord.

I Am
The Light of the world.
He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness,
But shall have the Light of Life.

Chorus of Women.

Justice is bitter as the salt sea wave!
Bitter! Bitter! Bitter! is the Wrath of God!
Justice is dark and cruel as the grave,
Swift to condemn, and slow, slow, slow to save!
Have mercy! Ah, have mercy in Thy Wrath, O God!

Chorus of Men.

O Thou who keepest Israel,
Who never slumberest or sleepest,
Our Prince of Peace, Immanuel,
Our King, our Vanquisher of Hell,
Beloved, reverenced, adored,
Have mercy on Thy people, Lord!

The Women.

Justice doth poison the babe at the breast —
Cruel! Cruel! Cruel! is the Wrath of God!
Slayeth the guiltless, trampleth the opprest,
Giveth the worst, and taketh of the best!
Have pity! Ah, have pity in Thy Wrath, O God!

The Men.

Before Thy Majesty we bow,
Thou Lord of Life and Light eternal!
Who thunderedst on Sinai's brow,
In showers of blessing breakest now!
Beloved, reverenced, adored,
Have mercy on Thy people, Lord!

The Women.

We who so blindly stumble through the mire —
Weary! Weary! Weary! is the road to God!
Darkly despond, and dolefully aspire,
Cry to the Light, the far, pure, awful Fire;
Hear us! Ah, hear us in our pain, O God!

The Men.

Lord, we have met Thee, face to face,
Unclean, unworthy of Thy presence;
Yet strong in mercy, strong in grace,
We reach up to Thy dwelling-place.
Beloved, reverenced, adored,
Have mercy on Thy people, Lord!

The Women.

Lord, by Thy Majesty we Thee adjure —
Woeful! Woeful! Woeful! is our cry to God!
Lord, by Thy Providence, so wise and sure,
Lord, by Thy Light, so awful and so pure,
Save us! Ah, save us from Thy Wrath, O God!

The Men.

"Unclean! Unclean!" we dare not cry,
For clean is all that Thou hast cleansed.
Take Thou, dear Lord, our misery,
Our sins, our tenfold agony!
Beloved, reverenced, adored,
Have mercy on Thy people, Lord!

The Women.

Lord, we have sought to serve Thee faithfully!
Hard! Hard! Hard! is the service of our God!
Lord, we have loved none other Lord but Thee!
Canst Thou not hear Thy children's agony?
Mercy! Ah, have mercy, O our Father-God!

The Men.

Take Thou our agony, and make
Therefrom the joy of sins forgiven.
Lord, Lord, on Thee our trespass take
For Jesus Christ His own sweet Sake!
Beloved, reverenced, adored,
Have mercy on Thy people, Lord!

The Women.

Canst Thou not stretch out Thy right hand to save?
Strong! Strong! Strong! is the right hand of our God!
Save us from Justice, cruel as the grave!
Pity, Lord! Pity! Lord, Lord, pity have!
Slay not! Ah, slay not in Thy Wrath, O God!

The Men.

O Thou who keepest Israel,
Who never slumberest or sleepest,
Around us are the hosts of hell,
But Thou art our Immanuel,
Thou ever loving and adored,
Jehovah, Jesus, God and Lord!

The Women.

So shall we serve Thee joyfully alway —
Loving! Loving! Loving! is our Father-God!
Love Thy commandments, ever to Thee pray.
Turn Thou our night of weeping to Thy Day!
Hear us! Ah, hear us in Thy Love, O God!

The Lover.

As the mariner of old,
Benighted, and flying before the eddies of the east wind,
Sighed but for one star,
The North Star;
Nor craved he the embattled hosts of heaven:
So I,
Benighted and hurrying through the tempest,
Sigh but for thee, my North Star,
My loved one, my lost one!

(*Sings.*)

Love is a dream, men say, and so it is!
For I have dreamed it.
My love's gone far away
Till I've redeemed it!
My love is bliss
In miseries,
Till I've redeemed it!

Love is a toy, men say, and so it is,
A sorry token!
Poor toy! 'Tis thrown away!
Poor heart! 'Tis broken!
All's gone amiss
In miseries.
My heart is broken!

Love is a joy, men say, and so it is,
Though gone for ever!
My love is far away,
Yet none can sever!
My love is bliss
In miseries,
For none can sever!

The Voice of the Lord.

I Am
The Bread of Life.
He that cometh to Me
Shall never hunger;
And he that believeth on Me
Shall never thirst.

The Soul.

Light! Light! Oh horror of eternal night!
Oh anguish of eternal loneliness!
Palpable darkness! Age on age doth press
Me deeper downward. Light! Light! Lord God, Light!
I suffocate! I am unclean! O write
Me not for ever dead, ye Unknown Powers!
The very soul of me insensate cowers
Before your Presence! Light! Light! Lord God, Light!

What have I done that ye thus thrust me down?
Oh horror of the depthless, unplumbed Deep!
The unforgetting endlessness of Sleep,
Where no dreams are! Ye Sons of God, I drown
In starless mirk where Light was never known!
Dark! Dark! Dark! Dark! Pity! ye Unknown Powers,
Before whom trembling the sick soul of me cowers.
Pity! In starless, choking mirk I drown!

What have I done that ye destroy me thus?
Lo! As I was a living man, I know not!
And ye, ye Powers, your very Forms ye show not,
God-hating! Woe! Woe! Darkness covereth us
With leprous garment, stinking, hideous,
Inevitable! O ye Unseen Powers,
The very soul within me trembling cowers
Before you! Woe! Woe! Darkness covereth us!

The Lover.

My heart is a tiny palace
Built all of jewels rare,
Each jewel the gift of a princess,
And pictures everywhere ;
A little magic palace,
Whose every room recalls
Some fragrant, golden remembrance
From the pictures on its walls.

A fair garden girdles the palace
Of roses red and white,
Of laughter and singing fountains,
Of sunshine and all delight.
And all about the palace
Is a rainbow-mist of tears,
Tears for the past that is not,
Smiles for the coming years.

Will ye walk through my magic palace ?
In its inmost room is a Shrine,
And there ye shall find the Princess
Who built me this palace of mine !

The Girl.

Love of his dreams built a palace, ages on ages agone !
High on a headland he built it, out in the ocean of Sleep.
The one part gloomed in the shadow ; the one part stretched to the sun ;
And the gleam of its glory eternal blazed like a star o'er the Deep.

There on its towering headland it stood through the ages unnumbered,
Calm and majestical, watching the merciless onrush of years.
Low at its feet the blue ocean with mystical murmurings slumbered,
In the infinite joy of its Laughter, the infinite woe of its Tears !

And shall we, O my beloved! launch o'er the ocean of Sleep,
Climb the stern rocks of the headland, pass to the palace above?
Love, Love alone, he is Lord there, Lord of the House and the Deep;
And the mist of his dreams is about us, thou and I, thou and I, love, and . . . Love!

The Lover.

I saw my Loved One standing in the corn,
Cornflowers for her eyes,
Poppies for her lips!
Around her the sweet fragrances of morn!
Misty, gold sunrise,
Dawn and night's eclipse!

How soft the kiss of morning touched her hair —
Breezes on the corn,
Wavering to and fro!
Rustles of dim awakenings in the air,
Sighs of the happy morn,
Corn-haulms whispering — so!

Two stars hung low on purple night's confine.
Loved One's eyes are stars,
Dream-stars of the night!
Larks carol-in the glorious sunshine,
Heaven's gate unbars,
Downward floods the light!

The Fool.

Three kings came riding out of the East,
Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar.
O Wisest of Men, whither journeyest
With Mantle of gold and silken Vest?
Methinks thou art come, art come from far,
Following a Star!

God give thee shelter to man and beast,
Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar.
Shelter's none here! Oh! vain thy quest!
Vainly, Sire! here thou shelterest!
Get thee back home, who art come from far,
Following a Star!

Dreamer art thou, King, Warrior, Priest,
Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar!
Here is a Babe for thee! Now were it best
To haste thee home from the haunted West!
Foolish art thou, who hast roamed so far,
Following a Star!

Three kings came riding back to the East,
Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar.
A Star rose white for the sainted Priest,
And a Star shone on the Warrior's crest,
And behind the King who had roamed so far,
Followed a Star!

The Priest.

O thou whose eyes are holden,
O thou who canst not see
The Master whom thou followest,
O thou poor one who wanderest
The dread ways drearily,
Know that thy Master trod them,
These paths that thou hast trod!
In His own Way thou wanderest,
His footsteps dear thou followest,
The Way that leads to God!

Round Him the Dark Ones gathered,
As eagles to their prey;
And, "O my God," the Master cried,

" Hast Thou, too, left me, crucified ? "
So did the Master say ;
And nearer the Dark Ones gathered,
As eagles to their dead.
" Hast Thou, too, left me, crucified,
O Thou my God ? " the Master cried,
And bowed His holy Head.

And God, His Father, took Him
Back to His bosom dear ;
And He who once was crucified,
Who cried aloud, and bowed, and died
In Horror, Woe and Fear,
Now reigneth He in Glory
And Might and Majesty !
Shalt thou not tread the path He trod,
The lonely Way that leads to God,
The Way of Agony ?

Then turn thou back, thou lone one !
For though thou canst not see
The Master whom thou followest,
O thou poor one, who wanderest
The dread ways drearily,
Know that thy Master trod them,
These paths that thou hast trod !
In His own Way thou wanderest,
His footsteps dear thou followest,
The Way that leads to God !

The Women.

Kyrie eleison !
Christe eleison !
Kyrie eleison !
Christe audi nos !
Christe exaudi nos !

The Voice of the Lord.

I Am
The Door ;
By Me if any man enter in,
He shall be saved.
I Am
The Good Shepherd ;
The Good Shepherd giveth
His Life for the sheep.

The Soul.

Dear Lord, so many an one doth come to Thee,
And, weeping sore, bewails his frailty.
So do not I, Lord ! Rather I rejoice
In this my weakness. Yea, I raise my voice
In psalms of thankfulness.

The Chorus of Men.

Not for the task's sake, the doing, the bearing and the contriving,
The plan and the plan's fruition, the check, the nigh touched-on disaster,
The laughter and taunts of the foe, the sweating, the heart-broken striving,
The joy, the success, the esteem and the glory, the Well done ! of the Master.

The Soul.

For, Lord, if I am weak, yet Thou art strong !
If I do spurn the right, and seek the wrong,
I know that so Thy glory grows complete !
My deepest dark Thy brightest Light doth meet,
My guilt Thy Holiness !

The Men.

Not for the crown's sake, the robe, the throne, the King's kiss and the laurel,
The thousands that bow and applaud, the palm-branches strewn, the praises,

The smiles of fair women, the languishing eyes that desire
and that cross swords and quarrel,
The knighthood, the jewel, the acceptance, the welcome in
high places —

The Soul.

Lord, I do love Thee so, that I would dwell
Gladly within the glooms of utter hell,
But to illume Thy mercy and Thy grace,
But to enhance the splendour of Thy Face
With mine unworthiness.

The Men.

Not for the wrong's sake, the darkness, the dungeoning and
the squalor,
The anguished cries, the proud steps and haughty stomachs
of the foemen,
The widows' tears, the ravished daughters, the hatred, the
doom, the dolour,
The burnt homes, unburied carles, untilled fields, the foxes
and birds of ill omen —

The Soul.

Yet, Lord, Thy little child doth come to Thee,
And, weeping sore, bewails his frailty!
Dear Lord, do Thou regard him from Thy throne,
For by Thy mercy is Thy glory known,
By grace Thy Holiness!

The Men.

Not for these, but for Thee, Lamb of God! until all be
finished,
Not for these, but for Thee! If it please Thee to lay by
Thy glory
Gem by gem, robe by robe, star by star, till Thy radiance
diminished
Lets the Presence of God, which is Thou, pale and dwine
like a twelve-times told story —

The Soul.

And do Thou take him for Thy little child,
By Jesus, Babe, and Mary, Mother mild ;
And do Thou cheer him on his stony way,
And make him glad with one least, loveliest ray
Of Thine own Loveliness !

The Men.

Not for these, but for Thee ! I know not, nor care I, Thy servant, the reason.
Suffice it, Thou doest it, Lord ! Surely, solid or hollow
The sphere of Thy thought, wise or foolish Thy purpose, straight or crooked Thine end, in season,
Out of season, because Thou art my Lord, I fight, and I strive, and I follow !

The Soul.

And do Thou bring him in the end to Thee,
To that dear House where all his comrades be,
That in Thy worthiness he may rejoice,
And through the ages, with redeeméd voice,
Praise Thy Forgiveness !

The Chorus of Women.

Thine be the cup, and Thine the joy which filleth,
Rose-red, the cup with life-blood to the brim.
Lift high the cup ! Rose-drop on rose-drop spilleth.
Praise ye the Lord ! Rose-wine, rose-wine to Him !

Thine be the bread, and Thine the hand which breaketh.
Hoc est enim ! Lord, this my body, this !
Clay is but clay until the Lord it taketh.
Shall He not shape — and break — that which is His ?

Thine be the Cross, and Thine, dear Lord, the Altar.
Thou art our Christ. Cross-hung Thou reignest high.
We reign in Thee ! Rejoice ! Joy ! Do not falter !
I am the Way, the Life, the Truth am I !

Thine be the Way ; and shall we stay to barter ?
Chaffer in markets ? Haggle high and low ?
The Church's seed is life-blood of the martyr.
Forth ! Forth ! Go forth ! The hour waits. Let us go !

Thine be the cup, Lord God. Thine, Thine the token.
The Lord hath given. Blessed, blessed be He !
Not life nor death nor hell our troth hath broken.
We go ! We go ! Lord, Lord, remember me !

The Beloved.

Look not backward ! Thou the past canst not recall.
Nor forward, for the future is God's gift.
Nor round thee, nor below, look not at all !
But upward, where the hills of Mercy lift.
Yea, upward, where the mounts of Blessing rise,
To the hills, Lord, to the hills I lift mine eyes !

The Soul.

Light ! Light ! Oh horror of eternal night,
Where the fires burn unquenchingly ! I know
Thy name, O Darkness ! Yea ! and thine, thou Glow
Of Flames that give no blaze. Light ! O Christ ! Light !
I am forgotten, deep-drowned, buried, sight
Forbidden, hearing deadened, touch dulled, dumb
My speech, with horrible dark these senses numb.
I cry ! None hears. None heeds. Light ! Dear Christ ! Light !

The Beloved.

God's mountains are not as the hills of time.
There move the mighty breezes of the Spirit ;
There morning reddens in its earliest prime ;
There Love rules, not by favour, but by merit.
Naught power or fame 'vails there ; naught money buys.
To the hills, Lord, to the hills I lift mine eyes !

The Soul.

Long since I heard the banishing decree ;
" For such and such a space put him from Us !

Take him, O Dark!" On me the ponderous
Gates of oppression swung! I once was free!
"Take him, O Dark!" Time is not here. I see
No gaoler; hear none; naught the hours to mark
Jesus! I perish! Perish in the dark,
Who once was blithe, Thy servant, sinless, free!

The Beloved.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
Whereon the great clouds of God's Love repose,
Wherefrom God's blessings run in rushing rills,
Fed and replenished by the eternal snows.
Where glacier heaped on glacier rough-hewn lies,
To the hills, Lord, to the hills I lift mine eyes!

The Soul.

Jesus! I perish! Naught before me lies
But this eternity of sunless tomb,
This silence of earth's Dark-empoisoned womb,
These agonies, these wailings and these cries.
Cruel! Why, Lord, tormentest in this wise,
Why torturest me, the bondslave of Thy grace,
With memories of my Lord Jesus' Face?
Hush, thou! Nor move His pity wounds nor cries!

The Beloved.

The mountains of the Lord, like serried spears,
Range round His children, fierce for their defence!
Heed not thy foes, thou boy of many fears!
Heed not their boasts! Nor dread their insolence!
Heed not their loud words, nor their taunting cries!
To the hills, Lord, to the hills I lift mine eyes!

The Soul.

Lord, I am wounded deep. Thy Love flings down
Its rain of drops that burn. Whatso is touched
Perishes! Look not! No! My soul is smutched,
And thou art pure, art pure! Look not! I drown
In darkness! Better! Better! From the crown

To sole of foot is putrefaction, sores,
Ulcers unmollified, wounds gaping. Doors
Of Hell, shut fast! Look not! In dark I drown.

The Beloved.

The mountains of the Lord are my delight,
Whose flanks yield precious pasture to His sheep,
Whose caves and folds give shelter through the night.
Lo! He that keeps Thee, Israel, shall not sleep!
And when once more the dawn stains red the skies,
To the hills, Lord, to the hills I lift mine eyes!

The Soul.

In darkness! Better! Better! Touch me not!
Leave me, ye Powers, who perished am past use,
Even for your dire ends! Nay! Let me loose,
That I may here in some forsaken grot
Moan the night out, forgetting and forgot.
I am no use, no use, ye Unknown Ones!
Loose me! See! I leave not your dungeons!
Loose me, to moan my days in darkling grot!

The Beloved.

To the hills, Lord! Nay! I may not backward look!
Nor forward! Oft I quake at what lies there.
Nor downward! Downward gaze Thou wilt not brook.
Nor round me! Foes are many. I despair!
When hymn of joy grows faint, and courage dies,
To the hills, Lord, to the hills I lift mine eyes!

The Soul.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!"
Mock me not! Mock me not! Here, here I die
In dungeon's corner. To the hills! Nay, I
Nowhither lift mine eyes! These present ills
Suffice. Deep down, deep down in me, it shrills
Like some long-dead lark's morning-song in June,
When Love and I sang still, sang still one tune,
Long, long ago! Long dead! These present ills!

The Beloved.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills !
Swiftly my God to me His aid doth send,
Who Ruler is of the Invisibles,
Who is my King, my Lover to life's end.
No sick one unheard calls, no prisoner sighs.
To the hills, Lord, to the hills I lift mine eyes !

The Soul.

Mock me not ! Mock me not ! It is enough !
I will arise ! Nay, how ? Arise and go.
Peace, fool ! Unto my Father ! Fool ! Fool ! No
Father is there ! Go not ! The road is rough
And stony here, true ! Stay ! What proof, what proof
That aught awaits thee at thy journey's end ?
Hark now, if ever, to thy heart's true friend.
Rise not ! Go not ! Stay ! Peace ! The road is rough !

The Beloved.

Look not backward ! Thou the past canst not recall.
Nor forward, for the future is God's gift.
Nor round thee, nor below, look not at all,
But upward, where the hills of Mercy lift.
Yea, upward, where the mounts of Blessing rise,
To the hills, Lord, to the hills I lift mine eyes !

The Lover.

Sweetheart of the sunny face
And laughing eyes ;
Summer light without a trace
Of wintry skies ;
Sweetheart, gentle, tender, true,
All the world loves you !

The Fool.

The White Swan on the Lake, self-mirroring,
Unconscious of all beauty but his own,
Swims in wide circles, and the ripples make
Little splashes in unthought-of nooks. The King

Entranced by his own glory, on a throne
Rough to the hand with diamonds, doth slake
His thirst of fame in song and warrior-shout,
In feasting and in women's love. The Rose
Communes with her own perfume ; lets the sun
Work his brave purpose, so the scents drip out.
Self-wrapped she dreams, and while she dreams, world goes
Onward in dust. Lover-Poet doth con
His passion-lines. The green tree-frog chirps shrill.
And all things do the One God's perfect will !

The Lover.

Sweet Love of the sunny hair,
And slender waist,
Springtime sparkles in the air
Where you have passed.
Sweetheart, gentle, tender, true,
All the world loves you !

The Voice of the Lord.

I Am
Alpha and Omega ;
He that liveth, and was dead.
And behold I live for evermore,
And have the keys of hell and death !

The Fool.

I am not very wise in human things,
My path has taken me through other spheres,
And mankind's virtues do not move me much,
Unless maybe to laughter. Trumpetings
Of Faerie come sedately to these ears,
And fern-seed springs unbidden to my touch,
Fool of the Ages ! Aye ! White Swan swims Lake,
And all the waters of the seven Deeps
Ruffle not one least plume of whiteness. King
Swoons, through eternities enthroned, to slake
His thirst of glory. Rose entrancéd sleeps,
Dripping odours, while for love the night-winds sing.

Rose sleeps, King swoons, the White Swan dreams o'er pool,
And God gives vision to the patient Fool !

The Lover.

Sweet Love of the sunny heart,
And witching smile,
Though our ways lie far apart
So weary a mile ;
Sweetheart, gentle, tender, true,
May I love you, too ?

The Fool.

I cannot understand the need to toil.
As One once said, the Lilies do not spin !
My beauty is my own. I am the Fool !
My beauty, Folks, is yours ; if you'll not spoil
The lovely wilding creature for his skin !
Will you try tame the hand of Fortune, school
The eye of commerce just this once, to enjoy
Instead of kill for market, for the price
Of rare things breached and bloodied ? Recollect
The Fool in you, the innocent, foolish Boy —
That you, perchance, were never ! Give your eyes
Freedom ! Stay hands ! Folly ! Ha ! You reject !
Ha ! Ha ! I mock ! Mock ! Sport, 'tis sport to skip
Out of the reach of your Destroyership !

The Lover.

Were I the King of England,
King with his golden crown,
I should step from my throne with my crown in my hands,
With my gold and my gems and my houses and lands ;
I should lay them all at your feet ;
At your feet I should lay them down,
My darling, my love, my sweet !

The Fool.

Fools that ye are ! I am the Ageless Fool,
The Fool of Beauty. Ha ! You shall not harm !
Shall not ! I am God's Fool, God's Fool ! the Swan

That swims the deeps of the enchanted Pool,
Content with his white beauty : no alarm
Of greedy huntsman comes here : yea, and one
Of the seven kings of the East ; my seat of state
Stands thick with flashing gems ; my diadem
Coruscates light. The golden-scented Rose,
Whose every petal drips mere love, I wait
Through seven eternities for my Love, the hem
Of whose sweet robe by God's grace I adorn.
Pluck me who will ! I'll prick, ha ! 'Tis a thorn !

The Lover.

Were I the wide, wide heavens,
Where the little stars shine bright,
In the deep of my infinite arms I should hold you,
In my arms, ah ! so tender and strong to enfold you !
Sleep, my little one, sleep
In these arms, through the livelong night !
My darling, my sweetheart, sleep !

The Fool.

Fools ! Mark you, mark this tide among the rocks,
Lip ! Lap ! Lip ! Lap ! So meek, ye heed it not !
This meek, meek sea, that like a panting hound
Crawls to your feet, once cast abroad these blocks
Of basalt, carved the crags, hewed out yon grot
Where on the calmest July days resound
Bellowings subterranean. Yea and yea !
Judge ye, yet judge not ! I who call you fools,
I judge you not, who myself foolish am,
Needing Salvation's boon like you. I play
My Fool's play ; play you yours ! The craven pules
And whines for whipping ; shifts the sorry shame.
I do condemn not, I ! I do not praise !
The Lord of All shall judge His creatures' ways.

The Lover.

I am no King of England,
King with his golden crown ;
I am no heaven of heavens to hold you,

In the deep of my infinite arms to enfold you ;
But — I cast me down at your feet,
At your feet I cast me down,
For I love you, my love, my Sweet !

The Fool.

Heed not the Fool, dear folks ! Heed only Him
Who made you, Him whom thrice ye have denied,
The Christ ye mocked and scourged and spat upon
Three watches of the night. His eyes are dim
With weeping. Is it nothing that ye ride
In grand clothes and the pomp of Babylon
Past Golgotha ? Ha ! Cease ! Upon his Lake
The White Swan swims in state, self-mirroring ;
And lo ! Prince Solomon in kingly glory
Dreams on his ivory chair, dreams thus, to slake
His kingly dreamings. Blooms thus, surfeiting,
White Rose, her lovers. Thus Fool with his story !
Where'er I go, whate'er I do, touch, see,
Grant, Christ, I go, do, touch, see, all in Thee !

The Soul.

I will arise ! O Christ of Justice hear !
I will not always lie here in the dark,
Forgotten. Deep the song of long-dead lark,
Deep in me shrills with, *Sweet ! Sweet ! Sweet !* Ah ! dear,
Dear art thou, Messenger ! I will draw near
To listen. *Sweet ! Sweet ! Sweet !* Cease, Singer ! Cease !
Too daring breakest thou my hell-bought peace !
Deep in me shrills thy, *Sweet ! Sweet ! Sweet !* Ah ! Dear !

The Girl.

The joy of a man is as jewels strewn
By a singing stream in a moonlit garden,
Where the Queen's six daughters walk, pair by pair,
Gwendolen, Magdalen, Alys-so-Fair,
Morwenna, Blodwen and Guinevere.

The Soul.

I will arise ! But whither shall I go,
Who homeless am, wifeless and fatherless ?

None mourns me, none awaits me. No caress
Of mother, kiss of child, wife's welcome, no
Dog, even, to greet. None cares. *Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!* So
Thou leavest me not, frail shade of long-dead Lark?
Sweet! Sweet! Nay! Sweet! I cannot leave my Dark.
I cannot! None to greet, Sweet! Cannot! No!

The Girl.

The love of a man is the haunted tune
That a faun pipes, where the shadows harden
At the wood's rim, blue in the noonday clear.
Gwendolen, Magdalen, dear! sweets! dear!
Morwenna, Blodwen, my sweethearts, hear!

The Soul.

Deep have they buried me in darkness dire.
I lie amid the anguish and the clod.
Ages agone I saw the Face of God.
They gave my breath to earth, my soul to fire.
I have desiréd with a great desire
To see the Lord my God His dwelling-place;
But they have heaped the sods upon my face.
My breath they gave to earth, my soul to fire!

The Girl.

Princesses dance by the singing stream
In the magic garth of the jewels seven.
"Love is a folly!" saith Dame Severe,
"Love is a kit-cat!" saith Baron Sneer.
Love is a tune! Nay, but, sweets! sweets! hear!

The Soul.

Why will ye tarry, O ye sons of men?
How long, how long shall I yet wait for you?
Know ye! I have my Father's work to do,
That waiteth whiles I die in evil pen.
Let me return unto my home again.
Ah! I am anguish-weary of the gloom
In this my rock-bound, dust-encumbered tomb.
Why will ye let me die in evil pen?

The Girl.

Jewels are strewn for the moonlit dream,
Jaspers and sapphires in odd and even.
Love's an adventure, sweets! Up and dare,
Gwendolen, Magdalen, Alys-so-Fair,
Morwenna, Blodwen and Guinevere!

The Soul.

Why do ye not believe on me, the Son
Of God, whom ye with robes of state bedizen,
And keep in jewelled strongfast, holt and prison,
With prison fare for my provision?
Man liveth by the Word of God alone;
But I am dead, deep buried in the earth,
While ye with wine and women's whims make mirth.
"The Lord his God be his provision!"

The Chorus of Women.

Just is the Lord, and strong! Yea! Just is He!
Within the hair's breadth swings His Balance true.
"'Twixt Good and Ill,
Unto My will,
So, and no otherwise, so shalt thou do,
Child of Mine Equity!"

Wise is the Lord, and proud! He will not take
But that which each, His child, most freely giveth.
'Twixt Good and Ill,
His word is still:
"So, and no otherwise, so each one liveth,
Whom God of Gods did make!"

Holy is He, and great! His brilliance is
The light of many thousand noonday suns.
"'Twixt Good and Ill,
I do fulfil!"
So, and no otherwise, so the sentence runs
Of His ten Mysteries!

The Voice of the Lord.

I Am
Alpha and Omega,
The Beginning and the End.
He that overcometh
Shall inherit all things ;
And I will be his God,
And he shall be My son.

The Chorus of Women.

O little flock, I would not have you fear !
I that do speak to you, I, I am He !
'Twixt Good and Ill,
This is My will.
So, and no otherwise, so shall ye be,
Whose Lord, whose Christ is here !

Gentle am I, and meek ! Lowly I am,
Who have but that which each, My child, Me giveth.
'Twixt Good and Ill,
I do fulfil !
So, and no otherwise, so My child liveth,
Who liveth to My name !

Justice am I, the Lord ! I judge each plea.
Unto the steel edge shears My Judgement true.
'Twixt Good and Ill
My word is still,
So, and no otherwise, so shalt thou do,
Child of Mine Equity ! "

The Voice of the Lord.

Take ye away the Stone !

The Fool.

Nightingale music ! Ah ! Dream of my dreams !
Myrtle and ilex, and roses that bend

To the dusk and the incense of slow, sad streams !
Nightingale song at the long day's end !

The Soul.

I will arise ! What light around me streams ?
Where am I ? Like a sword-thrust, through the gloom
And musty savour of my living tomb,
A voice rang, " Take ye away the stone ! " My dreams
Showed me no thing like this ! O gold-lit gleams,
O heavenly radiance, leave me not ! Persist,
Ye sparkling showers ! Weave me in your mist
Of fragrant words and happy childlike dreams !

The Fool.

Joyous am I in the task that is given me,
Joyous am I in the burden I bear,
For, though I've wept me, and toiled me, and striven me,
Weary and woeful with wandering, there —

The Soul.

O happy dreams, I pray you, stay by me !
Ye are but dreams, perchance ! Perchance, but dreams !
Who knows ? Who knows ? Not I ! O gold-lit gleams,
O heavenly radiance, stay ! The beggar's plea
Is all I have. Stay for Christ's charity !
Ah, Christ ! They go not ! Come they without number,
Ray after sunny ray, to plait my slumber !
O heavenly radiance, stay ! The beggar's plea !

The Fool.

There in the Garden my heart reposes,
There I have respite, and surcease of pain.
Still in my dreams I revisit my roses,
Still I do seek thee, and find thee again —

The Soul.

O happy dreams ! Wake, sleeping soul ! Awake !
Thou dreamest not ! Nay ! Nay ! These dreams of Youth
And Life and Beauty, these are very truth,
No dreams ! Wake, soul ! Thy Lord hath spoken, " Take
Ye away the stone ! " Now light of day doth make
Music and laughter in thy stricken heart.
Go forth, O soul who thus releaséd art !
Wake, soul ! Thy Lord ! Arise ! Thy quittance take !

The Fool.

Nightingale music ! Ah ! Dream of my dreams !
Myrtle and ilex, and roses that bend
To the dusk and the incense of slow, sad streams !
Nightingale song at the long day's end !

The Voice of the Lord.

Lazarus, come forth !

The Chorus of Women.

Agnus Dei,
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
Parce nobis, Domine !

The Soul.

O happy dreams ! O happy waking hour !
I have but slept ! I have but dreamed these dreams !
Lord, I come forth ! Lo, all my sleep-time seems
As nothing, when the wings of Thy love pour
Their essences on my glad soul ! The stour
And stress die down. The battle-cries wax faint.
Ah ! my Beloved ! Am I still Thy saint,
On whom the essences of love do pour ?

O happy waking ! Ray by sunny ray
The memories, stealing in my heart, with balm

Of dreams for sadness, ease its wounds in calm,
Sweet healing. I do mind me, far away
In other ages, I would leap and play
With innocent joy of manhood and delight.
Nay! I forget! Ah! Take me not, O night!
All light, all joy, all peace, are far away!

Forget! Ah, God! Sweet dreams, nay! leave me not!
Ye are but dreams, I know! Yet stay by me!
O heavenly radiance, heed the Beggar's plea!
For Christ's love! Dreams, in this my sorry lot,
Stay by me! Stay! Ah no! I have forgot!
Once I was freeman of a noble land,
Leader and ringsman of a blithesome band!
For Christ's love! Dreams! In this my sorry lot!

(*Sings.*)

I do but live on crumbled charity,
All up and down the streets I beg my bread,
I know not even where to lay my head,
Lone, ragged, outcast King of Beggary!

The Women.

Agnus Dei,
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
Exaudi nos, Domine!

The Soul.

I starve, and You, You praise my constancy,
Who back and back to You perforce am led,
Back for the crumbs, to watch those others fed,
Those other rich, that mock my misery!

The Women.

Agnus Dei,
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
Miserere nobis!

The Soul.

If I have rags, have You no cloth of gold?
If I have only beggar's love to give,
Can You not stoop to bathe my wounded feet?
Dear Love, when years are gone, and we are old,
You'll not regret the outcast You bade live,
The faithful, stupid outcast of the street!

The Fool.

Ah! the wee stars shine so bravely in the inky winter sky,
When the moon has sunk to slumber, and the sun is not yet come
Each weest star a sun, too, with its planet-world forby,
Where some gentle, loving heart, some loving, loving heart,
has aye a home!

From the Bull to Capricornus, from the Centaur to the Scales,
The wee stars fill the heavens, little, lonely, happy stars,
Twinkle-twinkling little heart-beats, heart that loves, and never
fails.
Little stars, I lie and watch you, lie and long and long to touch
you, from behind my prison-bars!

There is dancing in the heavens, through the inky wintry night,
Wheel and circle, back and forth, till the eye dims in the maze.
There is singing in the heavens, singing to the Lord of Light,
"Praise the Lord of Light, ye heavens! praise the Lord of Love,
ye heavens! to the Lord be praise!"

Little stars, I've lived among you! Little stars, I, too, have
sung!
Little stars, I've danced your measures, I, a peer among my
peers!
Little stars, I lie and watch you, in the Den where I am flung,
For a while forget the heart-ache, for a while forget the exile,
for a while forget the tears!

The Voice of the Lord.

Loose him, and let him go!

The Soul.

Loose him, and let him go! O happy plight!
Again the dreams enwrap me! Band on band
Of light clings round me! Lord, I understand
Thy word now! Let me go! Light! Light! Lord! Light!
I rise! I go! I give me to the white
Glory of this Thy Daystar's benediction.
Loose me! Away! These robes of mine affliction
I lay by in their order. Light! Lord! Light!

The Beloved.

Loose him, and let him go! As one by one
The sullen snows slip off the mountain-side,
And, where Death silent reigned, shows now the pride
Of massing, starry flowers; my woe is gone,
And all my joys bloom. Lord, to Thee alone
Be praise for this Thy deed of Love and Power!
My heart blooms like the snow-releaséd flower.
Loose him, and let him go! My woe is gone!

The Men.

Loose him, and let him go! Lord, we have spent
The long, dark hours of watching at his tomb
In weariness and sad, constraining gloom.
Loose him! Ah, Lord! we loose with glad consent,
And to Thee turning, this our Sacrament
Of Wine and Bread we take in sweet accord
At Thy nail-piercéd hands! Ah, holy Lord!
Loose him! Yea, Christ! we loose with glad consent!

The Women.

Loose him, and let him go! O Justice, still
Thou workest out Thy plans; nor wavereth
Thy Scale one hair's breadth. Vanquished art thou, Death,
And, Grave, thou bowest to the Master's will!
"In Wrath and Love My purpose I fulfil!"
Yea, to the steel's edge shears Thy Judgement true.
Loose him! What Thou commandest, that we do!
O Grave, thou bowest to the Master's will!

The Soul.

Let me go forth, where wind and sunshine hover,
Striving in glee their shadow-dance to weave
On star-shot meadows, or where oceans heave
In sapphired pomp. O, would I might discover
The very Home and Haunt of Thee, my Lover,
Who laughest and eludest! There would I
Long ages dream beside Thee, silently
Content in Thee. O, would I might discover!

The Beloved.

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! The Lord is God indeed,
The stone rolled back, and this my Love come forth!
O Holy One, Thou thunderest in the north,
And to Thy voice the darksome Gates give heed.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Thou helpest in our need,
Great One, the Lord and Ruler of the Fire,
Immanuel, Thou Prince of our Desire,
To whom the very Gates of Hell give heed!

The Men.

Loose him! Ah! Lord! The grave-clothes yet do cling.
We haste to unclothe of cerements the dear
Limbs of our loved one. Jesus! Be Thou near
To aid us! We make haste, O Lord and King!
Loose him, and let him go! The heavens ring
Exultant. Haste! Lo, this our Sacrament
Of Wine and Bread! Lord, Lord, with glad consent
We loose him. Haste, ah, haste, O Lord and King!

The Women.

Justice! O Grave, where is thy victory?
Thou Pit, who hast been so insatiable,
So dark, thou yieldest to the Master's will.
Loose him! We loose! Praise to Thy constancy,
Thou Son of Man! Loose him! He shall not die,
But through eternities in bliss shall live
And reign with Thee, O Justice, who didst give
Thy life for his! Praise to Thy constancy!

The Lover.

Why do I sing no more, say you,
Why do I sing no more?
Because my love is true, is true,
Because my love is true!
Because her two eyes are stars to shine,
Because her two arms are vines to twine,
Because she is mine, and mine, and mine,
I sing no more!

Ah, sweetheart, were you false to me,
Ah, sweetheart, were you false,
My heart would distil its melody,
Its woeful melody;
My heart would weep like the stricken stone,
Like the rock of the hill, all with mosses grown,
That gusheth its streams, and maketh moan —
If you were false!

Why do I sing no more, say you,
Why do I sing no more?
Because my love is true, is true!
Because my love is true!
Because I was weak, who now am strong,
Because I have found that I sought so long,
My one unalterable Song,
I sing no more!

END OF THE MASQUE OF THE STRICKEN SOUL

THE SETTING FORTH

For since we hold that This universe is framed after the pattern of That, every living thing must needs first be There ; and since Its Being is perfect, all must be There. Heaven then must There be a living thing, nor void of what are Here called stars ; indeed such things belong to heaven. Clearly, too, the earth which is There is not an empty void, but much more full of life ; in it are all creatures that are Here called land-animals and plants that are rooted in life. And sea is There, and water in movement and in abiding life, and all creatures that are in the water. And air is a part of the all that is There, and creatures of the air in accordance with the nature of air. For in the Living how should living things fail?. . . . . As then Heaven is, and There exists, so are and exist all the creatures that inhabit it ; nor can Those fail to be, else would Heaven itself not exist.

PLOTINUS. ENN. 6, 7, 12.

I

THE CALL

Now while I was abiding in a certain great City by the sea, the word of the Lord came to me, " Son of man, thy Father hath need of thee, ' For,' saith he, ' it is now a long while that thou hast been away from me, and my heart yearns for thee.

I have here a great palace, brighter than the sun.

Its doors are of precious metals unknown upon the earth. Its halls are thronged with eager servitors. Its rugs and tapestries are embroidered in manifold richness with the deeds of men.

Where is there such wealth as mine? Well thou knowest it, O my son.

Wherefore tarriest thou, beloved?

Wherefore abidest thou afar off in the dolorous dream?

" ' Since thou hast been gone, and long is it, how long thou, my heart, alone canst tell me! there hath lacked somewhat of brightness in my palace; somewhat of frost and chill hath dimmed the sweet air. The servitors spring less eagerly to their tasks.

Yea, my white horses hang their heads in their stalls, longing for thy voice. My golden rose-trees droop. All things languish more and more; for the ages go by, and thou tarriest.

Wherefore tarriest thou, beloved?

Wherefore abidest thou afar off in the dolorous dream? ' "

And one of my Lord's servitors — who on earth is a mighty angel — came to me clad in white, with the gold band about his neck, which is his badge of servitude, for he is cup-bearer to my Lord.

" Son of man," said he, " stand up on thy feet and give glory to God, and hearken unto the word of my Master.
Thus saith the Lord !
' Unto thee, my beloved, have I sent this my servant, Cup-bearer, for he is indeed my cup-bearer, and stands before me at meat, and hath my trust and communion in all things.
Nevertheless, he is but my servant, whereas, forgetful one ! thou art my son. Unto thee have I sent my servant, Cup-bearer, that he may bring thee my word.

" ' My house hath many terraces sumptuously adorned, and abundance of parks wherein are all manner of living creatures.
Multitudes of strange blossoms and flowering shrubs fill the air with their scents. Multitudes of free birds freely disport themselves, lavishing innumerable graces of sound and colour.
Where in all my dominions canst thou find anything to displease ?
Wherefore tarriest thou, beloved ?
Wherefore abidest thou afar off in the dolorous dream ?

" ' I am old, dear heart ; and thou art my eldest son. It is meet that thou take somewhat of the cares of state from me.
For how many ages have I not ruled over my peoples, following always the law of Love ?
My strength is unabated, nor is my sight dimmed ;
My natural forces are not diminished.
Nevertheless I am old.
I would not have thee neglect aught of the vows which thou hast taken on thee. Fulfil thy tasks, fulfil thy tasks ! and so come back to me.
Wherefore tarriest thou, beloved ?
Wherefore abidest thou afar off in the dolorous dream ? ' "

And the Angel of the Presence, which is my Lord's cup-bearer, came nearer to me,
And put into my hands money for my journey, even gold and silver, and many gems for the adorning of me.

For I would have you know, ye daughters of Jerusalem, that I
am a prince in my own place, and dwell in a king's house,
where there are rooms of state, and rooms for feasting, and
the rooms of the womenfolk are adorned with gems.

Yea, I am a prince in my father's house, ye sons and daughters.
But the children heed me not, being busy about their own
interests.
And I go forth from their midst
Unheeded and undesired;
And the angel which is the Lord's cup-bearer goeth with me.

II

WHITE-WINGED PEACE

I am a king's son. My name is Righteous. My father is a great king, my mother the daughter of many kings.
I have a sister that is a virgin, not yet wedded; for her breasts are not grown; and a brother that is younger than I.
Many ages have I sorrowed and toiled for you, ye daughters; much for your sakes endured; many stripes borne, much hunger, the outer darkness, strange beasts of hell; many threats, much patronage, many insults;
Yea, and the deep woe of your utter worthlessness and your foolish chatterings —
Ye sons and daughters of the Distressful Star!
What have ye to do with me that am the son and grandson and brother of kings?

Long ages since, how many aeons even I who have travelled them, aeon by aeon, hour by hour, forget,
They told us in our House of you, ye Jerusalem-dwellers.
Wondrous things they related, things for long unbelieved, unworthy belief, unbelievable, things which even now I that have dwelt in your midst, and witnessed them, and endured them, and forgiven them, can scarce believe.
They told us that you of a planet till then unnoticed, a planet beautiful, as all God's works are beautiful, the Abode of Peace, but a planet insignificant, hidden
In an insignificant nook of one the least among universes —
They told us that you, the Jerusalem-folk, upon you had taken to question the wisdom of Most High God; upon you had taken to raise the red banner of war; to declare yourselves free, self-ruled, broken loose from the governance of Shaddai.
So we heard.

And we that heard laughed at your witlessness and presumption,
Not knowing ! ah God ! ah Christ ! not knowing !

Ah God ! no longer laugh we : this much ye have taught us,
Sons and daughters of the Earth-sphere, the godless orb !

Ye folk of Jerusalem, no longer Peace's city, if you will hearken to me, I will sing you my Song of Peace.
And if you will not hearken to me, nevertheless I will sing it; for I tell you, as my Master told you before me, that God is able
From these very stones to raise up children to me to the glory of His name. Yea, in the time that now is, even if I were silent, would the stones cry out, " Hosanna ! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." Therefore is it nothing to me, to my Master or to Shaddai, if ye listen or if ye listen not.
Hear, then, children of ruined Salem, the distressful Star,
Hear my Song of Peace !

Come, White Wings ! Come, Peace ! Come, Presence of Shaddai ! In the godless Star from which so many ages, Bright Dove ! thou hast been absent, there are those — one here, one there ! — who weary of drunkenness, lying, idolatry, fear and blood-lust.
In the godless, dying planet, once dedicated to thy name, there are those — few, but faithful — who are not altogether taken up with self-gratulation, self-pride, self-conceit,
Not altogether, body, mind and hearts, given to riches and honour and feasts and self-propagation.
Come, Peace ! Come, Dove ! Come, Holiness ! Mirror of Shaddai !
Come to us !

What is it to thee, Peace, what is it to thee, whether this world, or ten, or ten thousand of these worlds perish ? What is it to thee ?

Suns flame in the abyss. Suns emerge for a paltry moment, a paltry span, from the primeval chaos.

Flaming in the abyss, suns gather round them, like moths about a lamp, humanities, angels, cherubs, seraphs, beasts of the field, plants, stones, molecules and atoms.
These whirl their dance a year, ten million years, ten million million ages of years.
What is it to Thee, Peace, White-winged One, Daughter of Light? What is it to thee?

Interminably the suns flame, spangling the abyss. Interminably they cool from the violet heat to the blue, from the blue to yellow, from yellow to red, from red to infra-red, and so to darkness and cold and quenching.
They flame and cool; and with their cooling, seraph, cherub, angel, man, beast, plant, stone, molecule, atom, electron, dwindles, dwines, perishes, sinks in the abyss.
That which a beginning hath, that endeth; that which is born dieth; that which hath been created, surely perisheth.
Who remaineth? Thou! Thou, Peace! Thou!
Wings outspread, White One, thou broodest over us. Art thou not Peace, the Eternal, the Uncreate, Immaculate Mother of God?

Who can disturb thee, Peace, express image of Divinity that thou art?
What is it to me, to thee, if ten thousand universes perish? Unmoved, thou and I, Peace, we look upon the destruction, if need were, of all manifested creation!
What is it? We are eternal, unchanged, unchangeable; we are divine. What have to do with us the sin and folly, the darkness, the ignorance, the self-conceit, wickedness, madness, blood-lust,
Of one world, one little world, in the million universes? What has Earth's fall to do with thee and me,
White-winged One, Peace?

But the Daughter of God, the Eternal One, Express Image of the Most High,
" Hast thou not heard," said she, " hath it not been told unto thee
That God's Son Himself hath gone forth on the quest of fallen Earth ?

" Well hast thou said, well hast thou said, O my son, whose name is Righteous ; well hast thou said, ' What hath Earth's fall touching Peace, and touching me ? '
Naught concerneth it us ! We dwell, thou and I, in the calm unbroken of our divinity and our perfection, echoing the voice of God.
We are God's children, we are God's children, O little one whose name is Righteous. God's children are we, eternal with the eternity of God.
What is it to us if ten worlds or ten million universes of worlds go quick into the abyss ?
Art not thou Righteous ? Am not I Peace ?
Are not these my wings fit mirror for the majesty of Shaddai ?
How concerneth it us, if Earth now forthwith perish, and these its dwellers forthwith be cast into nothing ?

" Nevertheless, Righteous, my beloved, this Earth whose fall and whose fast-coming, deservéd doom so little concern us,
This godless Earth with its rebellious populace hath been marked out for redemption by God's Son, the peerless, beloved Lord Immanuel, none other.
Shall such as He go forth on His errand unattended ? Shall such as He pass unattended down the spheres to His Bethlehem ? What is it to thee and to me if ten thousand worlds perish ?
What is it to Us ? Let them go ! Less than nothing are they ! Let them perish !
As for us, we turn to God !
As for us, immersed in the Divine Vision, the Realization of the One, we lose count in Him of these petty pulsations, these comings and goings — for before Him they are nothing — of worlds, aeons, universes, manifestations !
I am Peace ! "

So thou spakest, O Peace, White-winged One, in the day of the
going-forth of God's Son,
But I ran and offered myself to the peerless Lord Immanuel,
since it was not meet that such as He
Unattended should go forth to Bethlehem and beyond!
Whence it cometh that you have had and you have still for a short
while the opportunity to revile me and spit upon me. See
that ye use it,
Daughters of Jerusalem!

I am a king's son. My name is Righteous.
Had it not been for Him, even the peerless Prince of Peace, the
Lord of All, neither to-day nor yesterday nor any other day
had ye seen chance to spurn me,
Children of the Distressful Star.
Therefore thank not me, nor thank ye White-winged Peace
whom ye have smirched and saddened and exiled; but
thank ye Him, Him only,
Who without Him surely had perished in evil doom,
Like the dogs that ye are,
Sons and daughters, my beloved, of Jerusalem!

III

THE TIDES

" Wherefore art thou afraid, son of man? Wherefore lookest thou forward so drearily into the future? Am not I the Lord? Am not I thy God? Art not thou my love? Am not I well pleased with thee?
Behold! The heaven is mine and the earth is mine. In my sight the stars are but a very little thing. With the hollow of mine hand I hold them. Am not I the Lord?
Wherefore art thou afraid, son of man? Wherefore lookest thou forward so drearily unto the future?

" Have I not set before thee, even before the eyes of thee in this place, the pulsations of the tide? Have I not shown thee the ebb and stream of the Great Breath?
The Breath cometh, and again it goeth; and humanities are as the spray cast up by it upon the rocks.
Nevertheless mine is the hand which sendeth, and mine the hand which withdraweth. Mine is the sea, and mine the ebbing and the streaming of the sea. Surely I am the Lord.
Wherefore art thou afraid, son of man? Wherefore lookest thou forward so drearily into the future?

" Have I not made the sea, and have I not set bays within the sea, and shores unto the bays?
Let him that is strong go forth over the aeon-long pulsations of my Deep. Let him visit strange lands, speak strange tongues, forgather with strange peoples;
And from time to time, in the pathless waste which I have created for him to be his playground, let him commune with me.
Wherefore art thou afraid, son of man? wherefore lookest thou forward so drearily into the future?

" Have I not made the sea which thou beholdest, and have I not set thereon the seal of my ring, even the ring Pass-Not, which is the bound of all manifestation ?

Go thou forth, beloved ! Be as the dauntless sea-wanderer ! Spread thy wings, white on the underside, iridescent with many colours above !

Skim thou the wave-crests where they foam ; soar high into the stainless vault ; be my messenger, the bearer of tidings from me for many lands, many islands and storm-beat promontories, many seas !

Go thou forth, my beloved, and lo ! with each pulse of thy journeying wings thou markest always the pattern of my Cross.

Go thou forth, and lo ! thou art bounded, far or near be thy flight, slow or swift, low or high,

With the eternal bound of this my ring Pass-Not !

Wherefore art thou afraid, son of man ? Wherefore lookest thou forward so drearily into the future ?

" Have I not made the sea ? and have I not set bays within the sea, and shores unto the bays ? Launch out then into the deep !

Or, if thou fearest the deep with its vastness and its divine wonders, have I not prepared uncounted nooks and corners of the coast for thee ?

Behold thou the tribes of the deep, the visibles and the invisibles, swift to wrath, yet placable as a little child ! Terrible and mysterious, glorious and full of beauty are my ways. Surely I am the Lord.

Take unto thee the peace and protection of my bay ! Rest therein ! Abide therein ! Turning landward away from the uncharted sea, rule in peace over these many sheltered peoples.

There are the great currents of the deep, the aeon-long flux and reflux of the mighty Breath ; and within the bays are tides, and flows and lesser currents. Let these, if thou wilt, suffice thee !

Wherefore art thou afraid, son of man ? Wherefore lookest thou forward so drearily into the future ? "

So spake the Lord, and my soul, no longer greatly fearing, made answer —
" Holy One, my Father, Lord of All,
Who hast equipped me for all conceivable journeys, giving me wisdom to know Thy ways, and courage to execute Thy mandates, and humour joyfully to endure the vicissitudes of my many travels,
Not in vain hast Thou called Thyself my God ! "

IV

THE VIRGIN SOPHIA

And while we yet spake, the Virgin Sophia met me, a young maiden, whom some call Eôs, the Dawn, and some Lakshmi, the Beautiful, and some Deirdre, the Delight of Lovers; but to me she is ever Sophia, the Uncreate Wisdom of God.

And taking me by the hand, Sophia thus addressed me —
" O Righteous, my brother, my beloved, my husband-to-be, knowest thou me, thy Sophia?
Long is it thou hast left me, and slowly, dear heart, how slowly! returnest thou. Dark hath been thy path; yet in the darkest places I have never left thee uncomforted, but I have sung to thee; and now again on the threshold of the light I will sing,
And do thou hearken!

" Wisdom and Beauty be one, dear heart! dear heart!
Why hast thou forsaken me?
I seek thee eternally. Why spurnest thou me?
These eyes
That are the mirrors of God's mysteries
Turn longingly to thee.
Why spurnest thou me?

" Wisdom and Love be one, dear heart! dear heart!
As darkness weds the dawn, music the song,
So through eternities
My longing weddeth thine.
Why spurnest thou me?

" Wisdom and Strength be one, dear heart ! dear heart !
As God's hand holds the stars, as shores hold the sea,
So through eternities
My strength holdeth thee.
Why spurnest thou me ?

" Wisdom and Truth be one, dear heart ! dear heart !
How may I show
My truth to thee ? Look in these eyes
That are the twin mirrors of truth's mysteries.
What seest thou there ?
Why spurnest thou me ? "

Thus sang the divine maiden ; and I — for my heart came nigh to breaking with her grief — would open wide my arms to take her to me for ever ; but even as I turned, she was gone. In her stead was the semblance of a green meadow,
Very quiet and beautiful,
And in the meadow sprang a single crimson hyacinth-stem.

So it was that I saw, and so for the time I lost the Virgin Sophia.

V

THE HAZEL-THICKET

And the Lord's cup-bearer, which was the Angel Faithful, took me farther to a little wood that bordered on the meadow: in the wood were great trees, spaced apart, and many birds singing, not noisily, but with a kind of gentle quietness, very pleasant to the ear; and the ground was starred with such flowers as love sheltered places, anemones, daphne, blue periwinkles, the wild hyacinth and white violets.

But we went further yet within the wood, until he brought me to a place where the trees fell back somewhat, and there was a level sward close-netted round by hazel-bushes; but to the east there was as it were a great window open towards the rising sun.

"Son of man," said he, "hear thou the word of the Lord. Thus saith my Master, 'I greet thee, son Righteous! Thrice-loved art thou!

Beloved art thou in that thou art my son, who through so many ages hast performed unto me thy son's part, holding lightly thine accomplishments and knightly honours, doing faithfully manifold duties, showing love and service unto all, accepting gratefully and with delight the multitudinous gifts and graces and acts of favour which for my good pleasure I have lavished on thee.

Beloved art thou, O Righteous, in that thou didst leave me. Of thine own free will wentest thou forth, when many a more worshipful among the knights thy kinsmen refrained. Art thou not my son? No reproach is it to them that they refrained; much glory to thee, and to me, thy father, that thou wentest. Many deaths of shame hast thou died for me; many lives of sorrow lived. Yea, in thy devotion, even me thou forgottest awhile. Yet thy soul forgot not.

How could thy soul forget? Thou art faithful.
Beloved art thou, son Righteous, that thou didst leave me; and beloved, above all, that now thou returnest!
Seemeth it a small thing to thee that thou returnest? I say unto thee, it is no small thing, but a great thing,
Yea, a thing which neither my Strength nor my Wisdom, who am Lord of All, could accomplish; but which my Love alone did. Therefore,
Beloved, above all, art thou to me in that thou returnest.
Thrice-loved art thou!' "

So spake the Angel Faithful, which was my Lord's cup-bearer.
And when he had spoken, the thicket of hazels parted, bush from bush, with a swift rustling noise; and there came into the open space a white deer. Her coat shone smooth as samite; her eyes were soft and speaking, like topazes; two little horns were on her head; and she bore a collar of wrought gold whereon were engraved these words, *I love*; and from the collar hung a delicate chain of many golden links.
Such was the white deer who came to us from out of the hazel-thicket.

VI

THE SONG OF THE WHITE DEER

And while the white deer came towards us, the sun glancing
golden and silver upon her samite shine,
One sang of her love.

Over the hills! O beloved! Over the hills! Why tarriest
thou? The snows recede.
The spring winds have come. Fleet, ah! Fleet! To the
sun's unsealing kiss
Leap the streams. Earth awakes.
From on high
Silver threads are revealed. Sing, ah! Sing!
The west winds have come. The waters flow from on high.

Over the hills! O beloved! Over the hills! Why tarriest
thou? Net by net
Earth puts on her veil. Comest thou not to the bridal? Forth
and forth
Let us go, thou and I, seeking Beauty, seeking ever the vanishing
snow-line,
Seeking Love. Let us go! Without sound, without flute-call,
marshal the armies
Of flowers on the uplands. Lo, the multitudinous grasses!
The west winds have come. The barren heights are green.

Over the hills! O beloved! Over the hills! I come from
the land of the sun.
Far I fled; for the snows covered all. Bitter winds blew.
Cruel fogs and damps

Cut down all the summer's glory on the fields. Long I stayed,
yea, till nigh overcome;
But the country-side slept. Food was none; shelter none.
Sadly the white deer
Fled from the cruel winds to the golden lands of the sun.

Over the hills! O beloved! Over the hills! Thou hast
awakened.
Thou renewest thee. Forth! O, forth! To the grassy hill-
tops! To the glades
Where the white streams leap, overarched with blossoming
briars,
And the trees give unbroken shade! To the far plains, and
the uplands!
The west winds have come. Forth! O, forth, my beloved,
With me to the lands of the sun!

VII

REPENT! REPENT!

And again the word of the Lord came to me by the mouth of the Angel Faithful. "Son of man," said he, "I have been hitherto very patient with these mine enemies who would hold thee back from me; but now no longer am I patient. I am forbearing; yet is there a term even to my forbearance. Surely I am the Lord."

And the Angel Faithful, which was the Lord's cup-bearer, showed me in many pictures the story of the dark and shameful things which the Lord's enemies had done against Him and against the Lord Immanuel, and against me, who am the least of all His sons.

O ye children of Jerusalem, I beseech you that ye be afraid with a great fear because of the things which ye have done unto us! I recount not unto you the toll of your misdeeds. Are they not stored up in your hearts? Are they not inscribed on your limbs and in your faces? Taunt by taunt, blow by blow, treachery by treachery, shall they not be repaid unto you, O venomous? Is it not you who have slain the Lord?

Woe! Woe! Woe! The burden of Israel's doom! I will destroy you, saith the Lord my Father, except ye repent! And what is this repentance?

I will sing of it unto you.

Hearken, children of Jerusalem!

Soft is the sigh of summer seas
On the shell-strewn shore
Of the reef-guarded lagoon.
The stars hang like lamps
In the black sky-vault.
Slowly behind whispering palm-trees the moon rises.

The magnolia's perfume swoons round us in wafts from the thicket.
Far off in the untraversed forest-depths the bell-bird sings;
" Repent ! Repent ! "

Heavy and dull is the never-ceasing boom
Of the waves on the reef.
Over our heads eternity shines in the stars.
Beneath and around us in the perfumed quiet
Is infinity of peace, the peace of quiet things
That move and rest and whisper.
In our ears the dull, heavy, never-ceasing boom;
" Repent ! Repent ! "

From life to life, body to body, I have sailed,
As the trader sails in his ship
Unrestingly island to island,
Seeking gold.
Everywhere I have found delights for the eye;
Everywhere I have found beauty;
Everywhere death.
Death comes to brown skin and white skin.
Repent ! Repent !

Ah ! It is good to sing and dance in the sunshine.
Ah ! It is good in white garments to be dressed,
And to crown the luxuriant locks with hibiscus;
To sport in the sea,
To dive from the cliff-top
Into cool, green, fern-fronded pools.
Already the sky lowers black for the cyclone.
Repent ! Repent !

VIII

SO FOR THE LAST TIME

So, for the last time, I addressed the children of Jerusalem ;
And thereafter, remembering the great love which I had borne to the Virgin Sophia, I made me this song, what time the Angel Faithful brought me from the hazel-thicket through many meads and over streams to the palace of my Father, the King.

O Sophia, ever-virgin Mother of Fruitfulness,
I would gaze in thy mirror which is blue like tempered steel,
That the curtains of forgetfulness
Lying heavy upon my soul,
Heavy, yea, nigh to suffocation,
May fly back, and disclose
Thee whom I love,
Ever-virgin Mother of God !

In the days of my forgetting, when the curse of God was mine,
When these vivid limbs, now so slowly
From their alabaster tomb emerging
To sing with ineffable life
The eternal Joy-Song,
Were sealed and dumb, and these ears stopped, and these sun-challenging eyes darkened —
Thou wast little to me then, Divine Sophia, Daughter of God !

With my man's brain I conned the stars ; I weighed them ; I mapped their courses ; I marked their growth, their florescence, their decay ; I knew the comings and goings of the planets. They were my sheep, for I counted them ;

they were my beasts of the field, for I noted their ways ; they were my fish, for in the net of my wisdom I enclosed them.

With my man's brain I conned the stars. With my brain I threaded the universes lying hidden in a mote, a grain of sesame, a water-drop.

The roaring of the sap in the secret channels of the grass-stalk was to my ears as the unimagined clamour of the tide-stream of the Milky Way ; Orion was not less wonderful to me than the oak-gall. The brown ant climbing the flower-stem enthralled like the aeon-long pageant of the rise and ruin of nations.

I knew life and death, as few know them ; I gave, or I withheld, as seemed good to me. I was a physician who healed, and to whom the life of a king was as the life of a bond-slave. I was not moved by entreaties ; promises weighed not ; nor threats intimidated. I gave, or I withheld.

I knew the hearts of men. I read their tangled motives, fond deceits, feeble heroisms, tortuous purposes. I drank deep of every cup ; even the cup of ignorance and deprivation and disease.

Yet in all my wisdom I sought thee not, O Sophia,
Virgin Daughter of God !

I pursued Beauty in the cool dawns ; I tracked Queen Beauty to her noonday fastnesses ; I delighted in her when she waked, and when she was sleeping I wove me a jewelled carcanet of her dreams.

I marked the innumerable curves of the swift-winged swallow's flight. I drew the infinite gradations of the spiral-fretted shell, the light and shade of the stirring willow-groves, the bellying contours of the wind-blown clouds.

I sought the beauty of men and women, the grace of the dance, the banded muscles, weaving of white arms, rich stuffs — some transparent, some opaque — glancing jewels.

I sought Love and Desire. I wooed passion and bitterness and satiety.

Yet I sought not the Beauty of thee, O Sophia, virgin Daughter of God!

A man that is strong doth bind himself with many fetters; a man that is wise is taken in the very devices of his wisdom; a man that is prudent garnereth riches for his heir to squander.
All is weakness; all is folly; all is worthless striving
Without thee, O Sophia, virgin Daughter of God!

IX

THE SONG OF SWEET CONTENT

So to the Divine Wisdom, my beloved, I spake ; and while I was yet speaking
The Angel Faithful brought me to the door of my father's house.
It was still very early morning : the dew was heavy upon the grass. None came to greet us ; all slept.

We waited, then, a space in the cool dawn by the door of my father's house. Strange it seemed that none greeted ; nevertheless my heart was quiet and contented ; for it knew my father's house.
So in the cool dawn we waited ; and as we waited I made this song, the Song of Content.

Soar we, my beloved, soar we free and fearless through the scarlet gates !
Soar we, my beloved, soar we by the silver posts of the morn !
Golden the dreams we wake from ; surely pearl-strewn the winding pathways of our dreaming !
O, awake ! Awake ! O sweet, O sweet Content !

All my black woes have gone ; the tears and the sighs fall from me.
Long time I desired ; I thirsted. Fain would I ! The vision passed.
Faithfully erring, erringly faithful, through death and through weeping I followed.
O, awake ! Awake ! O sweet, O sweet Content !

Eôs I call thee, and Lakshmi ; and Deirdre, Marvel of Lovers.
Beauty art thou, and Grace, the Delight of the Eyes, the Darling of Princes.
Empire unquestioned, supreme, over all, thou, O Wisdom, conferrest.
O, awake ! Awake ! O sweet, O sweet Content !

X

THE JUDGEMENT-SEAT OF GOD

So in the cool dawn I waited by the door of my father's house.
And the Angel Faithful, which was my Lord's cup-bearer, even he who had been with me all my way,
The Angel Faithful spake to me and addressed me, " Son of man," said he, " hear the word of the Lord, my Master. Hear thou Him. Thus saith the Lord :
' It is well that thou comest unto Me, son Righteous ; neither think thou that thou art neglected because none greeteth thee. That is not so.
I who am the beginning and the end of all things, I who am the righteousness of the righteous, and the faith of the faithful, who will the good, and who weave the strands of evil, if evil must be, into many strange patterns, unrehearsed, unesteemed, undesired of the evil-doers, I, whose exaltation is the Fall, whose glory the shameful Cross, whose brightest treasure the woe and witlessness of sinful man ;
I, the Lord, in the bosom of Mine own eternity,
In the depths of Mine own unfathomable wisdom,
Fashioned thee for My delight. And, behold, My son, thou art come to the restitution of all things ; for thou standest this day at the judgement-seat of God. Answer Me, therefore.

" ' Art thou content with all the things that have been done unto thee ? Dost thou accept the eternal justice of My decrees ? Behold what wrongs thou hast received ; not at My command ; for I, the Lord, do good, and not evil ;
Nevertheless, because of My command ; since it was I who by My bidding gave thee these many years to the tormentors ; who surrendered thee, My love, to the devices of raging devils ; who devoted thee, Righteous, My delight, to error

And darkness and the pits of darkness.
Art thou content to have Me for thy Father? Hast thou aught against Me?
I have judged thee and proven thee righteous; therefore Righteous art thou called. Tell Me, then, O My son, have I contented thee, or hast thou aught against Me? How judgest thou Me?

"'Nay, My beloved, speak not hastily. Consider well before thou speakest.
Thou knowest that I am an hard husbandman, reaping where I have not sowed, and garnering where I have not strewn. Thou knowest that these pearls upon My brow are none other than thine own bloody sweats; and these rubies thy gaping wounds; and this scarf of fine colours, the remembrance of the woes of thee, thy tears and many errors in the darkness. Yet of all this splendour, with which thou hast endued Me, what hast thou?

"'I, the Lord God, will neither good nor evil, will neither love nor hate, will neither light nor darkness, will neither punishment nor reward. Giving all things, I take all things: the bitter is to Me as the sweet, the well-born as the outcast, the rebel as the slave, the wise man as the mad beggar scrabbling blindly on the city gates.
I regulate the seasons; I give increase and decrease; I judge worthy, and I banish unto the uttermost abyss. The deeds of men are as nothing in My sight.

"'Little hast thou done, O son of man, in that thou obeyedst Me. I have thousands and tens of thousands among My servants,
Who would gladly do for Me those things which thou hast done. I am an hard taskmaster; My lovingkindness is more cruel than the cruel deeds of devils; I discern betwixt wheat and chaff; I winnow; I destroy; and that which I have slain, lo, it liveth for evermore.
How judgest thou Me, son Righteous, whom I have redeemed?

" ' Thinkest thou not that perchance it was by Mine own fault, by Mine own negligence and self-esteem, these evil things happened? If I am good and the author of good, as indeed I am, and if I am author of all things, as indeed I am; if I am rightly called all-wise, all-benevolent, the beginning and the end of all, as indeed I am: how came it, My beloved, that thou wast torn from Mine arms, how came it that He, My beloved of beloveds, even He, thy blessed Lord and Master, was torn from Mine arms? And these many others?

What have ye done that ye should fall into the abyss of evil? What have ye done that ye should be used as ye have been used? Am I not Devil, and Devil of Devils, so to have used you, who are My beloved, and whom I love?

Is it not true that this day thou standest at the judgement-seat of God? Is it not true that this day thou judgest Me?

I am the Lord God. My wisdom extendeth over all things. In the everlasting arms of My mercy I enfold all, even all that is; good with evil, crooked with straight, perfect with lover of darkness and imperfection. I am the Lord.

Thou standest at My judgement-seat. Thou judgest Me. See that thou judge righteously, O Righteous, My beloved!' "

So spake the Lord, my Master, by the mouth of the Angel of His Presence, even the Angel Faithful;

And I, whom the Lord hath called Righteous, who in every respect have fulfilled the Lord's commandments, and who indeed am righteous, by reason of the express commandment of the Lord Most High,

I, the least of the children of men, exalted into high places by reason of the Lord's commandment,

Made reply;

" Lord God, Lord of Hosts, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, who art above all lordship and domination exalted; verily all-wise, all-prudent and all-loving art Thou. I will not now judge Thee, for long, long, long ago have I judged Thee.

Nevertheless, as Thou biddest, so give I judgement. Hear Thou me.

" I mind me in the days of my humiliation, when I dwelt yet in tents among the sons of men, I lay dying once of thirst in a great desert, even the desert of Arabia. The sun was as a furnace above me, and the sky as a bowl of brass ; and the fervent heat of the sands

Sucked, as it might be, the moisture from within my very bones.

The evil beasts of the desert gathered near me, and the vultures, birds of carrion, fanned me with poison-breathing pinions.

So, in sorrowful plight I lay, close by the doors of death, tormented, helpless, alone.

And I knew that by no fault, no dereliction of Thy law, I lay there. I was guiltless, yet Thou tormentedst me.

But all the while my heart was like a quiet, forgotten pool that lieth in a reedy place, and is fed by secret springs. There are pines near, and branching willows ; and the dappled deer come down to drink ; nor do evil things draw nigh ; for a spell is on the place, and the name of that spell is none other than the Peace of God.

" And I mind me that for no fault of mine at another time the populace of evil men would tear me in pieces : yea, and tear me they did, in many pieces, and trampled them in the mud ; and the pieces of me that were left they impaled upon the city doors, for witness of their faithful dealing. No light thing is it, as Thou knowest, to go forth among men upon the errands of God !

Yet I was content without guilt to be so trampled upon and divided, and so impaled ; for I bethought me of the great Angels of Thy Presence, even Love and Faithfulness and Truth, and many beside,

Who for no fault, upon earth and in the abysses of space have been trampled and torn in pieces and impaled upon the city doors.

Having the vision of these before me, I was content, gladly giving praise and thanks to God.

Thus, Lord, in these and many, many other places I suffered cruel wrong. How concerneth that me, who have Thy Presence ? Who am I to judge Thee aught but perfect, O Thou judge and maker of all ? "

Thus I spake to the Lord, my Master; and the Lord God thundered softly on the mountains of the North, in token that I had judged righteously; and in the east the great sun rose full-splendoured; so that the dew and the low-lying mists gathered themselves up, and were gone; leaving no faintest trace behind them, save for the fresh greenness upon the young trees and the multitudinous, flowered shrubs.

And the Virgin Sophia, which is my beloved, came forth to me from the doors of my father's house, girt with beauty and having a white bandlet of great stones — infinitely sparkling and precious — bound about her brows;

And, taking me by the hand, she brought me full courteously into my father's house.

XI

THE ROBING OF RIGHTEOUS

Thus we came side by side, the Lady Sophia and I, into my father's house; and, having passed through many rooms, and courtyards innumerable, whereof to describe each would occupy well-nigh a creative aeon, so multitudinous and filled with beauteous ornament are they; we stood at last, hand clasped in hand, the Divine Sophia and I, in the presence of my father; the Angel Faithful being yet with us.

And my father commanded, and they brought costly vestments, the like of which cannot upon earth even be imagined; for as the sun shineth at noonday, when his rays are mere white-hot arrows shot from a bow of blue Milan steel, and as the moon on the Indian Ocean is a lamp of liquid silver caught in points and gleams of silver by every wave-top; so the vestments brought to me at my father's command gleamed and shone.

And shoes they brought for my feet, and a ring of pure gold for my hand; and about my neck they cast a golden chain of wrought links; and upon each link was inscribed one deed of the many deeds that I achieved,

When with the Lord Immanuel I set forth

Upon the venture of earth's redemption, now so prosperously accomplished.

But the story of my love for the Lady Sophia

Was not there inscribed.

Is it not written eternally within my heart?

And a harp was put in my hand, or what among men would be accounted a harp, a little instrument of many strings, wherein are woven all sounds, both sweet and bitter; but the bitter are scarce heard for the very sweetness of the sweet-sounding strings; yet the bitter give ever strength and richness to the sweet.

Thus in the fullness of time I stood once more apparelled and in fine raiment in the presence of my Father, the King,
And the King, my Father, stretched forth his hand.
" Son of man," said he, " bid these ones go forth." And they that stood by went forth, saluting me courteously, one by one.
But the Angel Faithful, which had been with me all my journey, even the Angel of the Lord's Presence, remained; and we stood there, the Virgin Sophia, my beloved, and I, with the Angel Faithful, in the presence of my Lord, the King.
And my Father said, " Son Righteous, thou seest how I have bidden thee send forth these others, my servants. Yet the Angel Faithful, which is also my servant, remaineth. How is this ? "

And I fell at my Father's feet, and kissed them, weeping over them,
And said, " O Lord God, Lord of heaven and earth, maker of all, my Father;
Art thou indeed an hard husbandman, as thou spakest; and hast thou no regard
Unto those who have been faithful and loyal to thee above all their fellows ?

" It is nothing to me whether thou reward me, or whether thou reward me not.
Am not I thy son ? What is there touching reward 'twixt thee and me ?
But this little one, thy servant, whom thou didst send, who is thy cup-bearer and thy servant before thy Face to share thy counsels : hast thou nothing for him ?
Is it naught to thee that he, thine Angel Faithful,
At thy word left thy presence
To be my guide and strength-giver in the darkness ?
Thou art all in all to him.

" As the flower stretcheth longingly his cup to the gold glory of the sun;
As the dull, drought-parched ground

Gapeth thirstily for the raindrops ;
As the unweanéd babe yearneth for his mother's breast ;
And the lover for the dawn :
So stretcheth longingly, so thirsteth, so yearneth thy Faithful for thee.

" Yet thou didst banish him ;
From thy presence thou sentest him forth.
O hard-heart,
When I, thy son, thy beloved Righteous, was banished,
Of mine own free will went I ;
But he, compelled.
Now behold, in this day
When I return to thee,
Banishest thou him yet ? "

And the Lord God, my Father,
At these words
Magnified exceedingly the glory of his wrath.
The jewels upon him shone,
And the tissues of his robes became like flames of fire,
Burning fiercely,
And his countenance became like an eagle's,
Very fierce ;
And the palace walls
Rocked with the fierce flame
Of the majesty
Of the wrathful burning of the Lord my God.

And I stood back a pace, the Lady Sophia with me ; and in the hollow fold of my robe
I sheltered the kneeling Faithful, that the Lord's wrathful glory blast him not.
So we abode there a space, while the lightnings of the Divine presence
Made shake the very walls
Of the palace of the house
Which was the house of God.

And the Lord God, my Father, laughed —
Fearsome is it for one, not of his kinsfolk, to stand before the laughter of Most High God —
" Welcome art thou, O Righteous, my beloved ! Easily do I see that it is thou, none other, who standeth now before me.
Long hast thou been gone from me. Every moment grudge I which keepeth thee yet from me. Nevertheless, in the presence of this my servant, how can I greet thee, as I would greet thee ? Is it because thou fearest me, that thou keepest thee so from me ? What have I to do with Faithful, beside thee ?
Yet, have thine own will. All power, save the supreme power, I commit unto thee.
Have thine own will. Do that which to thee seemeth good ; for indeed my servant Faithful deserveth well of Us !
Stand thou, O Faithful, before me !

" Art thou willing, O Faithful, my beloved, to take thy place at my right hand
As my beloved son ?
Wilt thou accept
The baptism of the sevenfold-heated fire ;
Wilt thou drink of the cup of woe unutterable,
Such as I drink, such as my son drinketh, such as all that are my sons
Must drink ?

" Because I have tried thee to the uttermost,
And to the uttermost
Faithful have found thee ;
Because I have loosed upon thee
Deaths and plagues, torments and woes, blasphemings, terrors, hopelessnesses, desolations ;
Because unto seven- and unto seventyfold hast thou been banished and tempted, burnt and blinded and torn ;
Therefore, my son art thou.
Enter thou, most faithful,
Eternally into mine eternal Joy !

" And for thee, Righteous, my beloved,
Because thou hast done this thing ;
And hast dared even to the uttermost on behalf of one who served thee well ;
Behold, I, the Lord God, declare before heaven and earth
That thou art Righteous indeed.
Let none henceforth dispute thy word in great matters, or in little.
I, the Lord thy God, have spoken it."

XII

FAITHFUL'S SONG

And the Angel Faithful, which was my Lord's cup-bearer,
Made to himself a song that he sang
What time the Lord took him
To be one among the Sons of God,
And to stand for ever at the Lord's right hand

And this is the manner of his song,
So far as such things may be represented
In the common speech of men.

Merle and mavis in the bushes
Sing to Thee ! Sing to Thee !
Where the waters, rushing madly
In among the stones and tree-roots,
Leap and laugh with dancing tumult —
All unite,
Singing to Thee !

Mighty suns in flame and splendour
Sing to Thee ! Sing to Thee !
Universes, sweeping onward
Through the deeps of unimagined,
Soft-caressing, virgin Ether —
All unite,
Singing to Thee !

Whorls and trellises of sea-shells
Sing to Thee ! Sing to Thee !

Radiant, atomy devices,
Guarding secrets of strange beauty
In volute and valve and helix —
All unite,
Singing to Thee !

Light and darkness, gloom and glory,
Sing to Thee ! Sing to Thee !
Wisdom, shepherding Thy star-streams,
Folly, groping by the midden,
Evil, cruelty, devotion —
All unite,
Singing to Thee !

We are dreams, who in our dreaming,
Sing to Thee ! Sing to Thee !
Lightly come ; as lightly go we.
Yet the dust blown on the desert,
And the spent spume of the ocean —
All unite,
Singing to Thee !

XIII

THE JOY OF THE FATHER-MOTHER

This song Faithful sang many times
In his after-sojourning among the Sons of God,
As was his wont with such matters ;
Being simple in heart, and faithful, and content with few words ;
And those oft-repeated ;
Albeit quicker than light, and single-pointed, in all things
Which pertain unto the service of the Lord.

And when we were alone, the beloved Faithful being now gone from us,
My Father drew me to him with a mighty yearning cry,
Hungering over me ;
And taking me into his arms he kissed me very many times
Over and over
Upon the brow and on both cheeks
And on the lips ;
And his tears were as drops of dewy joy
That dripped and blessed me.

And the Lord God, my Father, spake and said —
" Now blessed be the day which giveth thee, son Righteous, back to me ! Not easily have I spared thee ; not easily have I given thee up. Great hath been thine agony ; but tenfold mine, the angel of whose Presence went with thee step by step,
All the way of darkness.

" I, who have the father's heart, and the mother's heart ; who know the bliss of all spheres in all my heavens, not less than

the ceaseless pain of the eternally outcast and condemned ;
who burn with love unspeakable
For all my creatures :
Nevertheless love thee, son Righteous, above all my creatures ;
and for thee, above all my creatures, have mourned
During the ages of our estrangement, of our wandering the one
from the other.

" Nothing parteth us now ! I see into thy heart,
As an hunter at noonday, tired out with the chase
Of cruel leopard, or soft dappled deer,
Chanceth upon a little stream in some corner of the huge woody
wilderness ;
And in the stream findeth a little pool, scarce bigger than the
compass of his two arms ;
The pool is clear, and as he stoops to drink at it,
He sees first his own face in the pool ; then the clear shadows of
the sunlight upon the sand ; lastly every grain of the sand,
some white, some blood-red, some golden ;
So into thy heart I look, and all that is therein I do behold.
Glad indeed am I that at last thou hast come back to me,
Son Righteous ! "

XIV

THE PLAINT OF THE DIVINE WISDOM

So my Father spake, and the Virgin Sophia, which was my beloved,
Taking me by the right hand,
Brought me nearer unto my Lord.

" O my Father," cried she, " speakest thou so unto Faithful, thy beloved, and unto this one, even Righteous, thy beloved ?
Hast thou no word for me ?

" I am Sophia, thy child, the uncreate mirror of thy Wisdom, thy darling, thy treasure, and thy joy.
I dwell not with the sons of men ; for I am Virgin inviolate, Queen and Mistress of the Mysteries of thy Love.
Creating all, I toil not ; seeing all, I abide unseen in thy creative bosom. I am the unmoving ring, immovable by reason of the utter swiftness of my circling about thee.

" O my Father and my Mother, whom eternally I serve, eternally worship, eternally interpret to the waiting worlds of thine eternal manifestation,
Thou hast widowed me, even me, thy Sophia ; thou hast reft from me my betrothed ; thou hast given my darling, my Righteous, into the power of the ravening dog.
Inwardly I look, and I behold thee. How it contenteth me, how it assuageth me, the eternal gazing, the eternal oneness, the eternal resting, which is my looking inwardly upon thee !

" Outwardly I look ; outwardly these many ages I have looked ;
but my beloved I see not !
Where shall I rest, then ? Wherein shall I content me ?
Lord God of heaven and earth, who to Faithful, thy beloved,
and to Righteous, thy beloved, hast spoken comfortable
words,
Hast thou no word for me ? "

And thereupon the Divine Sophia
Sang unto the Lord God, her Father and her Mother,
This song of her sad widowhood.

" Hast thou no word for me ? O cruel, cruel heart !
Lost in thy spaceless splendours, I die, O heart, of thirst.
What are thy gemmy universes to me ? What are thine angels ?
What the ceaseless adoration
Of worlds, systems, creations, aeons, untiringly by me, thy
Wisdom, penetrated and upheld,
That upon thee they may gaze, and multiply, and adore ?
What are thy splendours to me ? O cruel, cruel heart !

" Thou divine Radiance, so vain, so useless to me !
Thou divine Love, so empty, so worthless, so lonely !
Thou Vision of the Spheres ! Thou Hymn of Praise that
resteth not !
I am alone. I am sad. I am widowed and worn in the midst
of ye !
Hast thou no word for me ? Speak thou ; or let me die !

" Yea, Love, thy daughter am I. Shall I not love, then ?
Thy daughter, Love, am I, princess of thy House. King's
daughters and sisters of kings are my women.
What palaces have I, what lakes, what trees, what gardens great
as provinces !

Yet he, my Righteous, my love, a beggarman, without shelter or
rest or friend,
Far from me, far from my palaces, my lakes, my trees, my
gardens,
Roameth unregarded the hated, outcast earth!

" Or ever we plighted our troth, my Prince went from me.
No ring he left me, no gaud, nor the least love-trinket for token.
Gaily, yet quietly, rode he, thy knight upon thine errand;
And I, unpledged, unwon, from my lattice watched him go.

" Many a suitor have I; yet he, my true love, sued not.
Many a lover have I; yet he, my Prince, spake never of love
to me.
Kingdoms and riches have I; yet my dear one on earth even
now
Goeth anhungered, and I, his Wisdom, succour him not!
Hast thou no word for me? Ringless, unwed, unbetrothed,
O Love, I shall surely die!"

XV

THE INNERMOST PRESENCE

So sang the Divine Sophia, my beloved, unto whom the wells of
healing had not yet come ;
For the past dwelt still with her, nor understood she even now
fully
How that the redeeming Love had prevailed,
And her love, given back to her for ever,
For ever abode at her side.

But the King, my Father,
Taking the hem of his robe,
Cast the wondrously woven web of it, costly with jewels, yet
light and soft and clinging like lawn,
Over the twain of us, even the Divine Sophia, and me, her
beloved,
So that the twain of us were taken into the Innermost Secret
with him.

And in the Innermost Secret
The Lord God spake,
" O Righteous, O Sophia, my beloved,
Have ye not yet, not even yet, forgiven me
For those things which I, through the Fall of man
Upon the little, far off, unconsidered earth,
Have permitted to be done unto you,
And which for my sake ye have suffered ?

" May it not be, O my beloved, that in the Innermost Secret
Of my heart — even that place where ye are now —
May it not be that in the Innermost Secret
I, the cruel hard-heart, have anguished
Not less than ye ?

" O Wisdom, O Righteous, whom since the foundations of the
ages I have destined the one for the other ;
O Wisdom, O Righteous, whom unbetrothed, unpledged,
I have widowed the one from the other ;
O Wisdom, O Righteous, whom I cover now in the Innermost
Secret with my robe —
Have ye no word for me ? "

Thus the Lord God, my Father, spake
In the Innermost Secret
Which is the unfathomable bosom
Of his Love ;
And the twain of us,
Even the Divine Sophia, my beloved, and I,
Comprehended at last
The uttermost purpose of the hidden will of the Lord God, our
Father,
Concerning us : so that all fear, all rancour, all suffering, all
remembrance of wrong,
Were removed once and for ever
From our hearts ;
And the Lord our God
Became at last
Our Lord and our Father indeed.

And the Divine Sophia and I,
Made one upon the holy Hill
Of the Innermost Presence,
Remained in the innermost Secret Place with Him,
Alone with God !

END OF THE SETTING FORTH

THE HYMN OF THE DIVINE VISION

Alone with God ! Alone with the almighty,
Unmoving Mover of the starry frame,
Unswerving Donor of recurrent seasons,
Master of all that hath, or can have, Name !

Alone with God ! Through the translucent spaces
One word fell, " Come thou hither ! " Like a scroll
Heaven and earth were burnt and rolled and shrivelled.
One word fell, " Come thou hither, O My soul ! "

Alone with God ! O, stay, thou divine splendour,
Blind not with very Flame these light-dimmed eyes.
I bend, as bends the flower to the tempest.
I bend ; I fall ; but Thou dost bid me rise.

I am alone, existence merged in Being,
Alone, the circle in its Centre lost.
I cannot taste, nor see, nor hear, nor handle,
That am as Thou art, shalt be, ever wast.

Alone with God ! To be, to have forgotten,
Surrendered to Love's all-consuming blaze,
One with Him in self-consummated union ;
One Love, one Joy, one Beauty and one Praise.

Who art Thou, God ? and who am I, Thy servant ?
Can it be I Thou takest to Thy breast,
Limbs, senses, hopes, loves, Thou, twined, joined, encompassed,
Myself to myself, Thee, by Thyself pressed ?

Lord, slay me not! And yet I bid Thee slay me.
Release me! Nay, but, Lord, I bid Thee hold.
I give me, willing bride, unto Thy Bridal,
Who boughtest me with kisses and with gold.

Release me, Lord! Thy Ring is on this finger.
I cast it from me! Nay, I cannot cast
That blood-bought Ring, symbol of my Redemption —
Take me. I cannot! Take me, God, at last!

Within! Within! my soul. Follow the winding,
Intricate ways! On! On! Ever within!
Lips cling to lips! Hands meet! Christ is thy Master!
Light! Life! Love! All the world — and God! — to win!

Lean Thou to me; but with no earth-sent rapture.
Caress, enjoy, adore; for Thou art I.
Fuse and conjoin, dispart, flee, run, and scatter;
Unite, dispel, thrust far; and, O, draw nigh!

Eyes that are mine, who have no need of vision,
Feet that are mine, who have no need to walk,
Hands that are mine, who have no need to handle,
Ears, not to hear, lips, that need not to talk —

Within I go, as through enchanted places.
Eyes, feet, hands, ears, lips, limbs enfolding limbs —
Slay me not, Love! O King of the abysses,
Hide me! I fear Thy glories and Thy hymns!

Oft have I sung; but Thou now singest only.
Oft have I praised; now Thou alone dost praise.
I shrink the very shadows of Thy beauty,
Whose Smile doth dazzle, and whose Mildness slays.

Oft have I loved. O soul of mine, press inward.
Immovable thy going, closed thy speech.
Thou art not blest. What doest thou with blessing?
Thou art not curst, whom God, whom God doth teach.

Thou art not high; yet how thou art exalted.
Thou art not low, who canst not, canst not fall.
O, let the eagles bear thee with their pinions —
"Upward! Within! To Me!" thy Lord doth call!

Hath He not paid thy bride-gift and thy ransom?
Hath He not laid His hand upon thy cheek?
Madly thine heart throbs; blushing, thou respondest.
Break, heart! Nay, break not! Hush! See! He doth speak!

Thou hearest not? Ah! I wot well thou hearest,
That leapest madly, madly! O, rejoice,
Thou favoured of all favoured of the Bridegroom,
That look to Him, that wait upon His voice!

O, hast thou doves that mate in some deep thicket?
O, hast thou waters hidden from the sun?
O, hast thou dreams that die before the dawning,
And loves no son of man hath glanced upon?

Up, then! Away! Within, within, thy journey;
Secret, thy task; deep, deeper, thy desire.
Thy very robe is now to thee a torment.
Unwrap, unrobe, unveil, strip thine attire!

So goest thou to Him; so thou transcendest;
So down thou sinkest through the crystal lake,
Floor upon floor of silver streams upwelling,
Infinite coolness, infinite thirst to slake!

O dream of dreams! His arms, His kiss, His bosom,
The long and tender cadence of His tones,
The miracle of manifold caresses,
The words of love, the sighs, the little moans!

I lie in a still glade, where the stiff bracken
Tents to the drought of noon his branchy fronds,
Where the turf yields, and golden threads of bird-song
Net the green silence in enchanted bonds.

I soar with that white cloud which travels lonely
The sapphire oceans of uncharted sky.
Like wool the utter softness of his going,
Still, yet the seas and lands fleet, and are by!

The brown and fruitful ground yields me her secrets.
I grow, and I abide ten thousand years.
I win her ores. I gather up her jewels.
I know her hills, her forests and her meres.

O Love! Love! Love! I wrap me in Thy wisdom.
I am a deer that in some fastness lurks,
Gentle and swift, soft-eyed, and fed with blossoms.
O Love, O Wisdom, righteous are Thy works,

Righteous Thy Power! O, come to me, my Bridegroom!
My heart is fain. See! Thou hast tarried long.
My lamp is lit. My couch is strewn and ready.
I sing, as Thou didst teach, my mating song.

I am alone. I have unbrooched my girdle.
Lo! In the east the night pales to the dawn.
Feastest Thou still? I pray Thee, leave the revel.
My door unlatched gives to the dewy lawn.

All is prepared. My breasts are sweet like honey ;
My hands drip incense. In mine embalméd hair
Faint the wan perfumes of ten thousand flowers.
I watch : I wait : I dream ; and I am fair.

Can I entice Thee, who am but Thine handmaiden ?
Can I allure ? Thou hast so many gifts.
One rose am I among ten thousand blossoms ;
Yet to the dawn the drooping rose-cup lifts.

Softly the dark wind croons among the cedars.
Surely my Lord will weary of the feast ;
Surely to me at last shall come my Lover,
Come with the sun from out the purple East.

Ah ! Who is this that riseth out of Edom,
His garments stained in ruddiest juice of vine,
Weary, as one who treadeth out the winepress ?
Wild are his locks. What Star doth o'er Him shine ?

How near art Thou to me ! Behold ! Thy sandals
Press even now the threshold of my door.
The dews of night upon Thy brows are heavy ;
With high hill-snows the robe of Thee is hoar.

O, rest awhile with me from these Thy labours.
How toilest Thou ! How Thy dear life is spent !
See, Love ! this bread, this dish of fruits I gathered.
Sup, Dear ! at ease with me, and be content !

I run to greet Thee, King of great dominions.
I bathe Thy feet. With nard and precious spice
I salve each dint of blows upon Thy body,
Each wound, each blood-red Rose of Paradise !

If all betray Thee, yet shall one be faithful;
If all desert, yet one shall still obey;
If all despise and mock, and deem Thee evil —
Thou art the Potter still, and I the clay!

I take delight in thinking on my beauty.
I dwell with pride in my perfectedness.
See, Dear, this curve, this hue, this line, this contour —
Thine, Thine to joy in, conquer, and possess!

Delight! Delight! That Thou, my Dear-beloved,
My Pigeon of the Hills, mine Almond-tree
Whose Oil is sweet for healing of the nations,
Esteemest thus, and thus espousest me!

As through some shrine of shadow-haunted worship,
Where lights burn low before gold altars dim,
Dawn streams at last in colour-fretted windows,
Dawn tunes at last the dawn-begotten hymn —

Or as the might of ocean, seeping slowly,
Brims the far dykes; and over marsh and fen,
Like leaves in autumn, mallard, teal and widgeon
Scream in great flocks, that wheel and scream again —

Or as the life's blood of the pregnant mother,
Who hath conceived in very Joy's embrace,
Courseth her veins; nor recketh she of anguish,
Such ravishment doth speed through every place —

So comest Thou to me. O my Redeemer,
I long, I joy to hold Thee in mine arms.
My love faints 'neath the raining of Thy moonbeams.
Rest Thou here! Sleep Thou, safe from hates and harms.

Be Thou my Love ! O, let the rage of battles
Sweep by unreckoned, let the cruel shot,
The brandished steel, the hissing storm of arrows,
Unknown, uncared-for, pass my sheltered cot.

See ! All is still within ! In that sweet silence
The flower of Love blooms, fragrant, delicate,
Eternal, ever fair and ever youthful,
Renewed, athirst, and strong, and satiate.

I give my body to Thee. Thou with triumph
Enclaspest me. I wed Thee. We are one,
Wedded, conjoined, handfasted, consummated,
One Flesh, one Soul, and one Communion,

One Kiss, one Welcome ! Thus I know my Lover.
Thus I do rest. Thus all vain torments cease
In Thee, and to the ages of the ages
My soul in God, her Husband, findeth Peace,

Alone with God ! Alone with the almighty,
Unmoving Mover of the starry frame,
Unswerving Donor of recurrent seasons,
Master of all that hath, or can have, Name !

Alone with God ! Fade, fade, ye outer splendours !
See ! It is finished ! In the golden Cup
Heaven and hell, and toils and hopes and glories,
And life and death are sealed and gathered up.

Sing on, ye stars, that are my Loved One's jewels.
Rejoice, thou sun, my Loved One's robe of light.
Ye seas and storms and many-voicéd thunders,
Cease not your adoration day or night.

Ye sons of men, be glad. Ye hymning angels,
Continue in that Way ye long have trod.
Lo! I make all things new. Lo, in His mercy
Shall ye with Him abide — alone with God!

I

Alone with God ! Alone with the almighty,
Unmoving Mover of the starry frame,
Unswerving Donor of recurrent seasons,
Master of all that hath, or can have, Name !

The Spirits of the Winds.

Whispering, rushing, our wings clad with feathers that glitter and burn,
We stoop and we wheel, breathing outward the breaths of the Spirit of God.
Gather, gather, ye Wings of Desire, where the balsams enlarge, and the fern
Bows in odorous swathes that no foot, save the winged feet of Zephyr, hath trod.

The Spirits of the Waters.

From the pools of gentle waters, from the deep and divine ocean,
Gather ! Gather ! Come !
Rivers, brooks and nimble fountains,
From the woods and the high mountains,
Hissing, dancing, leaping, stealing,
Through the sunshine, through the gloom,
In an ecstasy of motion
All your silver lines revealing,
Gather home !

The Spirits of the Lightnings.

Flash and crash, and spirt and hurtle,
Lights of heaven ! O Flames, rejoice !

Let the sevenfold-banded Levin
Toss from peak to peak of heaven,
And the earth of pine and myrtle
Fling abroad your angel-voice !

The Spirit of the Redeemed Earth.

I am wise, and being wise have patience to await ;
For the Lord God is my Bridegroom. When have passed my waiting days,
Then the Sleeper shall awaken, then the Virgins of the Gate
Shall arise to deck me perfect for the Lord, my Bridegroom's praise.

The Spirit of the Fifth Essence.

Under and over and through all I weave, the Fifth Essence, my Loved One's name.
Whatever in beauty is peerless, divine, complete, wise, holy and pure,
I fashion, I mould, I transfuse. In the wild I am seen, in the haughty, the meek, the tame.
In the old and the new I am found. In the far off, the strange, I am near, and I endure.

II

Alone with God ! Through the translucent spaces
One word fell, " Come thou hither ! " Like a scroll
Heaven and earth were burnt and rolled and shrivelled.
One word fell, " Come thou hither, O My soul ! "

The Spirits of the Winds.

Whispering, shouting, we speed on the hill-tops the red deer doth know.
We climb with a cry the high blue, and mouthing we shrill through the gorge.
The clouds are our playmates. We fleet where the great grey eagles go ;
And bear to God's Throne, unheeding, the fumes of the stithy and forge.

The Spirits of the Waters.

Shielded lakes, wide-spreading marshes, seas that roar and pools that quiver,
Gather ! Gather ! Come !
Rain-wrapped hillside, misted island,
Cataract-enjewelled highland,
All the sap of the spring flowers
'Mid whose gold the cattle roam,
Browsing, idling by the river —
Heaven-born, delicious Powers,
Gather home !

The Spirits of the Lightnings.

Flash and crash ! O Hills of Wonder
That the levin-bolt doth crown !

O Delight of Flames, that thrusting,
Pole to pole revealed, and lusting,
Part the firmament asunder,
Bring the Gates of Glory down !

The Spirit of the Redeemed Earth.

Slowly, slowly the long ages creep and pass. The limping years
Nearer, nearer my Redeemer's Kiss have brought to me,
His Bride.
I was desolate and lonely. I was sad with many fears.
Virgins of the Gate, adore ye ! He is come, who lives,
who died !

The Spirit of the Fifth Essence.

Under and through all I move. None of lesser estate shall alter
or shall impede,
None darken the weft and the warp of the secret Desire
in my bosom, none stain
With unknown, unlawful pigments the strange-hued threads of
my secret weaving, none read
Mine innermost end, save One, who stands in the midst
having eyes, as One that was slain !

III

Alone with God ! O, stay, thou divine splendour,
Blind not with very Flame these light-dimmed eyes.
I bend, as bends the flower to the tempest.
I bend ; I fall ; but Thou dost bid me rise.

The Spirits of the Storm.

When the great waves boom, racing one upon the other,
And the spume flies like snow-flakes through the air ;
When the vast night's gloom seems the very soul to smother,
And the wings of death give horror to the tingling of the hair ;
By the might of Sun, our Father, by the womb of Night, our Mother,
We are there, the hounds of terror, we are there !

The Spirits of the Gentle Breezes.

Soft as the loved one's sigh,
Sweet as the rose's breath,
Near, as two hearts are nigh,
Faithful in life and death,
Tuneful as singing bees,
Busy 'mid the clover —
So comes the evening breeze,
When day's toil is over !

The Spirits of the High Clouds.

Faint and pink ye have seen me, far off, scarce veiling the evening star.

Blood-red as the ruby I float on the blood-red seas of the dawning.
In the noonday heat I am virgin-pure and gossamer-woven and far,
As the princely lover's speech is far from the lip-swift courtier's fawning.

The Spirits of the Mountain Mist.

Stretch your fingers, brothers; finger locking finger, dance at ease,
Dance the mist-dance on the hill-top, dance the mist-dance in the glen;
Hang the festoons of your dancing in among the sleeping trees,
Weave the curtains of your magic far above the homes of men.

The Spirits of the Rain.

Pitiful, pitiful eyes o'erbrimmed with sorrows,
In her grey and silver robes leans our Sister o'er the plain;
For yester-eve is as to-day's, to-day's eve as to-morrow's.
Because your sins have veiled the sun, God giveth aye the rain!

IV

I am alone, existence merged in Being,
Alone, the circle in its Centre lost.
I cannot taste, nor see, nor hear, nor handle,
That am as Thou art, shalt be, ever wast.

The Spirits of the Storm.

When the great oaks reel, and their boles are rived asunder,
As the steel of the woodman lays them bare ;
When the thin boughs squeal at these hands of ours that plunder,
Stripping leaf and branch and tree-top for the decking of our fair ;
Cry, exult, with Us your sibship to reveal, ye Sons of Thunder.
We are there, the lords of tempest, we are there !

The Spirits of the Gentle Breezes.

Long as the hopes of youth,
Cool as the snow-cooled wine,
Use me, that am in truth
Here but to make me thine,
Here but to laugh, to please,
Healing all distresses.
I am the evening breeze,
These, my caresses !

The Spirits of the High Clouds.

If the seeing of all, if the hearing of all, unsmirched, be the wisdom's proof,

Surely the seer's gift is mine, the knowledge, the insight, the pity.
For my wisdom's sake I must tend my robe, I must hold me pure and aloof,
That God may grant you the vision of me, far off, from your grim, dark city !

The Spirits of the Mountain Mists.

Where the red deer stamp and battle, where the eagles veer and scream,
Where the granite corries scramble, and the lonely lochan shines,
Thread your measures, O my brothers of the shadow of a dream,
Through the rifts of perfumed heather, through the still ranks of the pines.

The Spirits of the Rain.

Beautiful, beautiful smiles o'erarching sadness,
In her many-coloured raiment beams our Sister o'er the plain.
To-night is the Bow set in the heavens of your gladness.
Although your sins have veiled the sun, God shines aye through the rain !

V

Alone with God! To be, to have forgotten,
Surrendered to Love's all-consuming blaze,
One with Him in self-consummated union;
One Love, one Joy, one Beauty and one Praise.

The Spirits of the Seas.

At the voice of the Lord the seas do clap their hands;
At the voice of the Lord the mighty oceans roar.
The tumult of their rejoicings heapeth high the fruitful lands;
The gladness of their rejoicings ringeth-in the steadfast shore.
Let the seas rejoice,
Let their gladness be outpoured;
For the Lord hath spoken with His voice.
Praise Him, praise ye the Lord!

The Spirits of the Lakes.

Some are guarded by the mountains, some the trackless forests keep.
Hither, brothers, great with small!
Some the reeds hold tightly girdled, some lie open to the view.
Hither, brothers! Heed the call!
Some are golden with the sunshine, some in shuddering ice-shroud sleep.
All are children of the sky-gods, of the rain, the mist, the dew.
Hither, brothers! Brothers all!

The Spirits of the Woodland Pools.

Cool! Cool!
Girt with green mosses,
Broidered with leaves,
Gentle and full;
Where the white aspen tosses
And cushat grieves,
Lies the woodland pool.

The Spirits of the Brooks.

Clatter, clatter 'mid the stones,
Lurking here in shadowy nook,
Dancing here with smiles and moans,
Bearing here a little fish,
Great as Jonah's in the Book,
Great or little as you wish;
From the peaks where thunder groans
To the still lake leaps the brook.

The Spirits of the Rivers.

Broad and deep and long and lonely,
'Mid the willows, 'mid the pines,
What of earth-things, one and only,
Whispering still the potent plea,
Draws the river, draws the river,
Draws the river to the sea?

VI

Who art Thou, God? and who am I, Thy servant?
Can it be I Thou takest to Thy breast,
Limbs, senses, hopes, loves, Thou, twined, joined, encompassed,
Myself to myself, Thee, by Thyself pressed?

The Spirits of the Seas.

At the voice of the Lord the floods do leap and cry;
At the voice of the Lord the secret deeps disclose.
He taketh the seas, and parteth moist from dry;
He taketh the land, and buildeth palm and rose.
Let the seas rejoice,
Let their gladness be outpoured,
For the Lord hath made them with His voice.
Praise Him, praise ye the Lord!

The Spirits of the Lakes.

We have kinship with the ocean, we have rages, we have peace.
Hither, brothers, great with small!
We are salt and dark and bitter, we are sweet and smiling meres.
Hither, brothers! Heed the call!
With her tides the moon doth bind us, we do ebb and we increase.
Ocean, lake and pool and fountain, we be brothers, we be peers.
Hither, brothers! Brothers all!

The Spirits of the Woodland Pools.

Rest! Rest!
Tired limbs, ye slacken;
Tired eyes, ye close.
Here on earth's breast
'Mid the whispering bracken,
The scent of the rose,
Sleep-time is best!

The Spirits of the Brooks.

Clatter, clatter, laugh and play,
Stopping never for a look
At the eagles gaunt and grey.
There was courage! Who could tell
How our stream yon boulder took?
Leapt to death! Yet all was well.
Singing, dancing on its way
To the still lake sweeps the brook.

The Spirits of the Rivers.

Great and still and wise, and eager
For the light that ever shines,
Though the lot be poor and meagre,
Though the life be rich and free,
Draws the river, draws the river,
Draws the river to the sea.

VII

Lord, slay me not! And yet I bid Thee slay me.
Release me! Nay, but, Lord, I bid Thee hold.
I give me, willing bride, unto Thy Bridal,
Who boughtest me with kisses and with gold.

The Spirits of the Hills.

Like the waves of the sea when they huddle in the darkening of the storm,
Like the backs of many sheep that gather at the close mouth of the fold,
Like the voices of great throngs whose roar is as the roar of bees that swarm,
Like the glory of the sunset when the sea and sky are steeped in gold —

The Spirits of the Great Mountains.

What is it that thou desirest, O my brother in the dust?
What is it that ye stand for, O my brethren of the snows?
For the stubborn rock endureth, when the snowflake fleets and goes,
Yet the Lord of All rewardeth, yea, the Christ of God regardeth,
And the measure of His Judgement is the meting of the just.

The Spirits of the Forests.

From the darkness to the sunshine, from the fiercely twining rootlets,
Through the stems, so tall and shapely, to the spreading tops above,

League on league of dusky woodland, league on league of secret
forest —
Night and death at grips beneath us. Night and death?
Nay! Life and Love!

The Spirits of the Valleys.

Upturned like the Loved One's face to the kiss of heaven;
Clamorous with many waters; stern and still;
Sun-parched and bare; rich with crops and the feeding cattle;
We scar the mountain's flank, cleave through the hill.

The Spirits of the Plains and Deserts.

Who that knoweth God hath not sought in his time far and wide
the peace that abideth,
The Peace of God that remains?
Yet the sea never rests, and the mountains are crowned with oft
nigh unendurable grandeurs,
And the heart of the forest disdains.
As the way of the hawk in the air is the trackless path of the
Seeker's footsteps,
Seeking God through the deserts and plains.

VIII

Release me, Lord! Thy Ring is on this finger.
I cast it from me! Nay, I cannot cast
That blood-bought Ring, symbol of my Redemption —
Take me! I cannot! Take me, God, at last!

The Spirits of the Hills.

Like the thoughts of the mage to whom the dreams come like flighting doves,
Like the music of the pines that weave their boughs above the fleeting rills,
Like the kisses of that woman whom the Great King in his wisdom loves —
Are the hills to him who loves them, are the green and azure hills!

The Spirits of the Great Mountains.

Let our arms uphold the heavens, let the sweet stars be our crown,
Let the rivers brawl and coil about the masses of our feet —
Yet the stubborn rock endureth, when the snowflakes pass and fleet.
For the Lord of All rewardeth, yea, the Christ of God regardeth,
And the measure of His Pleasure is the meting of His Frown.

The Spirits of the Forests.

Wide and firm our Mother's bosom: of her draw we life and prosper;
From her in the dark begotten speed we to the skies above,
League on league of splendid woodland, league on league of frowning forest —
Woe and death at grips beneath us. Woe and death? Nay! Joy and Love!

The Spirits of the Valleys.

In us is the lovingkindness of our Creator
Visibly made clear for those who understand.
Let the mountain-peak be the awe of His outstretched Finger,
Yet the vale is the hollow of His mercy-giving Hand.

The Spirits of the Plains and Deserts.

For the arms of the desert are wide, God's arms, God's faithful endurance no wider,
And the desert hath balm for your pains;
And the plain and the prairie are dark with the virgin, unturned earth of their bosoms,
That, turned, giveth harvest of grains.
As the winds that are free, as the wave on the sea, is the print of the Seeker's footsteps,
Seeking God in the deserts and plains.

IX

Within ! Within ! my soul. Follow the winding,
Intricate ways ! On ! On ! Ever within !
Lips cling to lips ! Hands meet ! Christ is thy Master !
Light ! Life ! Love ! All the world — and God ! —
to win !

The Spirits of the Rocks.

We uphold ! We uphold ! We uphold !
From the thunderous might of the heaving main,
That dashes and roars
On its rock-hewn shores,
To the slenderest stalk of the yellowing grain,
We are fixed ! We are firm ! We are old !

The Spirits of the Seed-bearing Ground.

We fulfil ! We fulfil ! We fulfil !
In the darkness and warmth of the night of our love,
When the spring's kisses stir
To balm and myrrh,
And our Lover's breath is of nard and clove,
'Tween his arms we are still ! We are still !

The Spirits of the Green Herbs.

Soft spring the shafts of light, when first dawn's lucid fingers
Linger caressingly on the far off peaks of the hills,

And the lark's song, like a cadenced rain, with its crystal dew-
drops lingers
Where the green herb to the impulse of the Life-Breath
dreams and thrills.
" O brothers ! " (Whisper !) " Awake ! "
For the dawn doth break
To the streams of living Gold, and the cadenced dew of the
Singers !

The Spirits of the Flowers.

Consider the lilies ! the lilies ! the lilies !
They toil not, neither do they spin,
And yet Prince Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed in the robes that they stand in !
The flowers of the field
Are the gems concealed
Where the fountain, and where the rill is !

The Spirits of the Trees.

They took me and slew me, and of the body of me
They built a great golden ship with silver sails,
To dance with the breezes, to drive with the gales
Over league, league and league of the tumbling sea.
O, bitter the bane
Of the trees in the wood,
Young, lusty, and slain
For the world's greater good !

X

Lean Thou to me ; but with no earth-sent rapture.
Caress, enjoy, adore ; for Thou art I.
Fuse and conjoin, dispart, flee, run and scatter ;
Unite, dispel, thrust far ; and, O, draw nigh !

The Spirits of the Rocks.

Let the tale of our durance be told !
Stand we fast in the stubborn strength of the stone,
For the Ancient of Days
Himself, He says —
" Upon this rock will I build Mine own,
To uphold ! To uphold ! To uphold ! "

The Spirits of the Seed-bearing Ground.

O, the mists that come down from the hill !
O, the wealth of the gold of the billowing plain,
That groans and heaves
From the grain to the leaves,
From the leaves to the ear of the full, ripe grain,
To fulfil ! To fulfil ! To fulfil !

The Spirits of the Green Herbs.

Soft and green the heart of the herb that riseth lowly,
Soft and green the hem of the robe on the timeless hills,

Balsam and myrrh and thyme, marjoram, basil and moly,
Herbs for all creatures for food, for delight, for the healing of ills !
" O brothers ! " (Listen !) " Awake ! "
Lo ! That One spake,
Unto whom each of His creatures, yea, even the least one, is holy !

The Spirits of the Flowers.

Consider the lilies ! the lilies ! the lilies !
Consider ye how the lilies grow.
And yet Prince Solomon in all his wisdom
Surmised not the least thing that the lilies know !
The flowers of the field
Dwell with Wisdom concealed,
Where the Soundful, and where the Still, is !

The Spirits of the Trees.

They took me and slew me, and into the body of me,
Rough-hewn and set crosswise, they drave bitter nails,
Wherewith they hanged One whom all Tree-kind bewails,
Young, lusty, and stabbed with Nails one, two and three !
O, bitter the loss
Of the trees in the wood,
Rough-hewn in a Cross
For the world's greater good !

XI

Eyes that are mine, who have no need of vision,
Feet that are mine, who have no need to walk,
Hands that are mine, who have no need to handle,
Ears, not to hear, lips, that need not to talk —

The Spirits of the Wheat.

O brothers, bow your heads before the breeze !
So have the wheel-tires of His chariot rolled,
Gold-fretted wheels on gold
Pavement of azure-crownéd streets and quays,
In that blest City, bright
With quintessential Light,
Where holds His Spirit timeless Pageantries.

The Spirits of the Barley.

Toiling late and rising early,
Ploughing, sowing, harvesting ;
On good days, blithe, on bad days, surly,
Farmer's quite a little king,
Straddled there 'twixt roots and barley —
So the barley-people sing !

The Spirits of the Rice.

The river flows, broad-flooding 'neath the moon ;
'Tis night, and still the ghostly vapours rise.
By day, how swift the sun our sap doth steal !

In dawn, in dusk, at midnight and by noon
Ever the sombre Cultivator sighs,
And ever creaks the patient water-wheel.

The Spirits of the Millet.

When the skies are grey and sullen, darkening with the winter rains,
Trees are stripped, and steadings shiver, and the bitter wind complains ;
But the earth within her bosom shelters all the millet grains !

The Spirits of the Sesame.

Praise be to Most High God, Dispenser of Fate,
Who maketh the farmer toil early and late.
Hodge gaineth his bread. Little else gaineth he.
But the world is the richer for much sesame !

XII

Within I go, as through enchanted places.
Eyes, feet, hands, ears, lips, limbs enfolding limbs —
Slay me not, Love! O King of the abysses,
Hide me! I fear Thy glories and Thy hymns!

The Spirits of the Wheat.

O brothers, lift those heads of gold again!
Lift up your heads, the Son of God to greet,
Whose mild, strong, loving Heat
Hath clothed in very gold the living plain.
Gold drew ye of His store;
Give ye to Him therefor
The thankful gold of this your yellowing grain!

The Spirits of the Barley.

Farmer's broad and big and burly;
Barley's just a little thing,
Plump and round and white and pearly.
Barley makes the farmer king,
Straddled there 'twixt roots and barley —
So the barley-people sing!

The Spirits of the Rice.

Peace, brother! Peace! The harvest cometh soon.
Empire and Lordship are the Ruler's prize,
But empires fall and thrones of Lordship reel.

In dawn, in dusk, at midnight and by noon
Ever the sombre Cultivator sighs,
And ever creaks the patient water-wheel.

The Spirits of the Millet.

When the clouds are rent, and through them streams the golden and the blue,
Trees put forth, and steadings blossom, for the south wind cometh too;
All the earth is like a carpet, where the millet pierces through!

The Spirits of the Sesame.

Praise be to Most High God, Dispenser of Wealth,
That the merchant gains riches by skill and by stealth;
For if merchant turned farmer, soon Pauper were he,
And the world gone the poorer by much sesame!

XIII

Oft have I sung ; but Thou now singest only.
Oft have I praised ; now Thou alone dost praise.
I shrink the very shadows of Thy beauty,
Whose Smile doth dazzle, and whose Mildness slays.

The Spirit of the Rose.

Harsh and bare my stems, dark thorns to tear thee :
Of comeliness naught spent, of savour none.
Touch not life's sweets ; from joy, from love forswear thee.
Bitter thy bread ; sharp couch to rest upon.
Yet, when the finches mate, and buds disclose,
Breathes the warm South, and lo ! a trembling Rose !

The Spirits of the Violets.

Seek thee a shady spot
Where the moss is greenest,
And the east wind cometh not.
Choose there mine abiding-place.
Then, lo ! in that dreary space
When the year is leanest,
Scented white and purple face
Cheerily thou gleanest !

The Spirit of the Jasmine.

Bright burn a thousand silent-speaking stars,
Soft sigh the scented waters of the lake,
And music of one bulbul in the brake

Cleaves the swift shadows of the deodars.
Rise thou, my Love ; shine through thy cruel bars.
O Love, awake !

The Spirit of the Lotus Blossom.

Dreamily floating upon the dark-green waters,
Gauzily the vesture of my dreams I wove.
Give me your tribute, O ye sons and daughters.
I teach you — Love !

The Spirits of the Bean Flowers.

Far haste the bees, by field and garden fleeting,
To cling, and creep, and rifle our sweet store.
For each and all spread cheer, hold richest greeting ;
Come, bees ! Come, bees, many and many more !

XIV

Oft have I loved. O soul of mine, press inward.
Immovable thy going, closed thy speech.
Thou art not blest. What doest thou with blessing?
Thou art not curst, whom God, whom God doth teach.

The Spirit of the Rose.

Mazed in vain Life's allure, hard heart to harden,
Reckless profusion, rankly spreading vines —
Prune, prune, dear Love, the roses in my Garden
Till gold on silver filled Thy Pleasance shines.
For, if Thou blast not with Thy gentle Fire,
No Rose Thou holdest, but a thorn-set Briar!

The Spirits of the Violets.

March winds are swift and keen;
April's airs are kinder.
Let the moss be soft and green,
And the roots have spreading-space.
Then, lo! in that secret place,
Fragrance their reminder,
Scented white and purple grace
Peep for a finder!

The Spirit of the Jasmine.

Not yet hath climbed up the betraying moon.
Haste thee! Steal swiftly through the perfumed night.
All eyes in sleep, save thine! are sealéd quite.

The God of Love hath granted this in boon.
Haste, Love! Arise! To me! Soon, Love! Soon, soon,
My Heart's Delight!

The Spirit of the Lotus Blossom.

Gungawards betake you, if ye would pursue me,
Musing you, caught inward, in the incense of my smile.
Tigris and Euphrates, now so barren, once knew me,
And love-lorn Nile!

The Spirits of the Bean Flowers.

We give our scent, faint, faint on the shy breezes;
We beat and shake, like waves upon the shore.
O love that flows! O kiss that burns and teases!
Come, bees! Come, bees, many and many more!

XV

Thou art not high; yet how thou art exalted.
Thou art not low, who canst not, canst not fall.
O, let the eagles bear thee with their pinions —
"Upward! Within! To Me!" thy Lord doth call!

The Spirits of the Pines.

To the rough places, high and ever higher —
Gnarled stragglers touching nigh the eternal snows! —
Where screams the lonely, dreaded Lämmergeier,
Where blooms the last, sweet, scarlet mountain-rose,
God, in the wonders of His deep Design,
Hath sent, for His ambassador, the Pine.

The Spirits of the Cedars.

Long slopes there are that lead from Lebanon,
(*O brother, lend thine ear!*)
And Jordan-springs lie little 'twixt our roots.
We brood among the centuries agone,
(*Brother of a day, draw near!*)
Till what is past doth show what cometh on,
(*My little brother, hear!*)
Since, what the tree is, that shall be the fruits.

The Spirit of the Oak.

The sap has come, and I have put out my shoots.
The sheaths expand. Forth spring my yellow leaves,
Like feeblest, crumpled moth-wings, faintly gold;

Then bronze and green the foliage ; then the fruits
Strewn down the woodland aisles. Seed, harvest, sheaves,
The centuries pass by me. I am old !

The Spirits of the Olives.

Is it enough that the sea is blue, if our stems be gnarled and hoar with the spray ?
Is it enough that the landscape smiles, if we that are hungry war here to live ?
Is it enough that a year weighs less than the gold and blue of a single day,
If we of the Olive-people win not back the wherewithal to give ?
Shall we not sigh, Alas !
Shall we not cry, Ah woe !
Vain dreams are we, and to vain dreams we go.
Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas !

The Spirits of the Vines.

Delicate-scented are our blossoms, delicate-coloured, and loved of the honeyfolk,
Delicate-clinging our tendrils, and delicate-pure the flame of our virgin desires.
Where the earth is crumbled with olden heats, and heaped by men's labour in mile-long terraces,
We dance in the spring, in the vintage burn with golden and purple and scarlet fires.

XVI

Hath He not paid thy bride-gift and thy ransom?
Hath He not laid His hand upon thy cheek?
Madly thy heart throbs; blushing, thou respondest.
Break, heart! Nay, break not! Hush! See! He doth speak!

The Spirits of the Pines.

And where the rock-hewn barriers fringe the deep;
And where the mere sleeps, dark and stern and still,
Because we stand, her Mystery to keep;
And where we strive with marsh and moor and hill;
God, in the wonders of His Love divine,
Hath set, for His ambassador, the Pine!

The Spirits of the Cedars.

That which once served, shall then prevail and reign;
(*O brother, have no fear!*)
That shall endure, which long since perished;
That shall know joy, which had but wrath for pain;
(*Brother of a day, draw near!*)
That which hath been, shall surely be again;
(*My little brother, hear!*)
For Christ, for Christ is risen from the dead!

The Spirit of the Oak.

Beneath my boughs the forest-creatures play,
Rabbits, and deer that browse, and dancing elves;
And through the years how many birds have sung!

Life weaves her pattern still the olden way.
Spring in, spring out, we old renew ourselves.
The centuries pass by me. I am young !

The Spirits of the Olives.

Warriors of ten thousand fights, we crave not mercy nor shrink the sword.
Deeply our roots grope down, nor till death's bitter last we bow the crest.
Winds from the Alpine uplands, squalls of the snow and hail from the sea have roared.
Drought and disease have thinned the ranks. Close up !
Close up ! Stand fast, the Rest !
Nor shall we sigh, Alas !
Nor shall we cry, Ah woe !
Close up the ranks ! Let now the vain dreams go !
Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas !

The Spirits of the Vines.

What shall we do for the toil spent on us, what shall we give in return for our benefits ?
Laughter and grace to the lavishing sunshine, nectar and loves to the visiting bees ;
But the poet who sings his songs in our praise, and the peasant who labours with hoe, shall have wine of us,
Delicate-scented and delicate-coloured, crimson and golden, to sip at his ease.

XVII

Thou hearest not? Ah! I wot well thou hearest,
That leapest madly, madly! O, rejoice,
Thou favoured of all favoured of the Bridegroom,
That look to Him, that wait upon His voice!

The Spirits of the Water-Creatures.

Children, children, children all,
Gather, gather, gather!
Hasten, hasten, hasten ye!
Shell and tentacle and fin,
Swim ye, swarm ye, gather in
To your mystic Coral Hall,
Children of one Mother-Sea,
Children of one Father!

The Spirits of the Creeping Things.

Multitudinous, multitudinous,
Creep and swim and fly and spring,
Insect-creatures, serpent-creatures,
Carapace and gauzy wing!
Gather, myriad, myriad, myriad,
To your wise old Serpent-King!

The Spirits of the Birds.

We rise from the waters, we steal from the brakes and the secret forest-places;
We soar from the sleeping fields with the dew yet asparkle upon our plumes.

Ten thousand our songs, ten thousand thousand our wisdoms
and our graces,
And God weaves His tissues of Light for us on ten thousand
thousand looms !

The Spirits of the Lesser Beasts.

Hurry, scurry, swift and furry,
Eyes to gleam, and nose to twitch,
Grass-bed, reed-bed, holt and burry,
Furrow, thickset, bush-grown ditch,
Hill-top, tree-top — kill old Worry !
Leave to-morrow unto sorrow,
Whoso owns no pence may borrow,
Whoso hath To-day is Rich !

The Spirits of the Greater Beasts.

In the terrors of the Mount, whereon the dark clouds frown and
lower,
In the Chambers of His Wisdom, where the lightnings leap
and crash,
Dare ye doubt that God endued us with the Awe that is our
dower ?
Dare ye face the rolling Thunders, dare ye brave the
Lightning-flash ?
Sea to sea, pole to equator, canst thou Wiser find ? or Greater ?
He is Lord, and He Creator, Wisdom, Beauty, Mercy, Power !

XVIII

O, hast thou doves that mate in some deep thicket ?
O, hast thou waters hidden from the sun ?
O, hast thou dreams that die before the dawning,
And loves no son of man hath glanced upon ?

The Spirits of the Water-Creatures.

Let no obstacle delay.
Gather, gather, gather !
Toil nor danger stay your speed
Till the Coral Hall you win.
Swim ye, swarm ye, gather in,
Gulf and deep and shore and bay —
I am He, your Lord indeed ;
I am He, your Father !

The Spirits of the Creeping Things.

God is such another Serpent,
Head to Tail, in blazing Ring !
Insect-creatures, serpent-creatures,
Carapace and gauzy wing,
Gather, myriad, myriad, myriad ;
I am He, your Serpent-King !

The Spirits of the Birds.

Some give their song, some their sight, and some their many-coloured raiment.
All, all have somewhat to give, somewhat of beauty to pour at His feet.

Free of the air and the earth and the sea, as Freemen we lavish
our payment.
To take of His wealth, is good; to pay Him His own, ah,
sweet! ah, sweet!

The Spirits of the Lesser Beasts.

Six and seven toil to heaven,
Eight or ten run back to play.
" Time enough! " cries wise Eleven.
" Time enough! " wise Others say.
Out or in, or odd or even,
Leave to-morrow unto sorrow,
Whoso owns no pence may borrow.
He is Rich who hath To-day!

The Spirits of the Great Beasts.

Through the desert, through the darkness, through the forest-
deeps we wander,
Seeking bread, our footsteps mighty marking trails that we
have trod.
Other folks are gentler creatures, other races frailer, fonder;
None stands nigher than the Great Beasts to the flaming
Heart of God!
By the Deep, and by the Fire, none stands nobler, none stands
nigher.
If on earth our Rose be briar, how shall Great Beast glory —
Yonder!

XIX

Up, then! Away! Within, within thy journey;
Secret, thy task; deep, deeper, thy desire.
Thy very robe is now to thee a torment.
Unwrap, unrobe, unveil, strip thine attire!

The Spirits of the Gnats.

Down a sunbeam, just where one beam
Through the thicket fastness breaks,
Like a fairy net of airy
Gossamer, in mazy fancies,
Curtseys, wheels and coy advances,
Dawn to dusk the gnat-folk dances.

The Spirits of the Bees.

Sweet is the wild thyme, sweeter still the clover,
Sweetest is the honey hidden in the hollow tree.
Boom! Boom! the wild bee hummeth,
For the barren winter cometh.
Aye a sweet tooth, aye a sweet tooth hath the busy honey-bee!

The Spirits of the Cicadas.

Chirrup! Chirrup! Chirrup! on the hillside,
Chirrup! Chirrup! Chirrup! in the grass.
The sun blazes down
On a hillside golden-brown,

Strewn with tumbled boulderstones,
Like the huge, forgotten bones
Of some mighty Beast, that was.
Chirrup ! Chirrup ! The cicadas watch the silent ages pass !

The Spirits of the Pythons.

Huge our coils, and strong, and hugely twining ;
Silver-bright our scaly armour gleams.
From bough to bough of massy glooms reclining —
Who knoweth what the Python thinks and dreams ?

The Spirits of the Cobras.

" Death ! I am Death ! "
The Cobra saith,
Whose poisons brood
'Neath fear-fraught hood.
" One step too near,
Thou art not here !
One step too far,
And thou art gone
From this life-giving sun
To that realm where so many Rash Ones are ! "

XX

So goest thou to Him ; so thou transcendest ;
So down thou sinkest through the crystal lake,
Floor upon floor of silver streams upwelling,
Infinite coolness, infinite thirst to slake !

The Spirits of the Gnats.

What a clever gnat-folk ! Never
Falters, never least mistakes !
Weaving treasures of sweet measures
To a low, melodious humming,
Drum-beats of a fairy drumming.
Hush ! Our Fairy Prince is coming !

The Spirits of the Bees.

Sweet is the toil-time, sweeter still when over,
Sweetest is our fastness deep within the hollow tree.
Boom ! Boom ! the wild bee hummeth.
Woe to Brown Bear, if he cometh !
Aye a sharp tooth, aye a sharp tooth hath the busy honey-bee !

The Spirits of the Cicadas.

Chirrup ! Chirrup ! Chirrup ! by the rill-side,
Chirrup ! Chirrup ! Chirrup ! by the brim.
The torrent rages down
To an old, forgotten town,

Where the lizards dart and crawl
In and out the crumbled wall
Of the Donjon stark and grim.
Chirrup ! Chirrup ! the cicadas tune their age-long, age-long hymn !

The Spirits of the Pythons.

Shadeless eyes, dazzling, unshut and fearless,
Releaseless fangs, head fashioned like a dart,
Beloved of none, in his own forest peerless —
Who knoweth what dwells at the Python's heart ?

The Spirits of the Cobras.

Death ! I am Death !
Yet underneath
This fear-fraught hood
Is, somehow, Good !
Nay ! Draw thou near !
Yea ! Have no fear !
Friend from afar,
I, too, am one
With this life-giving sun
In that realm where so many Wise Ones are !

XXI

O dreams of dreams ! His arms, His kiss, His bosom,
The long and tender cadence of His tones,
The miracle of manifold caresses,
The words of love, the sighs, the little moans !

The Spirits of the Eagles.

Leisurely, leisurely spread of haughty pinions,
Balancing, balancing high above the snows,
Infinite, infinite gaze on his dominions —
" Wheel, brother ! Stoop ! Missed ? " " Nay !
What Eagle misses, pray ? "—
Ship of the Stars, the crested Eagle goes !

The Spirits of the Ravens.

Black as sin, white within,
Lodging some dark cave in,
Which of Pies is half so wise
As poor old Dick, the Raven ?

The Spirits of the Doves.

Rou-cou-cou-rou ! Rou-cou-cou-rou !
Upon this tree
One Dove are we,
Soon to be Three !
Rou-cou-cou-rou ! Rou-cou-cou-rou !
Once we were Two !

The Spirits of the Sea-gulls.

Wildly drifting like blown flowers o'er the surges,
Crying and crying, we stream adown the wind.
Our home is on the world's forgotten verges,
Wild hearts no joys may tame, no sorrows bind.
By Storm, our brother, by the enchanted Sea,
We rove unchained, wild and for ever free.

The Spirits of the Nightingales.

" Whom hast thou lost, brown Brother of sweet Song ?
Whom mournest thou, that thou so sorrowest ? "
" Wife, chicks, have I, and still I long, I long !
Perchance — nay, I forget !
Brother, what Singer yet,
' Enough ! ' cried, ' Lo ! Hath He not now thy best ? ' "

XXII

I lie in a still glade, where the stiff bracken
Tents to the drought of noon his branchy fronds,
Where the turf yields, and golden threads of bird-song
Net the green silence in enchanted bonds.

The Spirits of the Eagles.

Fairylike, fairylike stretch the mighty ranges,
Moss that is pines, crack that is huge ravine.
Only these Three abide, all other changes —
"Hungry?" "Nay, brother, nay!
What Eagle hungers, pray?"—
Sun, Earth and He, the Eagle, in between!

The Spirits of the Ravens.

Black as sin, keep within!
Darkness your best haven!
Which of Daws for fright hath cause
Like poor old Dick, the Raven?

The Spirits of the Doves.

Rou-cou-cou-rou! Rou-cou-cou-rou!
Upon this tree
Two Doves are we
In Unity!
Rou-cou-cou-rou! Rou-cou-cou-rou!
Kind friends, and You?

The Spirits of the Sea-gulls.

We dive and dive, where the long billows, curling,
Hang like a wall of hyacinthine green.
Alow, aloft, closed pinions and unfurling,
Eia ! Hulloo ! Down, swift ! *Keen ! Keen ! Keen ! Keen !*
By Storm, our brother, by the dream-haunted Sea,
We dive unchained, wild and for ever free !

The Spirits of the Nightingales.

" Whom dost thou seek, dear Brother of the Thorn ?
Whom lovest thou, that thou so languishest ? "
" I seek for One slain long ere I was born !
Which One ? Nay, I forget !
Brother, what Singer yet
Mourned not Him slain ? Peace ! Aye so ! Peace is best ! "

XXIII

I soar with that white cloud which travels lonely
The sapphire oceans of uncharted sky.
Like wool the utter softness of his going,
Still, yet the seas and lands fleet, and are by !

The Spirits of the Tigers.

Upland rocks and scanty grasses, glittering snow-fields, slopes of shale,
Winds that bite, and mists that blind, vast precipices, roaring rivers,
Icy peaks and grim endurance, hungers, while the shrieking gale
Week-long heaps its snows above the cavern where Hill-tiger shivers —
Brothers, good hunting ! Aye,
Good hunting and full bellies, by and by !

The Spirits of the Bulls.

Wide-branching horns, strong forehead, and dull flame
Of bush-hung eyes, tense loins, cleft hoofs astraddle,
With all his herd the old Bull-warrior came
To the lush grass-lands over peak and saddle.
Wide-branching horns, strong forehead, eyes aflame,
To the lush grass-lands the Bull-warrior came.

The Spirits of the Deer.

Trembling like a willow leaf,
Bounding like an arrow,

Threading lightly, like a thief,
Greenwood alleys narrow,
Roaring on the upland moors,
Drunken with October,
Smell for dangers, eye for lures,
Dainty, russet, sober —
Who would be swift, and who would live with fear,
Draw nigh and listen to the gentle Deer !

The Spirits of the Elephants.

How does the Elephant move through the trees ?
Slipping, slipping, slipping softly as a ghost !
As the vision of a dream he goes, ones and twos and threes,
Hundred-year-old Fathers, Mothers with the Calves ranged at their knees,
And the King of Tuskers proudly marching at the danger-post !

The Spirits of the Lions.

Blaze upon blaze, the tropic sun pours down ;
The salt-strewn sand is scorching to my feet,
And like a bowl of brass the heavens frown.
Yon dark dot marks the vulture on his beat.
I lie by this bare rock, and drink the heat,
A black-maned Nubian Lion of renown !

XXIV

The brown and fruitful ground yields me her secrets ;
I grow, and I abide ten thousand years.
I win her ores. I gather up her jewels.
I know her hills, her forests and her meres.

The Spirits of the Tigers.

Jungles dark and steamy, endless creeper-cumbered, twisting ways,
Cries of creatures in the tree-tops, bamboo-tufts, sun-eaten spaces,
Nights of stealth and ambush, long, contented, sleepy, full-fed days,
Coats like silk, and joys in strength and stratagems and tigerish graces —
Brothers ! good hunting ! Aye,
Good hunting and full bellies, by and by !

The Spirits of the Bulls.

For this had his forefathers lived and died,
Bull-warriors all, in lineage unbroken —
Prairie to prairie, by the stern Divide !
Of their success yon sleek, trim herd the token.
For this had his forefathers lived and died,
Prairie to prairie by the stern Divide !

The Spirits of the Deer.

Spring hath raptures of her own,
When the luscious grasses

Fetlock-high in wealth have grown.
Summer's joy surpasses.
Then the woods are deep with green,
And the noonday coolness
Giveth rest in bowers unseen.
Autumn, too, hath fullness.
Who would be rich, and live with little fear,
Draw nigh and listen to the gentle Deer !

The Spirits of the Elephants.

Not a twig stirs, not a murmur of the breeze !
Slipping, slipping, slipping softly goes the host,
Like some olden loaded plate-fleet, that the weary watcher sees
Bearing gold and silver proudly from the far off Caribbees
By Funchal in green Madeira to the sandy Spanish coast !

The Spirits of the Lions.

Green is the desert spring-side, silver-brown
The sand-hills. Far away the white roads meet
In aimless hurry-scurry of some town.
Town ! *Pah !* I care not. Sleep for me here is sweet,
Where the good, young blood prickles in the heat —
I, black-maned Nubian Lion of renown !

XXV

O Love ! Love ! Love ! I wrap me in Thy wisdom.
I am a Deer that in some fastness lurks,
Gentle and swift, soft-eyed, and fed with blossoms.
O Love, O Wisdom, righteous are Thy works —

The Spirits of the Just Men made Perfect.

O, sing to Him, let wing to Him, Just Men ! the pluméd Eagles of your praises.
O, quire to Him, aspire to Him ! Flame grandly Godward through the heavenly places,
Not by your merit ! God's Holy Spirit shall add to your poor Flame His burning Graces.

The Spirits of the Christian Warriors.

O cry to Him, draw nigh to Him, white-robéd Victors ! Join in these His praises.
Uplift to Him your gift to Him. Spread your song-jewels through the heavenly places.
His be the merit ! God's Holy Spirit to your poor gems shall add His shining Graces.

The Spirits of the Pagan Warriors.

O, bow to Him, cry thou to Him, Brave Soul ! Be not thou backward in His praises.
Draw sword for Him, lead horde for Him ! Swarm Godward swiftly through the heavenly places.
Thou hast no merit, yet hast His Spirit, that shall adorn thee with His warrior Graces.

The Spirits of the Wedded Women.

Sanctified, sanctified, washed in the Blood of Him,
Cry to Him, fly to Him, fall ye down adoring.
Purity, security, peace have ye and Food of Him.
Long to Him, throng to Him, your hymns of praise outpouring.

The Spirits of the Unwedded Women.

Purified, purified, sing your glad acclaim to Him.
Urge to Him, surge to Him, queenly Virgin-Daughters.
Graciously, spaciously, weave His holy Name to Him.
Sweep to Him, leap to Him like seas of stormy waters.

XXVI

Righteous Thy Power ! O, come to me, my Bridegroom !
My heart is fain. See ! Thou hast tarried long.
My lamp is lit. My couch is strewn and ready.
I sing, as Thou didst teach, my mating song.

The Spirits of the Just Men made Perfect.

O, bring to Him, upfling to Him, as is His meed, your hymns of adoration.
One Lord is He, adored is He, by race and creed, by sect and tribe and nation.
Isle cries to isle, sea speaks the while, and earth meets sky in glorious emulation.

The Spirits of the Christian Warriors.

Rejoice in Him, your voice in Him make glad with countless hymns of adoration.
Our Lamb is He, I AM is He, for race and creed, for sect and tribe and nation.
Set on His Throne, He calls His own to praise His Name in glorious emulation.

The Spirits of the Pagan Warriors.

O, shout to Him, cry out to Him ! Spend freely heart-felt hymns of adoration.
Ye knew Him not, ye slew Him not. By race and creed, by sect and tribe and nation,
Horde joining horde, Christ be adored in thousand-tonguéd, glorious emulation.

The Spirits of the Wedded Women.

Crucified, crucified, what have ye to say to Him?
Turn to Him, yearn to Him, worship, glory, listen.
Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones and Powers give way to Him,
Move to Him, love to Him, in Him flame and glisten.

The Spirits of the Unwedded Women.

Magnified, magnified, Father be and Son in Him;
Speed to Him, heed to Him, with the eternal Spirit.
Three in One, One in Three, Three in Him and One in Him;
Power is He, strong Tower is He, Virtue, Honour, Merit.

XXVII

I am alone. I have unbrooched my girdle.
Lo ! In the east the night pales to the dawn.
Feastest Thou still ? I pray Thee, leave the revel.
My door unlatched gives to the dewy lawn.

The Spirits of the Just Men made Perfect.

Delight in Him, take flight in Him. Be as the flocks of temple-haunting Doves.
His flock are we, our Rock is He, round whom unchanged our whole Creation moves,
Light within Light, ringed by His Might, of whom none aught may say, save that He loves !

The Spirits of the Christian Warriors.

O, run to Him, press on to Him, ye swarming flocks of white-winged Christian Doves.
Our Rock is He, His flock are we. Round Him our quiring aspiration moves,
Aleph and Yod ! God, He, of God, nameless, unknown, unpent, save that He loves !

The Spirits of the Pagan Warriors.

Throng in to Him, leap, win to Him, Eagles of Fight, white-wingéd Temple-Doves.
His flock are we, our Rock is He. Round Him our free-born, pagan Army moves,
Light within Light, ringed by His Might, of whom none aught may say, save that He loves !

The Spirits of the Wedded Women.

Glorified, glorified, Lordship, Splendour, Bliss to Him!
Praise to Him upraise to Him, sing His wondrous Story.
Manger-born, stranger, torn, scourged and slain, give This to Him,
Meed to Him, decreed to Him, God and Lord in Glory!

The Spirits of the Unwedded Women.

Justified, justified, Glory, Love and Praise to Him!
Delight in Him, made white in Him, joying by His Sorrow.
Bought with His Pain, sought, found again, Virgins, turn your gaze to Him.
Rest in Him, possessed in Him, as night dies in the morrow!

XXVIII

All is prepared. My breasts are sweet like honey ;
My hands drip incense. In mine embalméd hair
Faint the wan perfumes of ten thousand flowers.
I watch : I wait : I dream ; and I am fair.

The Spirits of the Holy Men of Heart.

I heard within the Temple of my God
The voice of a great angel, crying, " Write.
Blessed are the dead,
Blessed are the dead
That die within the Lord
From henceforth. Yea, that they may rest from labours,
And their works follow them ! "

The Spirits of the Holy Priests and Bishops.

From Egypt through the desert by the palm
Our Lord hath brought us to our dwelling-place,
Our Lord hath led us, heaping grace on grace,
Our Lord hath taught us our celestial Psalm.
O, robed in white,
Unite, unite
In these our praises to the glorious Lamb !

The Spirits of the Holy Patriarchs.

In visions of the night was showéd us,
When but the tent lay 'tween us and the stars,
How Christ, the Victor in His olden wars,

Should yet again return victorious.
And though the time was long, the vision dim,
The Patriarchs gave thanks and praise to Him !

The Spirits of the Holy Prophets.

I saw the Lord on high and lifted up,
Enthroned. Above stood seraphim that cried,
" Holy ! holy ! holy is the Lord of Hosts !
All earth is full of His glory ! " And the posts
Of the door moved at their cry, and like a cup
The Temple brimmed with those that magnified,
" Ah, holy ! holy ! holy ! Thrice adored,
Slain, risen, glorified, Christ, God and Lord ! "

The Spirits of the Holy Martyrs.

Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb,
Blessing and glory, wisdom, thanksgiving !
Knowest thou what are these, and whence they came ?
These are they, these are they
Who have made white their robes through suffering !
Blessing and glory, honour, power and might,
These serve Him in His Temple day and night !
They stand before His Presence night and day,
Blessing and glory, wisdom ! These are they !

XXIX

Can I entice Thee, who am but Thine handmaiden?
Can I allure? Thou hast so many gifts.
One rose am I among ten thousand blossoms;
Yet to the dawn the drooping rose-cup lifts.

The Spirits of the Holy Men of Heart.

O sons, redeeméd by the Saviour's Blood,
Redeeméd, ransomed, blissed and hallowed quite;
Blessed are the dead,
Blessed are the dead
That die within the Lord
From henceforth. Yea, that they may rest from labours,
And their works follow them!

The Spirits of the Holy Priests and Bishops.

Through the Red Sea the dry road made He plain.
The Lord hath brought us to our Promised Land;
The Lord hath led us by His gracious hand;
The Lord hath taught us this our glad refrain.
O, robed in white,
Unite, unite,
Redeemed, redeemed, in one exultant strain!

The Spirits of the Holy Patriarchs.

In Ur of the Chaldees, at Mamre's oak,
In Sichem and in Shebah, by the Well
Of Oaths, the Lord His Name of Power did tell;

At Bethel, House of God, Jehovah spoke.
Those days of doubt and death and dreams are past;
The Patriarchs behold their King at last!

The Spirits of the Holy Prophets.

Behold, a whirlwind came from out the north,
A great Cloud, and a self-infolding Fire,
And radiance flowed about it, amber-bright.
A sapphire Throne was in that living Light;
But like a rainbow poured the glory forth,
And One like to a Man within the pyre!
Ah, holy! holy! holy! thrice, is He,
Slain, risen, glorified eternally!

The Spirits of the Holy Martyrs.

From tribulations long and great they came,
That braved the Tyrant, and endured the Sword.
Knowest thou who are these, and what their claim?
These are they, these are they
Who kept their garments white unto the Lord!
Unto the Lord they kept their garments white.
These serve Him in His Temple day and night;
These stand before His Presence night and day,
Blessing and glory, wisdom! These are they!

XXX

Softly the dark wind croons among the cedars.
Surely my Lord will weary of the feast ;
Surely to me at last shall come my Lover,
Come with the sun from out the purple East.

The Spirits of the Holy Men of Heart.

Thus saith the Spirit on His holy Rood,
The triform Spirit, in whom all unite —
Blessed are the dead,
Blessed are the dead
That die within the Lord
From henceforth. Yea, that they may rest from labours,
And their works follow them !

The Spirits of the Holy Priests and Bishops.

He smote the Rock within the wilderness,
He gave the waters gushing from the brink.
At His dear Side the thirsting peoples drink,
And His dear Name the thirsting peoples bless.
O, robed in white,
Unite, unite
These psalms and hymns of worship to express !

The Spirits of the Holy Patriarchs.

Jehovah-jireh ! Yea, it shall be said !
Did not Melchizedek bring bread and wine —
The First and Last of His own Princely Line —

Most High God's Priest Himself bring wine and bread?
Nor ever have the Sacrifices ceased;
Our Lord provides to-day, Himself, the Feast!

The Spirits of the Holy Prophets.

On the Lord's Day I heard a mighty voice,
And turned to see That One who spake with me,
And, being turned, saw seven Lamps of gold,
In whose midst One, the Son of Man, did hold
Seven Stars that shone. Like many waters' noise
His speech. His countenance burned ardently.
Ah, holy! holy! holy! Thrice adored,
Slain, risen, glorified, Christ, God and Lord!

The Spirits of the Holy Martyrs.

Rejoice! They see not hunger, thirst or shame,
Nor shall the sun afflict, or any heat;
They dwell by living waters with the Lamb.
Ever and aye, ever and aye
The Food He giveth to them they shall eat.
All tears wiped from their eyes, they have delight
To serve Him in His Temple day and night.
They stand before His Presence night and day,
Salvation to our God! Lo! these are they!

XXXI

Ah ! Who is this that riseth out of Edom,
His garments stained in ruddiest juice of vine,
Weary, as one who treadeth out the winepress ?
Wild are his locks. What Star doth o'er Him shine ?

The Spirits of the Holy Apostles.

Of simple hearts, and lowly, toil-worn lives,
Without excelling comeliness or wealth,
Or knowledge, or aught else that mankind strives
In weary lust to gain —
Of these He welded chain
Wherewith to bind
That thief who robs by glitter and by stealth,
The Enemy of Mankind !

The Spirits of the Little Children.

It is our joy to play, to play, to play !
It is our joy to sport with sunny beams,
To cup the soft winds in our hollow hands,
To dance adown the flowers,
Laughing, for hours on hours,
And then, not tired, but satiate, to say,
" Lord Jesus, be with us, Dear ! in our dreams ! "
Be sure that He, Lord Jesus, understands !

The Spirits of the Statesmen and Rulers.

In earthly greatness we have had our part ;
Ours to foresee, to calculate, to plan,

To deal the wound, to heal the hidden smart,
To cheer the laggard, and to lead the van;
Yet earthly greatness, whatsoe'er the prize,
Had little seeming in our Saviour's eyes!

The Spirits of the Poets.

O, blest be He who thus delivered us
From utter bondage to the things of sense,
Who from the Egyptian night
Bought us respite,
And set us in these landscapes verdurous
We see with eyes not quite like other men's!

The Spirits of the Makers of Gardens.

There is a blessing in each flower that grows
And gives its perfume gladly to the rain.
There is a blessing in the stately Rose;
The Mignonette
Enriches us with treasures, and the plain,
Sweet Violet.

XXXII

How near art Thou to me ! Behold ! Thy sandals
Press even now the threshold of my door.
The dews of night upon Thy brows are heavy ;
With high hill-snows the robe of Thee is hoar.

The Spirits of the Holy Apostles.

We walked with Him in lowly Galilee ;
He saved us from the perils of the Lake ;
And in the Garden of Gethsemane
We heard His bitter plain,
Of which He welded chain
Wherewith to bind
Lost heaven to earth, and you His own to make,
Rebellious Mankind !

The Spirits of the Little Children.

It is our joy to sing, to sing, to sing !
The air of Heaven is full of songs of birds,
Sweet songs, that shape themselves in glowing fires,
And fall in myriad gems,
Like sparkling diadems —
So we make crowns of glory for our King,
And build to Him bright pinnacles of words,
Dream-cities, roofs on roofs and spires on spires !

The Spirits of the Statesmen and Rulers.

Who seek the Saviour early, wise are they.
Like Mary, kneeling at the Master's feet,

The better thing they have. Yet we obey
His word in doing, bravely, what is meet.
To scorn the oppressor, and confront the lies,
That, too, hath seeming in our Saviour's eyes.

The Spirits of the Poets.

Thrice praised be He who blessed our powers of thought,
And made us burn and lust and itch to scribe;
Who in the Egyptian night
Lent us His sight,
And with His Beauty armed us when we fought
Beelzebub and Mammon's inky tribe.

The Spirits of the Makers of Gardens.

The garden gives far more than man bestows;
Who tends his garden reapeth tenfold gain.
The garden only granteth true repose;
There every tree
Teaches the quiet dignity of sane
Serenity.

XXXIII

O, rest awhile with me from these Thy labours.
How toilest Thou ! How Thy dear Life is spent !
See, Love ! this bread, this dish of fruits I gathered.
Sup, Dear ! at ease with me, and be content !

The Spirits of the Holy Apostles.

O, who shall sing His praises ? Who shall tell
His Love, His Courage and His bitter Loss ?
Who else for us had dared the woes of hell,
For us in hell have lain ;
Of that have welded chain
Wherewith to bind
Our utmost sinful sighs unto His Cross,
Blest Saviour of Mankind ?

The Spirits of the Little Children.

It is our joy to run, to run, to run !
From star to star is just our jumping-space,
We are so little ! When we are bigger grown,
Then we will run for Him
Real messages to dim,
Far off worlds scarcely seen from our great Sun.
Yet, though we're little, through our childish days
He loves and cherishes us for His own.

The Spirits of the Statesmen and Rulers.

Not ours as yet the nobler heights to win,
But dales and plains yield much to compensate.

Shall He not cry at last, " Nay, come within !
The Lord hath need of even earthly great ! "
Yea, we, when earthly rumour fails and dies,
We, too, have seeming in our Saviour's eyes.

The Spirits of the Poets.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost we pour
Glad thanks and precious essences of songs,
Who through the Egyptian night
Fought our brave fight,
Now sing, and praise, and sing, to fight no more,
But smile in peace at our remembered wrongs !

The Spirits of the Makers of Gardens.

Our Lord God plants a Garden where He goes,
And, like the Lord, for gardens we are fain.
Yea, in the garden man's true greatness shows ;
Even the grass
Yields its strange incense, whensoe'er we deign
That way to pass !

XXXIV

I run to greet Thee, King of great dominions.
I bathe Thy feet. With nard and precious spice
I salve each dint of blows upon Thy body,
Each wound, each blood-red Rose of Paradise !

The Spirits of the Musicians.

Heaven is Music ! Music is our Heaven.
We steep in Music, as the bather steeps
His body in some stream,
Who through the desert long his trail hath driven ;
But that is past, and this mere coolness keeps
The soul in one sweet Dream !

The Spirits of the Painters.

Form, Colour and Arrangement, three in one —
How through one curving colour-pattern moves
Atom or sun !
The pigments have their iridescent loves
And their antipathies. In spiral grooves
Doth dance the many-hued Creation !

The Spirits of the Mathematicians and Men of Science.

Dodecahedrons, spheres and pyramids,
Fact, theorem, and thence another fact,
Ellipses, constellations, leonids,

Determinants, germ-plasm, idants, ids —
Of Wonder is the universe compact,
And we seek Wonder as our nature bids.

The Spirits of the Philosophers and Theologians.

Be He First Cause, or Will, or Absolute,
Unknowable, or *That*, or merely God —
The universe possesses many a road,
Ranged o'er by Angel, Man or speechless Brute.
Each seeth that thing which to him is showed;
Each tree bears his own fruit.

The Spirits of the Men of Action.

Is it a little thing some road to drive
Through pathless forests in the fever-zone?
Is it a little thing with beasts to strive,
Reclaiming wildernesses,
Enduring endless stresses,
And all that folks we never see may hive
In townships of their own?

XXXV

If all betray Thee, yet shall one be faithful ;
If all desert, yet one shall still obey ;
If all despise and mock, and deem Thee evil —
Thou art the Potter still, and I the clay !

The Spirits of the Musicians.

Yea, Love is Music ! Music is our Love.
All Music lies within the Major Chord.
From hill to fragrant hill
The sounds involve, unroll, and flaming move.
Thus we Musicians to our God and Lord
Sweet melodies distil.

The Spirits of the Painters.

Form, Colour and Arrangement, one in three —
The peacock spreads his arabesques of plume
For pageantry.
And there are jewels in the flying spume.
God's House hath marvels in each storied room,
And wonders of delight in every tree !

The Spirits of the Mathematicians and Men of Science.

Lo, God geometrizes ! We are wed
To Him in endless geometric Scheme ;
All lives are His, the dead but seeming dead.

From ultra-violet to infra-red,
Unbroken is the starry Diadem
He weareth round about His young, wise Head!

The Spirits of the Philosophers and Theologians.

O strange diversity of creature-kind!
This little cup with Life filled to the brim,
This little harp tuned to its finite hymn,
And all the wisdom of the Worlds behind,
Angels, Archangels, Thrones and Seraphim,
Limited, limned, defined!

The Spirits of the Men of Action.

Is it a little thing to face the blast
That screams to slay, relentless from the Pole?
Is it a little thing to come at last,
With eyes grown dim and dimmer
From the deadly ice-shimmer,
With hearts undaunted, food-stuffs waning fast,
To the unheard-of goal?

XXXVI

I take delight in thinking on my beauty ;
I dwell with pride in my perfectedness.
See, Dear, this curve, this hue, this line, this contour —
Thine, Thine to joy in, conquer, and possess !

The Spirits of the Musicians.

Yea, God is Music ! Music is our God.
Enthroned on Music, He the Worlds doth sway,
That quire His holy Grace.
In Fear and Joy we ply the divine Mode,
Until at last all veils are drawn away,
And we stand face to face !

The Spirits of the Painters.

Form, Colour and Arrangement, each in each
Eternal, self-subsistent, perfected,
Nor needing speech,
Or finite thought, to be divinely wed,
We seek, and humbly, of God's Spirit led,
Through triune Love one day shall surely reach.

The Spirits of the Mathematicians and Men of Science.

The Crystals grow, because He bids them grow.
Right angles two the Trigon's angles make,
Because His Nature is composed so

That Truth, and Truth alone, from Him doth flow,
Nor any, using utmost thought, shall break
Or jot or tittle of His Aye ! or No !

The Spirits of the Philosophers and Theologians.

Be He First Cause, God, Will or Absolute,
What, at the end, to man shows He but Man ?
In angel-terms Angels conceive His Plan,
And Brute beholds Him as an All-Wise Brute.
Each grain doth grind but his own flour and bran,
Each tree but bear His fruit !

The Spirits of the Men of Action.

Is it a little thing in evil days
To brave bad rulers, wrest with righteous hand ?
A little thing to bake from brittle clays,
In treacheries and wrestles,
Priceless and shapely Vessels,
Which only He, the Potter, He may glaze,
And mark with His own Brand ?

XXXVII

Delight ! Delight ! That Thou, my Dear-beloved,
My Pigeon of the Hills, mine Almond-tree
Whose Oil is sweet for healing of the nations,
Esteemest thus, and thus espousest me !

The Spirits of the Holy Buddhists.

Immutable and Just the Holy Law ;
Nor Yellow Robe availeth, nor the Prayer,
Nor any Deed of Merit brings Release.
Ten thousand Lives our Lord of Mercy saw,
Ten thousand Deeds of Mercy did He bear,
Yet Lives nor Deeds of Mercy wrought Him Peace !
" *Om Mani Padmé Om !* " the Buddhists cry,
" Help us, Lord Buddha, or we surely die ! "

The Spirits of the Holy Brahmans.

In Gunga-water did a thousand lave,
In Gunga-water satiate their thirst,
In Gunga-water have their ashes flung ;
Yet Brahmâ, Vishnu, Siva could not save,
For false is true, and last is ever first.
Life bringeth not Release, nor yet the grave,
Nor ever Song worth singing hath been sung.

The Spirits of the Holy Taoists.

We seek the Tao ; and what is Tao but That
Which ever shall elude the Seeker's clasp ?

For Tao is neither straight, nor square, nor round.
Tao, mouthless, breathes, and speaks without a sound.
Tao is too swift to run, too nigh to grasp.
Tao is in harmless toad, and deadly asp.
Tao is the prey ; and Tao the hunting-cat.

The Spirits of the Holy Muslims.

We know that in the Heart of Being dwells
The Ineffable Name, the Perfume, the Desire.
From Visibles unto Invisibles
And thence Beyond, Choir upon hymning Choir,
The Ladder mounts ; yet never finite Throat
That in his Dream of Aspiration swells
Hath, yea, or shall achieve, the perfect Note !

The Spirits of the Holy Israelites.

That which Jehovah gave upon the Mount,
That which He in the Burning Bush revealed,
That which was blazoned on wise David's shield,
And Solomon inscribed on brazen Fount,
That which the Desert and the River showed,
That we forthtell, the One and Only Road.

XXXVIII

As through some shrine of shadow-haunted worship,
Where lights burn low before gold altars dim,
Dawn streams at last in colour-fretted windows,
Dawn tunes at last the dawn-begotten hymn —

The Spirits of the Holy Buddhists.

Beneath the Tree of Wisdom Buddha knelt.
Mâra, the Tempter, with ten thousand boasts
Taunted and tried Him ; but the Lord denied
Each sting of Self, each blow the Foeman dealt.
Joys, hopes, fears, lusts, ambitions, these are ghosts
That bind, believed in, fade and flee, defied.
By the Renunciation of the Tree,
Lord Buddha, hear us, that the phantoms flee !

The Spirits of the Holy Brahmans.

Yea, hang ten thousand wreaths of marigold,
And worship at ten thousand thousand shrines,
And pay ten thousand thousand priests their due —
Not so the Gates of Paradise unfold.
Something yet lacks. The timid Soul divines
And reaches what is read, but never told,
That all may read, and yet is read by few.

The Spirits of the Holy Taoists.

We seek the Tao. Tao is the pathless Way.
Tao is the Pilgrim, Tao the shining Goal.

Tao is the Strong, and Tao the helpless Weak.
Tao dwells in everything that we can seek.
Where rear the Mountains, where the Thunders roll,
And in the trembling Terrors of the Soul
Tao, all unseen, sheds still Its golden ray.

The Spirits of the Holy Muslims.

We know that in the Heart of Being sleeps
Eternally That which shall never wake.
Without, within, abysses, chasms, deeps,
Infinite Sea, and haunted, love-lorn Lake,
The mystery of Nightingale that goes
Throbbing and sobbing, when the night-wind weeps
About the dying petals of the Rose.

The Spirits of the Holy Israelites.

Not chariots or horses, nor the plan
Of Egypt's fickle friendship served to save.
Jehoiakim and Joash in the grave
Proclaim the vanity of help from man.
Ahaz and righteous Hezekiah showed
That we forthtell, the One and Only Road.

XXXIX

Or as the might of ocean, seeping slowly,
Brims the far dykes ; and over marsh and fen,
Like leaves in autumn, mallard, teal and widgeon
Scream in great flocks, that wheel and scream again —

The Spirits of the Holy Buddhists.

One and Immutable the Holy Law,
One and Immutable and Ever-Just,
One and Immutable and Ever-One !
Om Mani Padmé Om ! With Fear and Awe
We realize in peace the That-Which-Must.
Om Mani Padmé Om ! Om ! It is done !
The Stream is crossed. The Veils of Sense divide.
Lord Buddha waits upon the Other Side !

The Spirits of the Holy Brahmans.

O Thou who in Thy Being dost abide,
Nameless, Unknown, Unreachable and Near,
By whom subsists the least of living things,
Long was it ere to Thee in Truth we cried.
Thou heardest us ; but not with any Ear.
Thou sawest us, nor Blind, nor Thousand-eyed,
Uncrowned, Unthroned, Alone, SAT, King of Kings !

The Spirits of the Holy Taoists.

We seek the Tao. Tao is the Wordless Code,
That rules Old Age, and Middle Age, and Youth,

That guides the Fool, the Literate, the Sage.
Forgiveness is Tao, and flaming Rage.
Tao burns the Temple, saves the huckster's Booth.
The Peace is Tao, the Glory and the Truth.
Tao is the Dream, and what is Dream, but God?

The Spirits of the Holy Muslims.

We know that in the Heart of Being lies
A Shadow, and a Music, and a Light.
We know that, when the Great Illusion flies,
All hues shall blend in one immortal White.
Yet ever-on the strains of Music go;
And when Release is won, and Longing dies,
Allahu Akbar! That, too, we do know!

The Spirits of the Holy Israelites.

Jehovah, Adon, El Shaddai, El,
The First and Last, the Eagle and the Wing,
He only shall repulse the Evil Thing,
He only ransom Zion's citadel.
Behold the Rock, the Ram, the Strong Abode,
Jehovah, Adon, El — the Only Road!

XL

Or as the life's blood of the pregnant mother,
Who hath conceived in very Joy's embrace,
Courseth her veins ; nor recketh she of anguish,
Such ravishment doth speed through every place —

The Holy Angels.

Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the Highest,
And on earth Peace, and on earth Peace
To men of Righteous Will !
He who is shod, he who is shod
With Shoes of Peace, draw nighest !
He shall increase, he shall increase !
Draw nigh, and fear ! Be still !

The Holy Archangels.

God in the Highest grant to you His Peace !
Leave, friends, ah, leave
All heart to grieve,
And let your wailing hymns of sorrow cease !
Christ on His Throne,
He, He alone,
Hath joys and bliss
And melodies
More, and more full than mind can e'er conceive !

The Holy Principalities.

O little World, O cause of so much wrong,
O subtle Darkness, Stain upon the hem
Of God's light-broidered Robe,
One discord that doth mar the perfect Song,
One empty socket in the Diadem —
God hath shown patience to forbear so long,
God-slaying Globe !

The Heavenly Virtues.

Peace be to him that seeketh Peace, and Joy
To him that seeketh Joy, and Love to him
That seeketh Love ! O, wondrous, in the dim
Gold of the Temple dusk,
When fragrance as of musk
And ambergris and frankincense is strowed,
Wondrous the Music of our souls to God !

The Heavenly Powers.

Descend, thou Love and Beauty, O, descend,
Thou Wisdom ! Let thy scarves translucent rest
With sapphire softness on thy worshippers.
Wipe thou the tears, O Love, and gently blend
Each healing Virtue. Be awhile our guest.
See, bread and wine and oil of olives blest
For thee and for these ransomed Wanderers !

XLI

So comest Thou to me. O my Redeemer,
I long, I joy to hold Thee in mine arms.
My love faints 'neath the raining of Thy moonbeams.
Rest Thou here! Sleep Thou, safe from hates and harms.

The Holy Angels.

Adorable! Adorable!
Unto I AM approaching
With down-cast wings, and heart that sings,
Its cords and veins athrill —
All shall be well! All shall be well!
Shrink not thou rash encroaching!
Leave thou all things! Death hath no stings!
Draw nigh, and fear! Be still!

The Holy Archangels.

God in the Highest give to you His Joy!
Pass, friends, in fear!
Fear not! Draw near!
The Bliss He giveth, that can never cloy!
Lord, on Thy Throne
Take these, Thine Own.
Ransomed are they,
Sought far away,
Brought now to Thee who boughtest them so dear!

The Holy Principalities.

God hath long patience to forbear with you.
Well is it only He, the stainless Son,
Your shameless deeds did probe;
For know that many had another view,
That many counselled, " Once for all have done
With this ungrateful, ugly, black, untrue,
God-hating Globe ! "

The Heavenly Virtues.

We build the Temple no man shall destroy,
Nor shall men's sacrilegious clamours mar
Its Quiet, sweet and lonely as a star,
Where, in the golden dusk,
With fragrance as of musk
And ambergris and frankincense is strowed
The solemn Music of our souls to God.

The Heavenly Powers.

Descend, O Joy and Laughter ! O, descend,
Threefold Delight ! Sparkle with many rays,
Transmuting sorrows into thine own Gold
That thou so freely lavishest, and spend
Long, laughing hours of peacefulness and praise,
Nights of repose and happy, childlike days,
With these dear sons, so long in Satan's hold !

XLII

Be Thou my Love ! O, let the rage of battles
Sweep by unreckoned, let the cruel shot,
The brandished steel, the hissing storm of arrows,
Unknown, uncared-for, pass my sheltered cot.

The Holy Angels.

Glory and Might, Glory and Might,
Praise, Honour, Wisdom, Beauty !
Gentle I AM, Flame-girded Lamb !
On the celestial Hill,
Who shall indite, who shall indite
Thy Courage and Thy Duty,
Flame-girded Lamb, gentle I AM ?
Draw nigh ! Stay ! Peace ! Be still !

The Holy Archangels.

God in the Highest grant to you His Love !
Pilgrims from far,
Christ is that Star
To whom all wise, and eke all foolish, move !
Christ is the Throne !
He, He alone,
Unchanging stands.
Not made with hands,
That Temple, He, wherein His loved ones are !

The Holy Principalities.

But ye that have sojourned in Babel, ye
Pilgrims of God, to you we give this word,
Welcome! Well are ye come!
Pass on, that ye may deeper Wonders see,
On through the Spheres, where Christ, your God and Lord,
With Righteousness enthroned eternally,
Welcomes you home!

The Holy Virtues.

Enter, O friends! No least thing shall annoy.
With holy Virtue dwell ye here a space,
For Virtue dwelleth in this holy Place,
Where, in the quiet dusk,
With fragrance as of musk
And ambergris and frankincense is strowed
The unceasing Music of our souls to God!

The Heavenly Powers.

Descend, O Sound and Rapture! O, descend,
Blest Voice of God! Resound, ye hymning Choirs!
Smite the attunéd, God-inspiréd strings,
That we to you our harmonies may lend,
And with glad tongues and loud, exultant lyres
Swell your sweet Tumult, fires assisting fires,
And wings of worship fanning flame-wrought Wings!

XLIII

See ! All is still within ! In that sweet silence
The flower of Love blooms, fragrant, delicate,
Eternal, ever fair and ever youthful,
Renewed, athirst, and strong, and satiate.

The Heavenly Lordships.

Behold the Lamb of God ! Blest sons, behold
Your Lamb of God ! Worthy, Thrice Worthy, He,
Who Was and Is and Shall Be evermore !
To you, to you, ye blessed ! we unfold
The glory of His age-long Ministry.
Hearken ye ! Worship ! Bow down, and adore !

The Divine Thrones.

Beloved ! Unto you the Firmament,
That is His Footstool, we do gladly show,
Crystal-pure, adamantine, dazzling Snow
Shot through with Fires. Above yet is the Tent
Radiant in glories, where He doth abide
With Bliss eternal, such as ye shall know
When ye are taken shortly to His side.

The Divine Cherubim.

We go in Wheels. Our Wheel is full of eyes,
And as the Spirit moves us, so we pass.

In Wheels we go, for that we are so wise,
And ever, when we move, the Spirit cries,
Glory to Him which Was !

The Divine Seraphim.

Welcome, beloved ! Have ye welcome mild !
Fear not ! Approach ! Draw near
To our Bliss-circled Sphere,
Whereto come only pure and undefiled,
And those whose heart is heart of little child.
Approach ! Your God is here !

The Manifested Sons of God.

Who shall abide
The Glory of the Lord ?
To Him I cried,
For that I was abhorred.
Yea, all the Righteous coveréd the face.
I dwelt with wolves in the accursed Place,
Where raveneth the Sword.

XLIV

I give my body to Thee. Thou, with triumph,
Enclaspest me. I wed Thee. We are one,
Wedded, conjoined, handfasted, consummated,
One Flesh, one Soul, and one Communion —

The Heavenly Lordships.

The First-born of Creation, the Desire
Of Ages, Light of Light, Immanuel,
Who only stands unveiled when God doth speak,
And all His holy Mountain rocks with Fire —
On your sad earth in servant-guise did dwell,
The better so His poor, lost flocks to seek.

The Divine Thrones.

Behind you, in their bitterness arrayed,
Your foes with the Avengers helpless strive
To avert oncoming doom. Their fears derive
From stubborn wrongs. They look, and are dismayed.
Look ye, and triumph! Cause for fear is past.
Euphrates opens. Lo, the Kings arrive,
Their way made sure and joyful at the last!

The Divine Cherubim.

We go in Wheels. Our Wheel is white with fires.
With the dark Whirlwind is our going forth.

The voice of speech within us never tires,
For, lo ! the Lord speaks through us His desires,
The Whirlwind of the North !

The Divine Seraphim.

Your God is here, that calleth you to Him
With pleadings meek and mild,
As of a little child.
Approach, ye ransomed children from the dim,
Forgotten world, with us, bright Seraphim,
Meek children, undefiled !

The Manifested Sons of God.

Who shall withstand
The coming of His Wrath ?
On either hand
Two Cherubs hold the path !
I was a bird caught in the fowler's lime.
They slew me, sealed me in the pits of slime,
Even as the Scripture saith !

XLV

One Kiss, one Welcome! Thus I know my Lover.
Thus I do rest. Thus all vain torments cease
In Thee, and to the ages of the ages
My soul in God, her Husband, findeth Peace —

The Heavenly Lordships.

He had nor form nor comeliness, that you
Might know Him. Yea, your faces ye did hide.
He was despised, and ye esteemed Him not.
In agony He prayed for them that slew.
Therefore shall God the spoil with Him divide,
And with the Strong be His appointed Lot!

The Divine Thrones.

Before you — ! Ah, yourselves shall see the Bliss,
And taste God's Cup of Wisdom, and adore!
Ye little dream what lieth yet before.
Yourselves shall hold and touch the Sanctities,
Yourselves your own bright Mysteries fulfil.
Not we who guard the Gate may know that Shore.
Pilgrims of Bliss, pass on, and inward still!

The Divine Cherubim.

We keep His Throne, that are His Cherubim,
The Living Creatures of His guarded Door,

His Cup of Wisdom laughing to the brim ;
But with our Laughter goes our Cry to Him
Which Shall Be evermore !

The Divine Seraphim.

Welcome, beloved ! We who quiring move
And stand about the Place
Of His abiding Grace,
In one preoccupation dwell, to prove
Daily our love for Him whose name is Love,
The Captain of our Race.

The Manifested Sons of God.

Who shall not say,
The Lord is God indeed !
Wolves He doth slay,
His sheep doth meekly feed.
To Pastures green and Pools of Quietude
The Lord doth lead us, for that He is Good,
Our Lord Himself doth lead.

XLVI

Alone with God ! Alone with the almighty,
Unmoving Mover of the starry frame,
Unswerving Donor of recurrent seasons,
Master of all that hath, or can have, Name !

The Heavenly Lordships.

Wherefore hath God exalted Him on high,
And given Him a Name that every knee
Shall bow before, of things above, below,
And in the abyss ; yea, all to Him shall cry,
Confessing Jesus Christ their Lord to be,
That God's own Glory may increase and grow !

The Divine Thrones.

Pass on, and onward ! Princes of the Rose,
We give our deepest wisdom unto you,
Not for yourselves alone, but for His due,
That is your Saviour, yea, and first you chose
Or ever world's foundation stone was laid.
Immanuel, the Worthy and the True,
Your Master, calleth ! Go ! Be not afraid !

The Divine Cherubim.

We keep His Wisdom. Through God's Gates of Love
Poureth to us the River of His Bliss.

Eternally, with Eagle and with Dove,
We wing and cry, and cry and ever move,
" Glory to Him which Is ! "

The Divine Seraphim.

Welcome, beloved ! Ye are very dear !
God gave His Life to gain
Your ransoming from pain ;
And we will sing, your inmost hearts to cheer,
" Holy is He ! Rejoice ! Your God is here ! "
In Seraphic refrain.

The Manifested Sons of God.

Let Israel
Unto his God now cry,
God's Name forthtell
And laud and magnify.
God giveth Judgements, maketh Statutes sure.
All things shall pass. God's Word, It shall endure
Unto Eternity !

XLVII

Alone with God ! Fade, fade, ye outer splendours !
See ! It is finished ! In the golden Cup
Heaven and hell, and toils and hopes and glories,
And life and death are sealed and gathered up.

The Spirits of the Stones.

Praise Him, the Author of our life, the Wise,
Foreseeing One, who worked with mighty Plan,
And gave each creature of His Scheme some prize
Within his grasp to seek and grapple for,
Which, being gained, doth open yet the door
To higher victories !

The Spirits of the Plants.

O Plants that breathe, and live and flower and grow,
The humble Herb, the Fern, the Shrub, the Tree,
Ye Vines and Creepers, whatsoe'er ye be,
Ye Spores and Lichens, Germ-things, Mosses low —
Wide-flung or slender, shapely, tall or bent,
Worship your Lord and Master ! Be content !

The Spirits of the Beasts.

Beasts are we, poor dumb Brutes, yet we derive
Our charter of inalienable Right ;
We have our place, our destiny, our Light ;

We wage our wars, unknowing why we strive.
These things we do in bitter, bitter loss —
Yet each offence Our Lord nailed to His Cross !

The Spirits of Men.

" I give a new Commandment ! Brothers all,
Behold My new Commandment, that ye love ! "
O ye, in hate, in lust, in fear that move,
Slay not ! Obey your Saviour's gentle Call !
" Even beneath the Fig-tree I did view !
In hating these your brothers, Me ye slew ! "

The Holy, Heavenly and Divine Angels.

O, sing to Him, ye Christ-adoring Choirs,
United sing His mercy and His praise.
Ye Men, and all ye Creatures, join to raise
Concordant hymns of quintessential Fires.
Count but your gains ! In Him lose what is lost !
Christ is your Sabbath and your Pentecost !

XLVIII

Sing on, ye stars, that are my Loved One's jewels.
Rejoice, thou sun, my Loved One's robe of light.
Ye seas and storms and many-voicéd thunders,
Cease not your adoration day or night.

The Spirits of the Stones.

Praise Him, the Author of our Being, who
In Stone, in Plant, in Beast, and even Man,
Hath aye fulfilled His purpose through and through,
Who smote the Rock, that thence should spring the Tree,
Who smote the Plant, whence Forest-beast we see,
And Man from Beast forthdrew !

The Spirits of the Plants.

The Prairie-grasses, and the Cedar grand,
The flaming Tulip, Periwinkle blue,
The armed Acanthus and the mournful Yew,
Witness one Ruler and one sovereign Hand.
In storms or sunshine be your beauty spent,
Worship your God ! Adore Him ! Be content !

The Spirits of the Beasts.

Father, forgive ! They know not what they do !
How much hast thou to answer, fallen Man,
That thus hast marred thy Maker's loving Plan !

What Beast had slain his brother, but for you?
Us ye o'erwhelmed in bitter, bitter loss —
Yet each sad sin Our Lord nailed to His Cross!

The Spirits of Men.

"Behold these Hands! Behold these piercéd Feet!
Creation's All unequal were to fill
The cup that, brothers, ye have wrought of ill;
Yet I have filled it!" Ah! In accents sweet
Our Lord propoundeth still His Mandate new.
Dare ye not worship Him whom once ye slew?

The Holy, Heavenly and Divine Angels.

Lowly He came, with beasts in manger laid;
Lowly He walked with you. He toiled. He wept.
Through His long Night of agony ye slept,
But when ye wakened, ah God! ye betrayed!
We charge you not. In Him all blames be lost!
Worship with us your Christ, your Pentecost!

XLIX

Ye sons of men, be glad. Ye hymning angels,
Continue in that Way ye long have trod.
Lo! I make all things new. Lo, in His mercy
Shall ye with Him abide — alone with God!

The Spirits of the Stones.

Praise Him, adore Him, and again adore,
Thou Substance of His Scheme Aeonian,
Thou Stone, that art Foundation, and art Floor,
And Walls and Pillars, yea, eternal proof
Of God's beneficence, art carvéd Roof
For His House evermore!

The Spirits of the Plants.

One God and Lord doth all your wants supply.
He giveth sun, He sendeth gentle rains;
He clothes the hills, He covereth the plains;
In Joy He meteth your sweet destiny.
Yea, spring hath Bliss, but summer Ravishment.
Adore God! Worship! Stand fast! Be content!

The Spirits of the Beasts.

Though all creation groans and travails, still
We bear the brunt, we in the forefight pass.
The Slayer slays the Eater of the Grass.

He hates him not, but hungers, and must kill.
Let be! Let be! God's Wisdom knows no loss.
Infinite Love nailed us, too, to His Cross!

The Spirits of Men.

Lo, ye! His Promise of Forgiveness!
Joy, Joy is ours! Creation shall regain
Through Him at last surcease of age-long Pain,
And we His chosen Ministers, to bless!
Though they were scarlet, white shall be their hue,
Those sins ye covered not, when Christ ye slew!

The Holy, Heavenly and Divine Angels.

Eternal ages yet in Joy shall run,
And each new Time some Marvel shall disclose.
How many Petals hath the royal Rose?
How many Beams the all-embracing Sun?
Each fault, praise God! in Beauty shall be lost,
And all add glory to His Pentecost!

END OF THE BOOK OF GOD

Seven, the ways to Paradise,
And seven-gated the Angel Door.
Each of the gates is a jewel of price,
Each is a joy, a self-sacrifice ;
For the way of the child is the way of the wise,
And where man giveth much, there God giveth more.

God giveth more ! Then praised be He
Who made us the ways to be seven and seven,
Graded and cambered in kind and degree,
One of the ways, O my brother, for me,
One of them planned-out and smoothed for thee,
Each of them bringing us straight to heaven !

Nearer and friendlier day by day !
Angels and sunsets and tunes and stars,
Milestones and signposts and greetings, they ;
And over and through them with twelvefold ray
The lights of the Shadowless lilt and play,
Streaming in gold through the golden bars.

Thus was it wrought for thee, thus mayst thou read.
For the stream is one, be it Thames or brook,
And the Faith is one, be it sigh or creed,
And the tree is one, be it trunk or seed,
And the Lord, who is One, He is Lord indeed
Of thee and of me and of this my Book !

END OF THE BOOK OF THE BELOVED

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